WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
3 0399 0779693 M

V.2 1552/1553 Cage

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Class Name [redacted] No. 38868

Donated by

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

https://archive.org/details/wakeforeststuden02wake

LH
1
W4
S75
v.2
1882/83

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		PAGE
United States Bonds,	L. R. M.	1
"The Revival of Letters,"	PICO DELLA MIRANDOLA.	7
The Origin and Early History of Wake Forest College,	SAMUEL WAIT, D. D.	11

EDITORIAL.

Salutatory,	E. S. A.	18
"In Time of Peace Prepare for War,"	E. S. A.	18
Biography,	W. L. P.	19
Greek and Latin vs. English,	W. F. M.	21
Educational,		24
Literary Gossip,		27
Science Notes,		30
In and About the College,		34
Wake Forest Alumni,		35

WORTH REPEATING.

The Colleges of 1830,	BARNAS SEARS, D. D.	37
The Deadly Cigarette,	LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.	38
Light,		40
Abide with Me,	OUR CONTINENT.	41
The Wheel of Willegis,	T. H. DOBBS, D. D.	42
The Smitten Rock,	SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.	42

Periodicals,		43
Scraps,		44

B
378
W13Q
v.2

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

SEPTEMBER, 1882.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 1.

EDITORS:

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR.....W. F. MARSHALL.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M. AUSTIN.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

UNITED STATES BONDS.

II.

The officer in charge of our detachment of prisoners from Washington to Sandusky, was a lineal descendant of that ancient family whose characteristics and ear-marks are given so fully and minutely by King Solomon: "So honor is not seemly for a fool." There were ample arrangements for feeding us along the route, but he gave us nothing to eat during the entire trip of more than two days. We arrived at Sandusky in the afternoon of April 19th, 1865, and were conveyed immediately by steam tugs across Put-in Bay, an arm of Lake Erie, three miles to Johnson's Island.

Then occurred the most ridiculous farce it has ever been the writer's privilege to see. The wayworn, ragged rebels were searched most carefully by sleek, well-fed Yankees. How "Johnnie Reb's" eye flashed with indignation and scorn! His enemies withered under his proud look of contempt and seemed to be heartily ashamed of their task.

Johnson's Island contains about one hundred acres, twenty of which were enclosed in a stockade similar to the one around our Penitentiary at Raleigh. Within this enclosure were fifteen buildings—one hospital, two mess-halls and twelve barracks for the prisoners. The stockade was rectangular, and there was a block-house in each corner, and in front of the principal street.

The prisoners were a unique set of men, and it is doubtful whether 2,800 of just such men were ever thrown together before. There was one brigadier general, and the rest represented all grades from colonel down to brevet-second lieutenant. Perhaps three-fourths of them had raised themselves from the ranks by gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle. There were representatives of all the armies of the Confederacy, east of the Mississippi, but at least one half of them were from Lee's army. Many were well educated and thoroughly accom-

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
38868

plished gentlemen; some, however, could scarcely read, but by dint of extraordinary common sense and gallantry, had forced themselves upwards.

Our rations were six ounces of pork, thirteen of loaf bread, and a small allowance of beans or hominy—about one-half the rations issued to the Federal troops. The pork rarely had enough grease in it to fry itself, and the bread was often watered to give it the requisite weight. Such rations would keep soul and body together, but when they were not supplemented with something else, life was a slow torture.

For a good long period, terminating several months before I went to Johnson's Island, the prisoners were not allowed to buy anything. The suffering was very great. Men watched rat-holes during those long, cold, winter nights in hopes of securing a rat for breakfast. Some made it a regular practice to fish in slop barrels for small crumbs of bread, and I have had one man to point out to me the barrel in which he generally found his "bonanza" crumb. If a dog ever came into the pen he was sure to be killed and eaten immediately. Flour rose to ninety cents a pound, in greenbacks, and the few lucky prisoners who happened to have a little on hand refused to sell at that price. This period was known as the *Siege*. At one time the situation became so desperate that nearly all the prisoners formed a plot to break down the fence and attack the guards with base-ball clubs. The guards were probably as numerous as the prisoners and had five block houses with several upper stories pierced for rifles and the ground floors filled with artillery. Moreover, outside of the pen there were enclosed earth-works mounting many heavy guns, and the gunboat Michigan with sixteen guns, lay within a quarter of a mile. When we remember that these men were officers, and knew what fighting was, and how to calculate the chances of battle, we can form some idea of the desperateness of their situation. A spy revealed the plot and the leaders were arrested. One of the principal leaders was Lieutenant H——, from North Carolina.

Money sent the prisoners in letters was kept at headquarters and placed to their credit. When a prisoner wished to purchase anything he made application to the commandant of the post, asking that the sutler be ordered to sell him such and such articles. If the commandant approved the application, his bookkeeper would send the prisoner a "schedule" showing the amount due him and ordering the sutler to sell him the articles. The purchases were entered on the schedule and receipted for by the prisoner. The sutler then carried the schedule to headquarters and drew his pay. The sutler bought corn meal at 85 cents per bushel and, after transporting it three miles, sold it for $2.76. He sold probably thirty bushels per day and received his pay before noon each day. He never lost a cent in bad debts and ran no risk. Any man who would impose upon prisoners in that way ought to be hung, and I shall take great pleasure in sending him at any time a Southern grape vine, if I can have any assurance that he will hang himself with it.

A dollar inside the prison was worth

a dollar and a quarter of schedule. To buy, therefore, of the sutler on schedule and sell the articles for the same price in cash, gave a very good margin for profit, and a number of men set up as "sub-sutlers." In addition to groceries, they sold all kinds of ginger cakes, and "Sampson's Spelling-books," and "goodies" that they could make with flour and molasses.

All rank disappeared, and the man who could command the most money was the big man. Sometimes a mess composed of lieutenants would hire a colonel to cook for them. A man cooking for a mess of six or seven usually received fourteen dollars per month.

Tailoring was well done at reasonable rates. Our shoe-makers, strange to say, were reliable and charged very moderate prices for their mending. The chair-makers made very neat and comfortable chairs, and bottomed them with leather strings cut out of old shoes and boots. Our washer-man charged only three cents a piece for ordinary garments, and five cents for linen-bosomed shirts, starched and ironed. Our bankers and bill-brokers were always ready to exchange gold and silver for green-backs, and even for Confederate money till Lee's surrender.

We had also a "blockade" distillery which made and sold an inferior article of corn whiskey at five dollars, in green-backs, per quart. It was a very easy matter to get the corn meal; but I never could imagine how they could conceal the mash-tubs and the still, so as to escape detection on the part of the Federal officers who inspected the prison very thoroughly two or three times each week. I lived in the prison nearly two months before I found out in which building it was located. Calculate, if you can, the fortunes those men have made on "crooked whiskey" since that time!

In a literary point of view, we were not so far behind as one would suppose. We had schools of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, Italian, French, German, Theology, Mathematics, English, Instrumental Music, Vocal Music, and a dancing school. The old "stag-dance" began every day except Sunday at 9 a. m., and the shuffling of the feet would be heard all day long till 9 p. m.

We had many preachers, too. Dr. Girardeau, of South Carolina, one of the ablest preachers in the South, preached for us nearly every day. Our little Yankee chaplain was so far surpassed by the Rebs that he rarely showed his face.

Far more men engaged in making jewelry than any other one thing. They made all kinds of jewelry out of gutta-percha, ornamenting it very neatly with the pearly parts of the common mussel shells. Skilful workers made from two to three dollars per day.

Some spent weeks, and even months, in making fiddles out of cracker boxes and any kind of lumber that came to hand. I am no judge of music, but to my uneducated ear those fiddles were as sweet as any I ever heard. And no doubt many a Johnson Island Reb to-day draws sweet, sad notes from his prison-made violin,

"As o'er the past his memory strays,"

Going along the principal street one

would see a great many ingenious inventions and contrivances. I saw one day two small wooden figures fighting with swords. They seemed to go through all the parries and thrusts laid down in the manual for sword exercise. The thing was given life and made to run by a small wind-mill. But time would fail me to tell of all such things.

Old Bush, the ugly man of Johnson's Island, was a Kentucky blockade runner. He was caught in 1861 and condemned to imprisonment for the war. He made a vow not to allow his whiskers or hair to be cut till his release. His face was very red and painfully ugly, and ended in a huge mass of sandy-red whiskers. His head was covered with a tremendous mop of reddish hair from two to three feet long.

Bush used to say: "I am a gentlemanly hog-drover from old Kaintuck. I tuck several droves of hogs into Virginia before the war. I didn't zackly own them, but I went along and druv for eight dollars a month."

When he was brought to Johnson's Island a great crowd of men, women, and children collected around the train in Sandusky, as usual, to see the rebels. Some mischievous prisoners took a striped Confederate blanket and, cutting a slit in it, put it on old Bush just as a Mexican wears his serape. After fixing up his hair in the shape of horns, they made a proclamation out of the car window:

"O yes, O yes, walk up, walk up this way, and see the great Horned Rebel, the streaked Gyrastacutus," &c.! They came in great crowds, and when old Bush's head appeared through the window, they scattered like doves before the hawk. Then rejoiced Johnnie Reb—he was so fond of seeing the Yankees run.

Bush was an industrious jeweller, and made a great deal of money. Whenever a fresh lot of prisoners would be brought in, many who were hard up would bring their watches to him, and sell them for very small sums of money. His wealth was estimated at a half a bushel of watches. The day before my release, I went to see him and found him alone in the northwest corner room on the ground floor of block 11. He had picked up the old clothes thrown away by the prisoners, and had nearly filled up to the ceiling the large room in which he stayed. He was going to make a big thing selling old rags in Sandusky after his release.

Any description of Johnson's Island, which contains no mention of bedbugs would be very incomplete. The barracks were ceiled, and were several years old. During the cool weather the bugs did not trouble us much, but towards the latter part of May they became terrible. My bunk was papered with Harper's Weekly, and if at any time I struck the walls with any object, a red spot would appear as large as the part of the object striking the wall. We left the barracks and slept in the streets. But one man

> "Stood on the burning deck,
> Whence all but him had fled."

And that man said: "De shinshes don't bozzle me." Dickens makes one of his characters say: "Old Joe is tough, sir—tough, sir." The two men must have been akin. When I get my logarithmic tables and try to calculate

coolly and dispassionately the quantity of them, I am disposed to put them at one hundred bushels, but when I think of those terrible night attacks, I can't see how there could have been less than eighty millions of bushels.

Our want of a medium of communication was well supplied by a large bulletin board. It was about eight feet long by four feet wide, and I have spent many pleasant hours reading the racy, well written advertisements with which its two sides were always filled. Advertise for anything you might want, and you would be almost sure to hear from it in an hour or two.

Johnnie Reb's love of wit and fun, for which he was so noted on the tented field, did not wane in prison, but was rather intensified. All news, rumors, &c., were supposed to come by the grape vine telegraph, and were called "grapes." A short time after my arrival at Johnson's Island, a man walked into our room and said:

"Boys, I have gotten a grape; all the tailors are ordered to Washington."

"What for?" said some one.

"To mend old Andy Johnson's breeches," replied our newsmonger.

A few of the prisoners had made application for the Amnesty Oath before I was sent to Johnson's Island. As the other prisoners treated them with the utmost contempt, and would have no dealings with them, the commandant of the prison collected them all in block 1. They were called "Razor-backs." If the reader will get his razor and look for its back-spring or back-bone, he will see how appropriate the name was.

The prisoners remained firm in their allegiance until Johnston surrendered, when it was evident that the Southern Confederacy was a failure, and that they were no longer bound by their oath. Then they began to discuss the question of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. It was a bitter thought, and perhaps half of them would have gone into exile, if they could have been released without taking it. They always spoke of taking the oath as swallowing the eagle. Of course our dreamer dreamed a dream: "I saw something like a dark cloud rise up out of Lake Erie far off in the East. As it rose higher and higher, it appeared to be an enormous eagle stretching its wings from the North towards the South. When it came vertically over the stockade, it burst with a loud noise, and thousands upon thousands of little eagles fell into the prison pen. And then every prisoner began to catch the eaglets and to swallow them."

In taking that oath, we swore to almost everything, and that we did it "willingly, and of our own accord, without any mental reservation or evasion whatever." It was hard work, and I have an unpleasant sensation in my throat even now when I think of it.

The Vicksburg and Gettysburg men were released first. They had been in prison nearly two years, and so anxious were they to get out, that they seemed to forget everything else. When the officer would call any common name, as A. B. Jones, every Jones among them, some times as many as forty, would answer, and rush for the gate. The sentinel would stop them,

and much time would be lost in finding A. B. Jones.

I was released June 19th, 1865, just two months from the time I was carried to the Island. Transportation was given me, but I had only one dollar and a half with which to pay hotel bills. The first night I spent in Cleveland, not at a first-class hotel, but upon a platform used in loading cars with coal. Early next morning, I went to market and bought me a pound of nice butter for 28 cents. Putting that into a tin bucket I had in my haversack, I ventured to buy five cents worth of loaf bread.

We made close connection from Cleveland to Baltimore, passing through Pittsburg and Harrisburg. In Baltimore, it was necessary to see the quartermaster, and a refined and elegantly dressed lady volunteered to show us the way to his office. How my heart was stirred as she walked by my side and spoke kindly to me! I shall never forget her.

We left Baltimore and steamed down the Chesapeake in an old transport. At night I slept under the dining table. Mark how rapidly I was approaching a first-class hotel! The next day the bay was as smooth as a sheet of glass, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The deck was so crowded that I went upon the roof, preferring the broiling sun to the crowd. About twelve o'clock, what was left of my Cleveland butter melted and buttered me pretty well from head to foot. The cinders from the smoke stack seemed to have a natural affinity for melted butter, and before night I was a lovely looking object.

We landed at City Point a few minutes too late. The only train that day had just gone. Not wishing to stay at City Point all day, Lieut. R. and I walked up to Petersburg. R. was engaged to a lady living in town, and insisted on my going with him to see her. I never could see why he wanted me with him, except to talk to her mother, in case she came into the parlor. I consented to go, on condition that the visit should be deferred till night. In the meantime, I improved my toilet as much as I could by the use of soap, sand, and water. The mother seemed unduly excited, and I did not understand it at first. R. found his Phyllis seated on a sofa with a Yankee officer! We beat a hasty retreat, and took up camp by the side of the cool spring which flows from the foot of Dunn's Hill, on the north side of the Appomattox. There we discussed our woes, and assuaged our wrath by deep draughts of cool water till the night was far spent. From R.'s condition next day, I should judge that that spring possessed wonderful curative properties.

We found at Burkeville a large number of Confederates, detained for the want of a train to carry them west. The Yankee authorities forbade our riding upon the passenger train of the R. & D. R. R. I determined to outwit them. I soon found that a certain part of the tender was hid from the sentinels, and if I could catch hold of that as the train moved off, I could easily escape their notice. The train started, and I seized the tender. But just as I was congratulating myself upon the success of my *ruse*, the train switched off and backed down to

a more exposed position. Finally, they coupled on a box car loaded with loose hay and corn, in the door of which stood a sentinel. I saw at a glance, that to flank that sentinel was my only chance. Sauntering up to the car door in a careless way, I told him I lived fifty miles up that road, and that I wanted to ride with him. He appearing not to notice me, said, "When I give the signal, do you jump in and hide under the hay." Our plan was a success.

When four or five miles from Burkeville, I saw a light on the outside of our car, and looking out I found that one of the journals was burning fiercely, and that we were in great danger. I whooped and holloed, and notwithstanding our car was next to the tender, I could not make the engine people hear. I resolved not to jump till the fire forced me. I was going home. After a little while the tender ran off the track and our train stopped. Bidding my sentinel goodbye, I went to the rear of the train and laid me down to sleep upon the top of the ladies' car.

As I walked into my mother's yard at 3½ a. m., June 25th, 1865, the old "rooster" in the morello-cherry tree, crowed me a cordial welcome.

"THE REVIVAL OF LETTERS."

In the first decades of the 15th century, the great transition period of history, all Europe lay in intellectual apathy, bound down in the fetters of feudalism and scholasticism, and environed by the narrow dogmatism of the Romish Church. But the closing years of the century saw old things passing away, feudalism gone, scholasticism and the bigotry of the Middle Ages fast disappearing before a great intellectual revival.

And this revival, whose first breath, like the pure and invigorating breeze that sweeps off the snow-capped mountains, began to quicken the slumbering energies of Europe, had its origin and centre at Florence.

After the banner of Islam had been triumphantly planted upon the ramparts of Constantinople, Florence received within her walls, as refugees from Turkish vengeance and Ottoman dominion, the talent, genius and learning of the Grecian world.

The city by the Arno had long been the patron of art and learning. Amid stirring political scenes, the confused strifes that surged on year after year, and "the vain longing for the rich fruits of national happiness and prosperity," she had not been forgetful of her intellectual excellencies. Early as the 14th century her enthusiasm for classical antiquity manifested itself, and the civilization of Greece and Rome, as the source and basis of culture, took powerful possession of her. And these influences of antiquity, with their diverse sources and varied natures, powerless in themselves perhaps, but uniting together, finally gave their peculiar color to, and almost completely transformed, the stream of

Italian thought. So when Constantinople fell, and stern necessity compelled the Greek scholar to seek shelter in a foreign land, the fair reputation of Florence, and the encouragement Cosmo de Medici, Florence's first great promoter of letters, had previously extended in the name of his native city, drew many of the learned professors within her walls.

And, indeed, there was no free city in all Europe, at that time, better fitted by liberality of culture, natural talents, and material prosperity, to become the guardian of Grecian lore and the protector of ancient culture. Florence's recognized encouragement of art and learning, enormous wealth and natural predisposition, all rendered her especially, the fitting receptacle of ancient art and classics, and prepared her permanently for becoming the second great fountain head from which streams of knowledge were to flow forth to coming generations.

With this valuable influx of learning, there came naturally a sudden outburst of enthusiasm and a universal awakening at Florence; and although the full glory of the "new birth" can in no wise be, wholly, attributed to the influence of this tide of knowledge, yet Grecian lore was the electric spark that set ablaze the ready spirit and restless energy of the Florentines.

Lorenzo de Medici was at this time the great moving spirit in Italy. He held in his hands, by his princely wealth and matchless diplomacy, not only Florence, but all Italy. Renowned as his house was as the friend of learning, and building as he did upon the broad foundation laid by Cosmo, he immediately drew around him the very flower of both Florentine and Grecian talent. The famous Platonic Academy received his patronage, and his whole policy was the embodiment of encouragement and support to the beautiful, whether in philosophy, painting, poetry, sculpturing, or architectural art.

Only in the great Platonic school could such men as Ficino, Pico and Politeano find a congenial atmosphere. There the Italian and Greek vied in their zeal and research, and there often occurred the wrestlings of these intellectual gladiators over the subtleties of Platonism.

But the support of Lorenzo, and in Lorenzo the support of Florence, did not cease here. Lavishly was the wealth of their coffers expended in the encouragement of this new spirit. Grand libraries and seminaries of learning were established. The burning zeal of the student was fanned into a flame; and no privation was deemed too severe, no labor too arduous in the acquisition of knowledge. Princes in wealth left homes of luxury for the arduous labors of the student's life; and all Florence became aglow, and strained every nerve in this "revival of letters."

For indeed it was in the field of letters that Florence drew her richest stores from antiquity. Painting, sculpturing, architectural art, all received valuable contributions; but nowhere did the influence of this revival so broaden and enlarge the mind as in the domain of letters. Everywhere in it there was the deepest research, the keenest penetration, and the closest scrutiny. Experimental science, poli-

tics, and religion all were influenced. The resurrection and resuscitation of ancient manuscripts became the highest objects in life. "The poetry of Homer, the drama of Sophocles, the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, woke again into life, beneath the shadow of the dome with which Brunelleschi had just crowned the city by the Arno;" and the sudden burst of the two great classic literatures upon the world was widely felt.

Nor was it possible for Florence to be so thoroughly electrified by such a movement without communicating her enthusiasm to those beyond her pale. Indeed, the "new birth" soon turned the eyes of almost every nation towards Florence, and from every part of the country scholars flocked across the Alps eager to learn "the key of the new knowledge" from the Florentine teacher, to study the regenerated languages, and revel in the mysticism of philosophy; and having reaped the benefits of the new culture, they became channels through which the new spirit flowed out into their own lands.

Among all the nations who were influenced by the Italian revival, England is most noticeable, and she caught the enthusiasm at the very outset; for hardly had the first echoes of the Florentine revival died away before they were resounded from the shores of England. Her scholars had been drawn early to Italy, and her representative leaders were zealously engaged in propagating the new doctrines, when the full glory of the Italian renascence burst upon the world.

The suspicion and ill-will of Henry VII. imposed a serious check upon the English movement in its infancy; but with the accession of Henry VIII., the Oxford reformers received the warmest encouragement and patronage, and the new learning entered upon its brilliant career of reform.

The English revival, however, differed widely in its nature from the Italian. The latter was more intensely literary and humanistic. Its true drift will best be studied in the cluster of scholars and flatterers who hovered around the court of Lorenzo, the Magnificent. Throwing themselves with the characteristic energy of the Florentines into the very heart of the movement, they withdrew completely from the lower classes, and wound about themselves a cloak of learning woven from their ideal antiquity, and dreamed of the golden age of the past, perfectly indifferent to the great mass, who, moving in their very midst, were enveloped in superstition and ignorance. Forgetful of the practical and more important ends of life, they revelled in their revived classics and semi-pagan philosophies, deifying the heroes of antiquity, worshipping pagan gods, and caring for little but pleasure, while the world around was almost hopelessly immoral, and full of corruption and debauchery.

Indeed, antiquity seemed with them to have risen like a great cloud, awing by its very grandeur, and overshadowing all their native genius and originality; and thus the new learning gave to Florence those elegant *dilettanti* who form "the top dressing to that half brutal, half superstitious ignorance which in such communities is the general portion of the poor."

In England, however, the revival was more moral and pre-eminently

practical in its various bearings, both in the religious and political world. As exemplified by its great leaders, Colet, Erasmus, and Sir Thomas More, it attempted the introduction of a *rational* and *practical religion*, a generous and *liberal system* of instruction, and wise, far-advanced social and political reforms. Colet and Erasmus utilized the practical good of the Italian renascence, and uninfluenced by its paganistic tendencies, or literary enthusiasm, directed their strongest blows against the mystical theology of the Middle Ages. Flinging aside its traditional dogmas, they aimed at such a reform in religion as would confer freedom of conscience, and the broadest liberality: a reform, as they conceived, which was to be brought about by the elevating and liberalizing influences of the new intellectual culture.

And while Colet busied himself exclusively in intellectual and religious reforms, Sir Thomas More turned to the social and political field. He discovered and gave a solution, the wisdom of which even the light of the 19th century confirms, to those social and political problems—problems of crime, labor, law, and government, which centuries of perverted religious teaching, corruption, and political tyranny had given to the world, and whose rectification now became an imperative necessity.

But neither the English nor the Italian renascence was destined to run its true course. In Italy the seeds of discord had been sown, liberty was being sapped, and soon the great light of the revival which had shed its rays around the world went down as the sun, the shadows of darkness fell around it, and it was lost in the gloom of night. True, here and there as the night advanced a star would appear, but only to be obscured, and still the night reigned on.

In England, the movement when it was reaching its zenith ran counter to the Reformation, and the great wheel of Revolution as it ran its course crushed it out of existence.

But while the revival of letters came prematurely to its end, it nevertheless laid the germs of a work which entitle it to the highest consideration. It was the means of the preservation of all that was great and good in ancient times, and for this alone the world would be under untold obligations. England was aroused from her stupor, and prepared for the political freedom, religious liberty, and literary glories with which the close of the 16th and the beginning of the 17th century crowned her. Who will calculate the worth of a movement that first broke the fetters of Catholicism, inspired freedom of thought and religious toleration?

THE ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

[The family of Rev. SAMUEL WAIT, D. D., have kindly permitted us to publish from his MS. the following, written between 1850 and 1860.—EDITORS.]

TO THE REV. ———.

My Dear Brother:—To give you a clear idea of the origin of Wake Forest College, I find it necessary to state some circumstances which preceded, and, in fact, led to that event. It may not be amiss to state that a train of circumstances, quite interesting in their bearing, brought me to North Carolina, late in January, 1827. With no view to settlement in this State I passed on, travelling much of the way alone, in a private carriage, from Norfolk, Va., through the lower part of this State, touching at the larger towns on the way, till I reached Charleston, S. C. Circumstances quite unexpected terminated my journey at this point. While lingering in Charleston a few weeks, I received a very friendly communication from the Baptist church in Newbern to visit them on my return to the North, with a view to a permanent settlement among them as pastor, should we be mutually pleased with such an arrangement. With this request I complied. But, before leaving the city, I consulted Bro. B. Manly, then pastor of the only Baptist church in that town, in regard to the communication I had received. Bro. Manly is a native of North Carolina and was raised mostly in this State. I wished to know what he thought of the expediency of attempting, at once, the formation of a Baptist State Convention in North Carolina. He thought the time had not come to make the attempt. He added, however, that he had no doubt the thing could be done after a few years. He said light was increasing in the good old North State. Virginia, he remarked, had her General Assembly on one side; and South Carolina her Convention on the other; and each was doing much, not only to benefit her own people, but also to elevate, by her example, the churches in North Carolina. My visit in Newbern, on my return, resulted in an engagement to become pastor of the church. Having spent about two months in Newbern on this visit, I returned to my family in July, from whom I had been separated since the preceding December, and in November following I found myself and family located in a portion of the "Sunny South." The location of Newbern is not a favorable one for making extensive observations upon the condition of the churches. It is too far removed from the main "thoroughfare" through the State. But, shut up as I was, I found time to visit some of the churches in the country, and learn many things touching their then present condition. The railroad recently constructed has supplied facilities for intercourse among many of the churches unknown thirty years ago. The first Association I had the pleasure of attending was the Neuse, held that year in October at Old Town Creek, in the county of Edgecombe. Only a short time was

necessary to convince the most casual observer that the state of things in the churches composing that body was lamentably low. This was but too obvious from the tone of preaching heard at the meeting, and from the character of the discussions introduced into the Association. But a few years before the meeting to which I now refer, I was informed, a furious debate had sprung up, that threatened to destroy the very existence of the Association, touching the expediency of preaching *funeral sermons*. Not a few of the strongest men of that day took the ground that the practice in question was a monstrous evil. Much, too, going to show the actual condition of the churches, could be learned from the kind of questions sent up for discussion, and the answers given, and from the minutes published by the Association.

These minutes were usually found on *four* pages of small size, giving only the most common statistics, such as had occurred during the preceding year; so many baptized, added by letter, dead, excluded, present number, name of the pastor, time the meeting was held, where, who preached the first sermon, and who preached on the Sabbath, and where the Association would meet the next year. On examining these minutes, you look in vain for anything going to show that the churches were awake to the idea that they were living under a heavy responsibility to God, and that it was the duty of the churches composing the body to combine their whole strength for the purpose of doing the largest possible amount of good. On becoming some little acquainted with the history of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, I found that, perhaps forty or fifty years ago, a society had been formed for the purpose of providing a larger amount of preaching among the churches. This movement was announced by a very sensible and appropriate address written by our brother Elder Josiah Crudup. Of this society the late lamented Elder R. T. Daniel became the general agent. Its career was but a short one. From the minutes, some of which I have seen, there can be no doubt, but that the brethren who put their hand to this work were actuated by pure motives. But, in their zeal, they seem to have attempted too much. Without having taken as much care as should have been taken, when arranging the plan on which they would operate, they made the impression, as was alleged, that every church which contributed to raise funds would be supplied with preaching, at least once a month.

Hence, some churches which had not raised five dollars, expected a regular and acceptable supply of preaching. It was in vain that the Board labored to show them that what they looked for was utterly impossible. They still held on upon the promise, or what they regarded as a promise. And more than twenty years afterward, when the Baptist State Convention was brought into existence, in such parts of the State as had been visited by Elder R. T. Daniel, the very worst opposition I had to encounter, grew out of the matter I am now considering. The charge was that promises had been made by the friends of the missionary cause that

had not been kept. No wonder, then, that this old society continued in existence only a few years. Only a year or two before the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina was formed, another attempt was made to provide more effectually for the spread of the Gospel, particularly in North Carolina. This was a very timid beginning. It was called, I think, a "Benevolent Society." It was, probably, at the *second* anniversary, held at Greenville, Pitt county, N. C., in March (or April), 1830, that the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina was organized. By previous appointment, I preached the introductory sermon. Text, Matt. 9th chapter, 36, 37 and 38 verses. Quite a respectable number of delegates were in attendance. A very friendly conversation was held, and the conclusion to which the brethren came, without a dissenting voice, was, that the time had come to form a Convention for the entire State of North Carolina. Never, in all my life, have I seen manifested a better spirit than was exhibited on that occasion. Our late lamented Thomas Meredith, then living in Edenton, was present; and, having anticipated the wishes of the brethren, had drawn up a constitution, such, as he supposed, would substantially embrace their views. This document was read article by article, and a perfectly friendly discussion took place. Some amendments and alterations were made, when, with entire unanimity, the constitution was adopted.

Following the order of events, it should have been stated that a resolution was first passed, dissolving the Benevolent Society, and transferring the small amount of funds in hand to the Convention to be formed without delay. Knowing that nothing could be done without an agent, the Convention appointed myself, what the brethren chose to call, General Agent, at a salary of one dollar a day; the entire outfit and all expenses in travelling to be borne by myself. At the close of the meeting a deep and solemn feeling seemed to pervade the entire body.

Look at their condition. It must not be forgotten that they were few and feeble, and the work in which they were about to engage, was held, by the churches generally, in no high repute. The Convention lacked men and means. Add to this the fact that at this time we had no periodical of any kind by which we could, at once, make our plans known to all the Baptist churches in North Carolina.

Before a resolution to adjourn was passed, an opportunity was given for remarks upon the occasion that any might be disposed to make. A very general and friendly conversation followed. All felt and expressed the necessity of preserving the most friendly relations among ourselves. One point, I remember, pressed with much earnestness, and concurred in by all, was a most rigid adherence to our constitution. All agreed that no departure from it could, for a moment, be allowed, without the consent of all concerned. We also settled another principle: we determined that we would have no noisy contention with any one.

It was determined that the agent should visit as many churches as possible, preach the gospel, and then ex-

plain the objects of the Convention, setting forth, with as much plainness as possible, the provisions and safeguards of the constitution, and then, on behalf of the Convention, invite the co-operation of all who felt willing to put forth a helping hand. A difficulty now presented itself. I came with reluctance to North Carolina. All of the family friends of myself and wife were left behind. Before any step had been taken for the formation of the Convention, I had commenced negotiations preparatory to a return to the church of which I had been ordained as pastor. The arrangements were nearly completed; only one obstacle stood in my way. A stern sense of duty had brought me to North Carolina, after I had been favored with some opportunity to know the actual condition of the churches. I could not, therefore, forget the last meeting I enjoyed with a large number of my friends at the North, before leaving for a residence in North Carolina. The text was, "For ye are not your own," &c. It was a deeply affecting time. I was preaching in the pulpit first occupied by my venerated grandfather Wait, whose ashes were then reposing within fifty yards of the spot on which I stood. Before me was a large congregation composed, to a great extent, of my relatives and friends. Within a short distance, in plain sight, stood (and, as I hope still stands) the house in which I was born. Many of the older portion of the congregation had known me from my infancy. As I was now about to rend myself off from all the endearments and associations which naturally cluster around the place of one's nativity, I was anxious to let them know that I was influenced solely by a conscientious view of what appeared to be duty. And when, nearly three years afterwards, I was led by a train of circumstances, to deliberate upon the question whether it was duty to leave North Carolina, I could not forget the considerations that brought me at the first to this State. Still, for a brief period I had about settled the question, and took my seat to give a final answer, in writing, to a most affectionate people who were doing what they could to induce me to return to them again. But only a few moments before I began to write, the thought occurred to me with great force, that it would be best not to commit myself absolutely to the church at the North; but rather give such an account of the actual destitution of ministers in North Carolina as would be suited to let all see that, while more ministers were much desired among our Northern churches, still they were much better supplied with preachers than were churches in this State. This view of the case left me at liberty to to make any arrangements that I might think would be compatible with the duty I owed to the Master.

The time soon arrived when I was compelled, by circumstances over which I had no control, to decide whether or not I would engage in the work to which I was appointed by the Convention. One circumstance contributed not a little in making a decision. And that was, if I failed, there seemed not the remotest probability of obtaining the service of any other

man. We were all fully convinced that the services of an active agent were indispensable to success. While I was aware of my own unfitness for the work, and would gladly have given place to any other brother that would have been acceptable to the Convention, I was satisfied that I must accept the appointment, and do what I could, or the Convention would have no agent at all. This point being settled, I addressed myself to the work before me with as little loss of time as possible. The Board of the Convention at my own request gave me instructions touching the course I was to pursue, as definite as the nature of the case would admit. To obtain a correct view of the state of things then existing in the Baptist churches of North Carolina, it must not be forgotten that, with few exceptions, they had never been favored with an enlightened ministry. Too often the question was, not what is the plain, common-sense meaning of a text under consideration, and what the practical use to be made of the import of the passage, but rather, what is the *hidden*, *mysterious*, and spiritual meaning of the passage in question. Hence, the most useless debates conceivable have often sprung up among ministers at Associations, and private brethren at home. I remember to have been asked on two occasions, what was the meaning of the assertion, "And John did outrun Peter." When I suggested that I thought the text simply expressed a fact, and that fact was, that John ran faster than Peter, it was immediately intimated that there must be a spiritual meaning in the passage. And continuing his remarks, my brother went on to say for my edification, that John was the beloved disciple, and was allowed the most friendly intimacy with the Saviour, and on account of this his feelings were buoyant; whereas, Peter had just denied his Lord and Master, and, besides this, had used language shockingly profane; his spirits were heavy, and he was greatly bowed down; how could he run fast? The intimation was, that the guilt upon his conscience was very much of the nature of an enormous pack upon his back. The parable, too, of the prodigal son has often been made to supply a most appropriate theme for a baptismal occasion.

The business of the minister, it was supposed, consisted mainly, if not exclusively, in giving the spiritual meaning of almost everything mentioned in the Bible. Hence, all the fixtures of Noah's ark must be so explained as to furnish the spiritual import of every part and parcel thereof.

It is not surprising, therefore, that such an entire misapprehension of the proper mode of explaining the Scriptures should be connected, in many instances, with very defective notions of Christian duty. In some instances, the very quintessence of religion was made to consist in an obstinate adherence to some of the highest points in divinity, and the most difficult to be explained. Persons who never erected the family altar, or showed the least concern to have their children and servants trained up in the way they should go, and, in a word, in their daily life, showing no difference between themselves and others who made no pretension to religion, have

often been known to clamor most about their *orthodoxy, their soundness in the faith*, and the marvellous in their experience. No persons deal more in severe denunciations of others, or manifest a more uncharitable spirit than do these. These suggestions naturally lead us to expect that, as a general thing, discipline, sound gospel discipline, was greatly neglected. Few of the churches manifested that they had a clear perception of the design of the Savior in the organization of Christian churches on earth. It is not therefore surprising that, when it pleased the Lord to wake up some to a proper sense of their individual duty to the heathen perishing in their sins, so many were perfectly astonished. They seem not to have had the faintest conception that it could be the duty of any one to attempt to visit the opposite side of the globe to preach Christ and him crucified. As they had no such impressions themselves, the probability is that many honestly thought that the idea of tearing one's self away from all the endearments of home, and encountering all the hazards incident upon a life among the heathen, was entitled to no respect whatever, and could only be regarded as the ravings of a distempered brain.

The views entertained in some of the best informed portions of New England, now nearly fifty years ago, as expressed when it became known that the first Mrs. Judson was about to leave her native land for a life-time residence on the opposite side of the globe, fully sustained the positions just laid down. But the most important consideration connected with the point under review is that the true sense and import of the Scriptures, and the design of our Heavenly Father in giving us the Bible, seem not to have been generally understood. It is by the preaching of *the Gospel*, and nothing else, that we have reason to believe that souls will be converted. Until the truth revealed in the Scriptures is brought fairly in contact with the conscience, we have no reason to expect that the church will be manifested as the salt of the earth, and the light of the world. It is due to the cause of truth to add, that a disposition was found in the churches to listen, with candor, to statements designed to promote their lasting prosperity. If some individuals were disposed to be captious, there were others to counteract their influence. A lax discipline is only what would naturally result from what has just been mentioned above. Offences of a nature calculated greatly to impair confidence in a body professing to be a Christian church were often passed over without any notice at all. Intemperance, neglect of public worship, neglect of the Lord's supper, indulgence in unchristian and vindictive feelings in cases of unhappy variance, were among the cases that illustrate the truth of what I am now considering. No one at all acquainted with the teachings of the Scriptures could look on and watch the movements of the churches without meeting with numerous and affecting proofs, going to show that the standard of morality and heartfelt piety were at an exceedingly low ebb.

Never in my life have I witnessed such a mortifying prostration of al-

most every trait by which a gospel church ought to be distinguished, as I found in North Carolina. I had been in the field as Agent of the Convention but a short time, before I became fully convinced that something must be done to elevate the tone of feeling and of piety among the churches. One of the first steps to effect this, that occurred to me, was the establishment of a religious periodical. As soon as the thing was practicable, I consulted leading brethren upon this subject. Upon this point I found but one opinion. Without waiting longer, at an early day I began to solicit subscriptions for the contemplated paper. The individuals to whom I applied were informed that I could not say who would be the editor, at what place it would be printed, whether it would be a monthly or a weekly, what would be its name, or what would be the price. I could only say it was in contemplation to commence a religious periodical of some sort, and that the whole management of the thing would be in the hands of the Convention. Vague and indefinite as all my statements upon this project were, from necessity, I obtained nearly 200 subscribers. I found, at length, that a paper could not be commenced at that time by forming a company for that purpose. The most reliable men we had began to quail. They wanted to know who would advance the requisite funds—will there not be a debt created? how about that? &c. Such were some of the questions which served clearly to show the state of feeling in regard to this matter. At length, our late lamented T. Meredith, single-handed and alone, with feeble health and limited means, undertook the business. He commenced with a monthly called the *Interpreter;* but, as soon as circumstances favored, he began to issue the *Biblical Recorder* weekly. The history of this enterprise is already well understood. How much such a paper was needed at that time to impart general information, may be inferred from the fact that so little was known of the actual condition of the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, it was not without much effort that I ascertained the number of Associations in this State. This, after a long time, I found to be *fourteen*, three of which were partly in adjoining States. About one half of Moriah and Broad River Associations were in South Carolina, and about one half of Mayo Association was in Virginia. And having no means of diffusing intelligence among the churches, it is no wonder that no interest seemed to be felt to know the condition of the denomination in North Carolina.

(*To be concluded.*)

EDITORIAL.

SALUTATORY.

To the friends of THE STUDENT and to all who take an interest in us we have a few things to say.

The novelty of a magazine at Wake Forest College has not yet worn off; but one set of editors have served their time, and with this number the new editors take the places of the old ones. It was with many misgivings on the part of the former editors that THE STUDENT was "set adrift on the tide of public opinion." Since then, however, on account of the favor and liberality with which it has been received, and on account of the zeal and energy of its editors, our magazine has been firmly established, and placed on a basis far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. Despite adverse criticism, and the usual predictions of failure from the prophets of evil, we think our magazine compares favorably with those edited in a similar manner.

We enter upon our new duties believing we, at least, realize the responsibility of our positions, and though with some misgivings as to our competency, yet we shall try to make the magazine all it has been, and nothing will be left undone to make THE STUDENT stand among the first of College magazines. Our success in the future, as heretofore, depends largely on our friends. It will be our object to furnish good, wholesome reading, such as will benefit as well as interest.

Our Alumni throughout this and other States can do much towards our advancement. We shall expect their support and contributions, as has been the case in the past. Our friends can help us, but we would not leave the impression that we are begging for literary or pecuniary aid. We thank those who have aided us, and ask a continuance of their support and encouragement.

"IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR."

This saying applies to those of us who are now at College, as well as to the soldier.

Everything here is now running smoothly; there is a calm resting upon us, but the calm will not last always. Away off, no larger now than a man's hand, is a cloud. Surely and steadily it is drawing nearer—soon the storm will be upon us, and the frail bark must go under. When the storm comes the ship must be in full trim. The examinations will soon be here—they look far away now, but before you are aware of it, the session will have slipped by, and then woe to the bark whose ropes are not taut, whose ballast is not securely stowed away; for when the winds and waves strike, great will be the ruin.

Now is the time to begin to do faithful, honest work. It will be too late for many to wait till only a few days before examination, and then begin the cramming process. This is not the time to lie idly on our oars, drifting

with the tide, but to begin work at once, and begin right. Some of us with more experience, perhaps, have learned the value of beginning right.

With some of us our College course is almost a thing of the past—it is too late, and it is useless for us to think of the wasted hours, the half-prepared lesson, and the duties disregarded; but we can give you the benefit of our experience, hoping that all your resolutions may be kept—all your air-castles prove realities, and that your fanciful dreams may not be like ours—altogether unrealized—dreams, which were dreamed at the expense of countless hours—hours, whose value is appreciated because they are lost hours.

"A lie in one's work is like a lie in his character—it will show itself sooner or later, and bring harm, if not ruin." Be honest with yourselves, honest with your instructors, and honest with your parents. And, finally, if the gale is weathered, if successfully you pass through the firey ordeal in store for every one of us, how proud you will be to tell the ones at home of your success! How proud to feel the consciousness of duty done!

Then gracefully you may wear the "furlough grin," and complacently look down on the discomfiture of the hapless ones who have neglected in time of peace to prepare for war.

BIOGRAPHY.

The more we think of it, the more truthful seems this saying: "Man is perennially interesting to man; nay, if we look strictly to it, there is nothing else interesting." Whatever engrosses the popular mind or stirs the emotions of men, does so by virtue of its relation to man. Dull must be the study of the earth—rock, and water, and soil—when we leave out of view the gradual preparation of it to be the abode of man; and likewise dull, its widening circles of life, without that life which surrounds and completes them all. The charm of history lies in its bringing up to the light man in other times and under other conditions. In literature, in general, that which attracts is either the man portrayed, or the man portraying. When by chance "the proper study of mankind" is discarded, conversation loses warmth and ere long dies. The same holds in art. Says Carlyle: "Had the *Transfiguration* been painted without human hand, had it grown merely on the canvas, say by atmospheric influences, as lichen-pictures do on rocks—it were a grand picture doubtless, yet nothing like so grand as *the* picture which, on opening our eyes, we everywhere in heaven and earth see painted, and everywhere pass over with indifference—because the painter was not a *man*."

Biography, therefore, the special business of which is to show us men, must in itself be interesting. Its neglect by the reading public is to be explained by other considerations, as the commonplace subjects, of which there are too many, or the commonplace way in which worthy subjects are presented; or, further, the inability of the reader to appreciate the circumstances, motives, and sentiments which moulded and ruled the life delineated.

What are the uses of biography? We shall mention four. Acquaintance with the great and good of other times

strips one of conceit of character or acquisition by putting the narrowness and vacuity of his life in contrast with the breadth and richness of theirs. It cultivates liberal views and generous constructions. It reveals the wisdom of looking on both sides of a question. In short, as the fortune of numbering among one's personal friends a truly noble man is of incalculable value, so the intimate knowledge of the thoughts and aims, the trials and triumphs of a great man, revealed in a skilful biography, is, for the correction of one's littlenesses and the fashioning of character, without estimate.

Secondly, in the biography of the great we get another pair of eyes; or, as one has expressed it, biography enables us not only to look into a man, but also to out of him, to view things altogether as he views them. We think his thoughts, feel his impulses, and, with the advantage of his wide experience and keen penetration, rejoice in a thousand things, beautiful or important, which our weaker vision could never have discovered.

It is worth more than appears at first sight, to be able in these grasping and selfish times to recur to an heroic life shining like a glorious mountain above the mist and gloom of the lower world. We say, "Here is a life which makes amends for all the rest." It strengthens our trust in God, and feeds our faith in the sublime destiny yet possible for the race. Sidney Smith once said: "When I turn from living spectacles of stupidity, ignorance, and malice, and wish to think better of the world, I remember my great and benevolent friend Mackintosh."

The last use of biography to which we shall refer is, perhaps, the most important. In every man's life there is more or less of struggle against necessity, or, as we should rather say, struggle to adjust himself to what is necessary, and still to live. In every path of life, from the lowest and roughest, to the smoothest and highest, has walked some one of those who for the world have wrought courageously and effectively. So that, no matter under what burden an aspiring heart has to toil, or how many lions confront it in the way to the palace Beautiful, it may gather courage and strength from the story of another that, under the same load, and in the face of the same opposition, has yet triumphed. The inspiration of a great character—who can estimate it! With the Iliad Alexander went forth to the conquest of the East; and, more than his sword, the portrait of the magnificent Achilles was that which won his victories. A despondent lad comes upon that treasure, *My Schools and Schoolmasters;* he sees Hugh Miller by day in the quarry, and at night mixing the oatmeal for the workmen; and by-and-by he finds him recognized as the first geologist of his time. Exclaiming, "Courage, heart!" he is a new lad in a new world, with light ahead. We may add that biography not unfrequently changes the aim of one's life, or supplies a worthy object of ambition where it has been wanting.

We should be glad to append a list of valuable biographies, but reliable aid in this matter can be found in the 14th chapter of Dr. Porter's *Books and Reading.*

GREEK AND LATIN vs. ENGLISH.

QUOTH David to Daniel, "Why is it these scholars
Abuse one another whenever they speak?"
Quoth Daniel to David, "It nat'rally follers
Folks come to hard words if they meddle with
Greek!" —*Saxe.*

How true that last verse! How many hard words are met, and with what hard sayings are they saluted! Four long years in Latin, four long years in Greek, four long years among horribly staring visages, four long years in the gloomy desolation of an unknown tongue! Poor Selkirks! The wonder is that we, too, do not forget how to speak English in these long years of absence from it.

"Son, what good will all this hard work in Greek and Latin do you?" asks many a plain, affectionate, good-hearted father of his favorite boy, when giving his many ups and downs in these studies. The boaster is astounded. He had never thought of that before. Suddenly he remembers, and answers, "Professor says the study of them trains the mind, enables us to acquire great delicacy and variety of expression—cultivates the imagination, and acquaints us with a great many words of our own language." The honest old soul takes it for granted that these are all good reasons though he can't see through them, and says no more.

No one will deny that a well trained mind, tact in composition and expression, a fine imagination, a knowledge of what his own words mean, each has immense practical utility; and, in fact, the great demand for skill and acuteness in every department of mental labor, for vivid imagination and talent in literary composition, attaches a real money value to these so-called fruits of classical study. But the question is not whether these acquirements have any value, but whether the toilsome course of study in Latin and Greek usually taken is the proper or most practical method of securing these results. If from four to six years of hard labor in learning gerunds, infinitives, final clauses, sequences, subjunctives, mysterious accents, tongue-twisting pronunciations, and barbarous phrases, in scratching into musty old scraps and fossils, in knocking off and sticking on endings, in tearing apart and hitching together an endless collection of roots and stems, in memorizing and unmemorizing, can be called training the mind, then it must be admitted that there is none other method known among men whereby the mind can be trained so well. But the modern languages make a wonderful approach to Greek and Latin in value as a means of mental discipline, and being much more closely allied to our language, furnish us with a proportionately greater knowledge of it; so that these modern languages, besides being learned with greater facility, and likely to prove valuable in themselves, compensate in this way for their inferiority in drilling the mind, if there be such inferiority.

As a means of cultivating taste and style, a close study of the classics will undoubtedly afford us good results. Yet the same amount of labor expended in studying the richness, copiousness, and the elegance of the Anglo-Saxon would accomplish for us truly astonishing results. From this we can learn an honesty and exactness of ex-

pression, a clearness and simplicity, more truly noble than the pomp of words, with which the boasted simplicity of Greek could scarcely compare.

The relative values of the ancient and modern languages in cultivating the imagination cannot be discussed here. Suffice it to say, that the most popular works of any tongue are its works of imagination, and the easy access to these works in the modern tongues speaks decidedly in favor of studying them for this, even if their inferiority in imaginative excellence were established.

Not the least, and perhaps the greatest, benefit derived from the study of Latin and Greek, is a better knowledge of the English. The length of time and amount of labor necessary to learn these few incorporated foreign words make them an exceedingly costly element in our language. The student gives his time day and night to the study of his grammar, his text, his vocabulary; he toils with all his mind in turning from one tongue to another, for from four to six or eight years, in the hope of learning something about his own language. But, alas! when he thinks his toils are over and his last work in Greek and Latin is done, he hears his instructor bid farewell to the class by saying they have just made a beginning, and regretting he can go with them no further. Oh! is not all this study of the classics for the sake of the tyrant Custom? And if this is but a beginning, well might the disconsolate student cry out to the tyrant with the sob of the broken-hearted goddess,

Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?

And again, all these years of toil are spent in learning, at most, only 30 per cent. of the words in our vocabulary, while only one or two years of hurried study is devoted to the Anglo-Saxon department, which the philologists tell us contains from 60 to 90 per cent. of all our words.

The object of this short article is to create among our students a greater desire for becoming acquainted with their mother tongue. The number of students in our Latin and Greek schools approaches a hundred each, while the department of English language cannot boast of a score and a half! Will you spend *all* your most valuable time in digging up and classifying these scaly old fossils, neglecting almost entirely the Anglo-Saxon, whose very words are like spells of music, neglecting the tongue that gave us *father*, *mother*, *home*, notwithstanding it lies alone like an infant in its quiet slumbers, needing scarce a touch to wake it into a radiant, smiling, living source of joy? It is far more practical than either of the others; you know that. And if you have aspirations toward effective oratory or composition, you cannot do better than to study your own tongue in its purity. Dr. Whately, in his Rhetoric, tells us that the more specific, individual, concrete, the words used, the more force or energy will they possess in comparison with such as are more general or abstract. And this, some of us remember, our instructor told us was the "point of all points, to be studied, to be delayed on, dwelt on, and put into practice." Now, so full of special terms, of *names* of things is the Saxon, that it is hardly possible to

'conceal our thoughts,' or avoid being clear and energetic when we use unadulterated English. The same author says, the object being to *excite* horror, the most *particular* expressions are put into Antony's oration over Cæsar; but could Shakspeare have used any but "particular" expressions, if he confined himself to good, simple English? Those of us who have tried to turn the hard abstractions of Macaulay, Arnold, Prescott, Grote, into Greek, know what labor it cost us to get them into the right shape for that concrete and simple language. Now try to turn into Greek some good Saxon writing, like the Bible or Milton, and you will be surprisingly convinced of the simplicity in the pure article. Such is the adaptability of good Saxon to being rendered into Greek that Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' and 'Comus' can now be obtained in Greek verse as well as English.

Continued neglect of English for an ancient language, as in case of the writer, will impress upon one as nothing else will, the great importance of studying his own language. A common sense view of these things, then, will indicate a more thorough acquaintance with that which will be of most service. Do not understand me, however, in comparing the numbers of the students of ancient and modern languages to advise any to forsake the former for the latter. This was done merely to show the inequality of interest in the two, and the injustice done to the mother tongue. The equilibrium should be gained by throwing more mind into English study. But by no means let your interest in Latin and Greek grow cold. Read, study, memorize them. A knowledge of them is now more clamorously demanded than perhaps ever before. Especially is an acquaintance with the latter beneficial in this day when quarrels of divines and "hard words" between scholars and authorities make us afraid to believe what we read in the Bible unless we have at hand a good Greek text and a standard lexicon (!).

It is even to be hoped that soon prose composition will become a common every-day affair, and that Latin and Greek verse composition will be practiced among us as extensively as it is in England. Adorn and strengthen your own language, discipline your mind, cultivate your taste and style in composition by all such legitimate means. Learn to tell what you wish to, by giving simple facts. What a scene of rapture and joy does Xenophon paint with "Thalatta! Thalatta!" What deeds of horror and cruelty does Cæsar relate in his simple "Fit magna cædes." Study them, no matter how closely and diligently, provided you bestow a like courtesy on your own tongue. Fall in love with their niceties and balancings, no matter how passionately, provided you cultivate a due appreciation of the elegance, strength, and vivacity of your Saxon. Eulogize the Latin and Greek no matter how lavishly, but let your first care be to frame that eulogy in clean, undefiled, faultless, English.

EDUCATIONAL.

—HARVARD received nearly $400,000 in bequests last year.

—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE up to date has registered 138 students.

—BROWN UNIVERSITY expects to have a Freshman class of 75 or 80 this fall.

—GIRARD COLLEGE, Philadelphia, sustained a severe loss in the death of its President, Prof. Allen, on the 29th ult.

—COLUMBIA COLLEGE, N. Y., is said to be the richest college in America. It has an endowment fund of $4,800,000.

—VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY had a larger attendance than any school in the South the past session. Its rolls showed 603 students.

—MR. GEO. I. SENY, a benevolent New York banker, has recently given another $25,000 to Shorter Female College, Rome, Ga.

—SEVEN of the Professors of Union College, N. Y., have preferred charges of untruthfulness and incompetency against the President.

—THE Chicago Board of Education has declined to adopt a rule dismissing all women teachers who are guilty of the atrocious crime of marriage.

—MRS. SHAW, a Boston lady, daughter of the late Prof. Agassiz, supports 33 kindergartens in and about that city. It costs her $25,000 a year.

—A school for training shepherds has been established in Algeria. The pupils are instructed in all that affects the breeding and rearing of sheep.

—MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY is in trouble. The regents asked for the resignation of Prof. L. A. Joy. He refused to hand it in, and the end is not yet.

—DURING the last commencement season 75 colleges conferred 206 honorary degrees, 115 of which were in Divinity, 45 in the Law, and 14 in Philosophy.

—PRESIDENT SULLINS, of Emory and Henry College, Va., recently made a tour through the North and secured $18,000 towards the endowment fund of that institution.

—THE statistics of the Yale College class of '82 are as follows: No fewer than 72 confess to a love of "the flowing bowl," 67 are smokers, 57 chew, 40 gamble, 52 use profanity, and 14 are engaged.

—COL. ALFRED SHORTER, of Rome, Ga., died last July. He was a wealthy man, and after the death of his wife, a few years since, built what is known as the Shorter College, at Rome. It is an ornament to the city and to the country.

—DR. LEROY W. BROWN, formerly Professor of Mathematics at Vanderbilt University, was recently elected President of the Alabama Agricultural and Mechanical College at Auburn. Prof. W. J. Waughn, of the University of Alabama, succeeds him.

—PROF. M. W. Humphreys, Professor of Greek at Vanderbilt University, was recently elected President of the American Philological Association, at Cambridge, Mass. It is a new thing for a Southern man to be thus honored.

—CO-EDUCATION seems to be gaining popularity in the South. At the last meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Mississippi, it was decided to admit women to all the advantages of the University. Boys, how would you like to have some girls here at Wake Forest?

—THE Centennial Graded School of Raleigh, under the superintendence of Prof. A. J. McAlpin, opened with 483 children in their seats. In 1880 it opened with 407; last year with 400. Including the Principal, there are eleven instructors. On the 13th inst., there were 560 pupils in attendance.

—THE Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville had, on the 1st inst., the best opening in its history. Seventy-seven students were present, and thirty more were expected. Michigan, Kansas, Indiana, Mexico, and the District of Columbia were represented, as well as the Southern States.

—THE free industrial institute at Worcester, Mass., has been training pupils in mechanical and other special education for a number of years, and now graduates classes of two hundred annually, who have pursued a course of learning and actual labor for three years, until they are thoroughly equipped for their trades.

—WE are glad to state that Bingham's School was not seriously incommoded by the loss of all its buildings in the summer, but that, on the contrary, the session opened at the appointed time with about 160 students. The lodgings are on the same plan; but the academy is greatly improved, and a gymnasium is added.

—IT is encouraging to hear of the openings of the different graded schools of the State. The Rocky Mount graded school under Capt. Dugger opened with 169 pupils; that of Durham, with 335; Charlotte, with about 400; while the Newbern *Journal* predicts that the number in the school of that city will reach 500. Elsewhere we have given the statistics of the Centennial of Raleigh.

—THE mass of the people west of the Blue Ridge are said to be more thoroughly acquainted with Arithmetic than those of Eastern Carolina, although in other matters they are behind. Their superiority in this one branch is doubtless due to the fact that in the prevailing system of trade by barter it has been most urgently required. That section, however, as indeed all North Carolina, is awakening to unusual interest in the matter of general education.

—THE University of North Carolina has secured a jewel in the person of Prof. J. W. Gore, who is to fill the chair of Physics in that institution. After graduating at Richmond College, the University of Virginia, and Johns Hopkins University, he accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy in the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, Tenn., which he filled with great satisfaction to all; and after resigning this, accepted the Assistant Professorship of Mathematics in the University of Virginia. This he filled with great honor and credit to himself for one session, until invited to his present position. Prof. Gore is still a young man, and a bright future lies before him.

—VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was established in 1861—the first in the country—in order to furnish education for women equal to that provided for men. It has ten professors and twenty teachers. Besides the regular course, it admits students to a preparatory or a special course. It has an Astronomical Observatory, a Museum of Art, Cabinets of Natural History, and a Library of 14,000 volumes. The charges are $400 a year, including board, tuition, washing, etc. There is no institution in America so well equipped; we doubt, however, that the style of woman which Vassar cultivates would suit our Southern homes.

—HOLLINS INSTITUTE is doing a great work in the higher education of young ladies. Its influence for good is felt all over the South, and there are hundreds of young ladies, bright ornaments of society, who are proud to call themselves Hollins graduates. This Institute has a larger Faculty than any female college in the South, and one not surpassed in ability by that of any similar institution in the North. The present session is entered upon with enlarged facilities, and we predict a glowing future for Hollins. The situation of the Institute is peculiarly desirable, in the Valley of Virginia, a region renowned for the beauty and attractiveness of its scenery. The girls at the institute seem to partake of the characteristics of the scenery around them. We have been there, and our remarks are founded on observation.

—THE circular of the Shelby Female College is before us. The President, Rev. R. D. Mallary, A. M., brings with him to his new field high commendation from the Trustees of Shorter College, Ga., over which he presided for six years. His wife, who has charge of the Home and Primary Departments, is declared by the same body to possess remarkable qualifications for her position. The Faculty consists of Rev. Mr. Mallary and four ladies. The girls will get Spelling, Reading, Penmanship, Elementary Arithmetic, etc., in the Primary classes, and in the senior, Mental Science, Geology, Evidences of Christianity, Astronomy, and French or German, in the meantime going as far in Mathematics as Trigonometry, and in Latin as far as Cicero and Horace. (Why don't they give the girls a chance at Greek?) The cost of board and tuition for ten months is $175; the same with music and French or German, $240. The first fall term opened on the 20th inst.

—PROGRESS OF EDUCATION IN JAPAN.—The seventh annual report of the Japanese Minister of Education states that there are 28,025 common schools in Japan, of which 16,710 are public, and the remainder private; there being an increase of 1,316 and 125 respectively, as compared with the previous year. The number of high schools is 107 public and 677 private, there being an increase of 42 and 63 respectively. Besides the above, many *Kindergarten* and primary schools were established. These private schools, even now, play a most important part in Japanese national life and education. Many of them have hundreds of students attracted

by the fame of a single teacher. Youths flock from all parts of the country to sit at the feet of a renowned scholar, as men did in Europe to hear Abelard. The most celebrated of these leaders of youth—for this they are, rather than simple schoolmasters in our sense of the word—is Mr. Fukusawa, of Tokio, whose translations from European books and original works on the political and social questions of the day are read far and wide in Japan.—*Scientific American.*

—OUR prediction, in the issue of June, relative to the grand Conservatory of Music in Boston, has not been sustained. On the 14th inst., under the title of the New England Conservatory of Music, it began the present session in its new home, which, when finished will have cost $700,000, and said to be the largest and finest conservatory building in the world. It has a faculty of one hundred professors and instructors. This is not its first session, as will be seen from the following facts: The Musical Institute, chartered by the State in 1850, soon developed into the Providence Conservatory of Music, at Providence, R. I. To secure advantages nowhere to be found outside of the largest cities, the institution was, in February, 1876, removed to its present location in Boston; and in 1867, by a Special Act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, incorporated under the name of the New England Conservatory of Music. Here its growth was such that it soon became the largest Music school in the world. During the present year students have been in attendance from thirty-eight States and Territories. The present term over 970 have been enrolled—a somewhat larger number than ever before.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—"SUSAN COOLIDGE" is Miss Sarah D. Woolsey.

—ON the 1st of October Mr. Samuel Longfellow begins work on the biography of his famous brother.

—MATTHEW ARNOLD'S definition of poetry: "Simply the most delightful and perfect form of utterance that human words can reach."

—THE *Nineteenth Century* for September contains a new poem by Tennyson, inscribed "To Virgil," and written at the request of the Mantuans for the 19th centenary of Virgil's death.

—MANY of our readers know that "Christian Reid" is the pseudonym of Miss Frances C. Fisher, of Salisbury N. C.

—MR. UNDERWOOD, author of a work on Longfellow, says: "It is certain that Longfellow's readers are more numerous than those of any poet except the Psalmist David."

—MISS CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON, whose serial *Anne* was such a success in *Harper*, will begin in the November issue of the same magazine a new novel, entitled "For the Major."

THE Boston Public Library is rejoicing over its gain of 13,239 volumes during the year, its total number now being 412,000. It is the largest library in this country, and has few rivals in the Old World.

—A number of poems by Wm. H. Hayne have lately appeared in different newspapers. He is the son of Col. Paul H. Hayne, of Georgia. His poems are for the most part descriptive of scenes in nature, and give evidence of talent.

—THE widow of the late James T. Fields edits a volume from his pen entitled, "Notes on Men and Their Books," which will appear during the autumn. No man was better capable of forming such judgments, and no one ever gave them with more thorough kindness, whether for or against.

A London publishing house discerning in some of Dickens' early sketches marks of genius, asked him to write a serial for them. As the best humorous subject they could think of, they suggested the adventures of a party of city cockneys seeking pleasure in the country. *Pickwick Papers* was the result.

—THREE of the oldest Arabic MSS. hitherto known have lately been purchased by the British Museum, the earliest being dated A. H. 348, equivalent to A. D. 959. They contain the cause of the law laid down in the Talmud, "that the Sacred Scriptures must not be written in any other than the square Hebrew character." It is proved for the first time that the Jews were in the habit of using other characters, and there are other points of extreme interest to all Oriental students.

—WILLIAM STANLEY JEVONS, author of *Principles of Science*, *Logic*, &c., was drowned Aug. 15th, while bathing at Bexhill, near Hastings, Eng. He was born in 1835. At the time of his death he was Professor of Political Economy in University College, London, which position he had held since 1875.

—MR. E. P. WHIPPLE, in his article on Emerson in the *Century*, declares that the best prose sentence written on this side of the Atlantic is this from Emerson's lecture on Shakspeare: "The recitation begins; one golden word leaps out immortal from all this painted pedantry, and sweetly torments us with invitations to its own inaccessible homes."

—THE vast amount of valuable information buried in public documents is to be made accessible by means of a classified, analytical, and descriptive catalogue of all government publications, from the foundation of the government to the present time. At the last session Congress provided an appropriation of $10,000 for the work, which will be done under the direction of Major Ben. Perley Poore.

—WALT WHITMAN is now sixty-two years old. He has a noble head and a massive but well-proportioned figure, being more than six feet tall, with broad shoulders and deep chest. He looks like a patriarch—an appearance he covets—having white hair, which he wears long and flowing about his ruddy visage. His blue eyes are soft and light; his nose is symmetrical, his mouth shapely, his chin strong. He walks with a cane, being somewhat crippled from a partial paralysis of

years ago. He always dresses in gray; wears his shirt open at the throat, without cravat, and is so distinguished a figure that he seems like a Homer of the nineteenth century.—*The South.*

—DR. SCHLIEMANN tempers the heavy labor of scientific exploration with a generous diet and a liberal hospitality. He lives in a marble palace at Athens, which bears on its front in letters of gold, "Hall of Ilium." All its decorations commemorate his researches. The floors are paved with Italian mosaics; the walls are covered with Pompeian frescoes and patterns of objects found at Troy and Mycenæ. Homeric mottoes are seen on every hand. At the family table classic Greek alone is spoken, and the servants have classic names: the gardener is Priam, the porter Bellerophon, and the two nurses, Hecuba and Polyxena.

—A POET'S STRUGGLE.—James Berry Bensel, in the Boston *Transcript*, relates some interesting incidents of the life of the well-known Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne:

How many persons know the life story of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet?—a man pure-hearted, of generous impulses and genuine genius.

Copse Hill, on the Georgia Railroad, is about twenty miles west of Augusta, the nearest station to the desolate spot where the poet's house stands being Grovetown, two miles from Copse Hill.

On a sandy hill, in a rough board cot surrounded by scrub oaks and pines, we shall find the man we have come to see, the friend of Longfellow, of Whittier, Swinburne, Mrs. Mulock-Craik, Dobson, the Rossettis, and hosts of other literary folk. We are at the door of Mrs. Hayne, a cultured, delicate little woman of charming manners; the faithful, affectionate wife of an invalid, the mother of a gifted son.

We are ushered into a room such as it has never been our experience to enter before. The walls are covered with woodcuts from magazines and newspapers, English and American samples of art, combining to form a mammoth display; a small open fireplace, shelves full of books, and pictures of many distinguished friends of the proprietor, a few chairs, and that is all—a contrast, indeed, to the study of Holmes, the library of Longfellow!

Before the war, Hayne was rich and owned a handsome house in Charleston, S. C., a photograph of which he keeps among his treasures. After the Rebellion he found his property swept away, himself penniless and in a precarious state of health. He came to this barren spot where, without neighbors, away from every congenial recreation, devoted to his art and profession, he has lived for over sixteen years.

In all that time he has been away from home but once, and that was for a hurried trip through the Northern and New England States.

Think of it! A man with the delicate, sensitive organization of a poet, a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and refinement, their son, a young man, himself a poet, living on year after year in a rude shelter. A well man would find it a barren life, and Hayne had hemorrhage after hemorrhage.

Isolated and lonely, there comes

from them no word of complaint. In pathetic sentences the noble wife writes of her husband's frequent illnesses, yet there is no outburst of rebellious anger at the fate that is so hard. Tenderly, as of a child, Mrs. Hayne speaks of him she calls "my poet." Glad, with him, of every success he wins, of every friend he makes—devoted to those who love the man she loves—this frail woman shows a bravery that is as attractive as it is noble.—*Youth's Companion.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

—IT requires 2,000 blooms to yield one drachm of ottar of roses.

—CAPE COLONY exported $22,500,000 worth of diamonds last year.

—THE temperature required for kindling matches varies from 150 to 160 degrees.

—THREE thousand five hundred pounds of whalebone have been obtained from one whale.

—THE Botanical literature of the Chinese is quite extensive and important, and dates back to 2697 B. C.

—IN Russia the sunflower has a practical, if not an æsthetic, value. It is cultivated for the oil it yields. The oil is used in cooking, as well as in lamps, and for making soap and paint.

—AN estimate of the quantity of sediment carried down by Chinese rivers indicates that if the deposit continues at the present rate the Yellow Sea will be converted into dry land in 36,000 years.

—THE sorrowful tree—so named because it flourishes only at night—grows upon the island of Gos, near Bombay. The flowers, which have a fragrant odor, appear soon after sunset the year round, and close up or fall off as the sun rises.

—THE total mileage of railroads in the United States, January 1, 1882, was 104,813 miles. Since that time some 5,000 miles have been built. Of this amount Illinois has 8,326 miles, which is more than any other State. Ohio ranks second and Pennsylvania third.

—SOME one has calculated that if the salt in the ocean was obtained, there would be 3,000,000 cubic miles, or a block of salt 100 miles wide and 1,000 miles long and thirty miles high. It would cover the United States and Territories with a block of salt one mile in thickness.

—LIVERPOOL ranks as the most important port in the world, with an annual tonnage of 2,647,372; London stands second, with a tonnage of 2,330,688; Glasgow third, with 1,432,364; New York fourth, with a tonnage of 1,153,676. As a manufacturing city New York leads the world.

—THE coal fields of Alabama cover 10,860 square miles, and the coal is all bituminous, but differs widely in quality. The best coal in the State, and in fact in the United States, being fully equal to English cannel-coal, is the Montevallo coal. No industry in the State has had so rapid a growth

as the coal industry. In 1872 only 10,000 tons were mined in the State; in 1879 the annual output had been swelled to 290,000 tons; in 1880 to 340,000, and in 1881 to 400,000 tons. —*The South.*

—In Virginia the gathering of sumac for use by tanners has become a very considerable industry, and many firms are engaged in the purchase and sale of that article, the gathered crop of which has risen from 100 tons in 1866 to 10,000 tons in 1881. It is used for tanning light-colored leather, in dyeing, and in calico printing.

—Bands of music are forbidden to play on most of the iron bridges of the world. This is due to the well-known phenomenon that a constant succession of sound waves, especially such as come from the playing of a good band, will excite the wire vibrations; at first, these vibrations are very slight, but they increase as the waves continue to come.

—The American Association for the Advancement of Science met August 21st, at Montreal, where it met twenty-five years ago. It was organized in Philadelphia in 1848, but had no meetings in 1860–'66, on account of the war, which explains the fact that this is only the 31st annual meeting. President, Dr. J. W. Dawson. Among the foreign visitors was Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who gave an address in Queen's Hall on the "Temperature of the Deep Sea." Prof. C. A. Young was chosen President for the ensuing year, and Minneapolis the place of next meeting. The meeting closed August 30th. Number in attendance 950—324 new members.

The Growth of Coral.—After a cruise of a few months in the South Pacific, a French man-of-war was recently found to have specimens of living coral growing upon her hull. This interesting discovery has thrown some light on the question of the rapidity of the growth of corals. The evidence tends to show that the vessel on passing a reef of the Gambier Islands, against which it rubbed, had picked up a young fungia, which had adhered to the sheathing of the ship, and grew to the size and weight it had when observed, a diameter of 9 inches, and a weight of 2½ pounds, in nine weeks.

Old Oaks.—The Cressage Oak—called by the Saxons Criste-ache (Christ's Oak)—is probably not less than fourteen centuries old. The circumference of the trunk was about 30 feet, measured fairly at a height of five feet from the ground; but only about one-half of the shell of the hollow trunk now remains. It still bears fifteen living branches, each 15 or 16 feet in length. A young oak grows from the centre of the hollow. The great Winfarthing Oak, in Norfolk, Eng., was called the "Old Oak" in the time of the Conqueror, and has been supposed to have attained the age of 1,500 years. The King Oak in Windsor Forest is upward of 1,000 years old.—*The Gardeners' Chronicle.*

Valuable Natural History Collection.—Arrangements have been completed for furnishing the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park with a complete collection of the mammals and birds of North America, and of the quadrumana of

the world. The mammals and birds will be the gift of Mr. Morris K. Jesup, and the specimens of the monkey kingdom that of Mr. Robert Colgate, both well known as public-spirited residents of this city. Prof. Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, has taken the contract to secure the specimens and ship them, mounted in the best manner, to the museum. The Jesup collection will include seven or eight hundred specimens, to cost in all $10,000. The Colgate collection will include about three hundred monkeys, apes, baboons, and lemurs, to cost $7,000. Prof. Ward thinks that the collections can be completed in three years.—*Scientific American.*

THE STINGING-TREE.—The "stinging-tree" of Queensland, Australia, is a luxurious shrub, pleasing to the eye but dangerous to the touch. It grows from two or three inches to ten or fifteen feet in height, and emits a disagreeable odor. Says a traveler: "Sometimes while shooting turkeys in the shrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging-tree till I was warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have often found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious: It leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening; and for months afterwards the part when touched is tender in rainy weather, or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and I have known a horse so completely mad after getting into a grove of the trees that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part."—*Leslie's Illustrated.*

THE ARTIFICIAL SEA IN AFRICA.—The French scheme for making an artificial sea in the interior of Africa has been abandoned. The commissioner appointed to investigate the project has reported that the inevitable cost would be out of all proportion to the problematical advantages, being somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty million dollars. Aside from the impracticable nature of the enterprise, it was reported that several positive losses might be expected to result from it. One savant declared that by the influx of the sea an immense number of fresh-water wells would be filled up and rendered useless, to the great detriment of the people on the neighboring slopes who are now in the habit of resorting to them. Another maintained that when the sea was formed, the breezes and spray from it would destroy the vegetation around, and prove specially hurtful to the date-palm trees, which are now a great source of profit and give the most agreeable shade in those arid regions.—*Leslie's Illustrated.*

RECENT CHANGES IN NIAGARA.—Geologists assert that ages have elapsed since the cataract of Niagara began to retreat towards its present position. But the following facts show that they have not made allowance for the rapidity with which the waters wear away their rocky dam. Says the Rev. Dr. Prime of the New York *Observer:*

One who returns to Niagara after a long absence notes the marked changes taking place in the face of the cata-

ract. My first visit here was made in the year 1844, thirty-eight years ago.

Then the broad expanse of Table Rock was the platform on which successive thousands stood. Many crept softly to the very verge and looked into the abyss. Others more cautiously lay on their faces and gazed at the crystal current as it broke into jewels and fell in a stream from the awful height.

Now the broad platform has fallen, and the work of undermining is going still further on. In forty years more the present standpoint will be in the depths below.

But more remarkable is the change in the shape of the Horseshoe Fall itself. Then it was a perfect segment of a circle, so nearly like the heel of a horseshoe as to suggest the fitness of its name.

Now vast masses of rock have been dislodged in the middle of the curve, making a sharp and wide diversion of the current, so that the torrent pours into a midway gulf from which the mist rises constantly.

This does not diminish, but perhaps enhances, the interest of the cataract. It breaks the circuit, destroys the perfect symmetry of the curve.

It proves that the recession of the fall is going on with far greater force than Mr. Lyell and his brethren in geology calculated when they supposed they had estimated the ages by the progress up-stream of the verge of Niagara.

If in half the life-time of a modern man such changes have occurred, what may not have been wrought by these mighty forces of nature in 5,000 years?—*Youth's Companion.*

—Plants and Animals.—The connection between these two departments of life is closer than is generally thought. The plant is the bridge between the mineral and the animal world. It digests and assimilates mineral matter, and then yields its own substance as food for bird, beast, and man.

Plants, like human beings, have a capacity for culture and for what might be called civilization, which gives comeliness at the expense of vigor, and often of fertility. The favorites of our gardens are monstrosities, with little power to propagate their kind.

The plant and man equally depend on sunlight for health. Each will alike starve without its proper food. Analogous diseases, to some extent, affect each. In both cases, life and health often fail before influences too subtle even for modern science to explain or detect. Plants, like blood-suckers, frequently draw their entire life from their fellows.

As men are often poisoned by the bite or sting of insects, so are plants. Nut galls and other galls are merely tumors, morbid or diseased growth, due to such stings.

Says the *Medical Record*, "There are hundreds of varieties of such galls easily distinguishable, and each one owes its existence to a different agent," —a different kind of poison from the different insect that bites it.

It is now known that a large portion of human diseases result from microscopic plants which find their way into the system, multiply with inconceivable rapidity, and draw their support from the most vital parts of our bodies.

Says the above authority, "The number of parasites which infect plants is enormous. There is hardly a flowering plant which is not injuriously affected by one or more fungi which prey upon it. The grapevine alone is attacked by at least thirty species. The morbid changes which these parasites induce are manifold; the rust on wheat, the scab on apples, the rot in potatoes and in fruits, all represent the activity of these foreign intruders." All forms of mildew have the same origin.—*Youth's Companion.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—BASE-BALL is now all the go with the "small fry."

—IT iz only a step from lazyness tew vice, and a short one at that.—*Josh Billings.*

—ONE hundred and forrty-five students to begin with—one of the largest openings for years.

—THOSE of the old students who have returned feel keenly the absence of those who have not returned.

—A NEW house has been built about a quarter of a mile from the village for a primary school for boys. It is under the control of Mr. J. C. Caddell.

—THE cigarette-consuming young man is a bore, and the world is tired of seeing him around.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—PROF. E. HILLIARD, elected tutor at a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, has already ingratiated himself into the favor of his pupils by his pleasantness, and manner of instruction. Wake Forest may well be proud of Professor Hilliard, and we think her fortunate in securing the services of one so competent to fill the position.

—NONE but those who have been accustomed to receive Dr. Pritchard's pleasant greetings, know how his genial face is missed among us.

—WE regret the loss of three or four of our young ladies, who leave us for distant schools. They are scarce enough when all are at home.

—SOMETHING a senior never does—make a pair of shoes. But we have a senior who is wearing a pair of shoes made by himself; and they're good-looking shoes, too.

—PROF. WILLOUGHBY READE, the noted elocutionist, gave an entertainment in the lower chapel on the night of the 14th inst., which was immensely enjoyed by all who attended.

—THE Board of Trustees did a wise thing in giving the direction of the College into the hands of Prof. W. B. Royall. We have only words of the highest praise for him. His labors in behalf of the best interests of the students are unremitting. The boys feel he is their friend, and his efforts for the good of Wake Forest will be seconded by all students who take any interest in the prosperity of the College.

—THE street southwest of the College buildings, and on a line with them, is improving. Mr. F. M. Purefoy is putting up on it two comfortable cottages of brick, each with four rooms. They are designed for rent.

—THERE were more visitors spending the summer here during last vacation than ever before. Three families are still here. We predict that next season there will be still more. Wake Forest possesses some peculiar attractions as a place for rest during the summer.

—WE are much gratified with the way Faculty and students are moving off in the work of the session. The condition of things is very hopeful. Some of the methods of the College have been altered for the better. And then we rather expect 150 students this term. We have up to date 48 new students.

—IT is interesting to note that of our students 78 are in the school of Greek, 98 in the school of Latin, and 38 in the school of Natural Science. We think the percentage in Greek larger than usual; and it is gratifying, because when a boy takes Greek he means business. The small number in Natural Science is explained by the very large classes of last session.

—PROF. READE gave a suitable and profitable reading on Sunday, the 17th. He has begun the instruction of a class in Elocution, comprising some of the resident citizens and thirty-five of the students. He is to give ten lessons, meeting the class at 4 p. m. He candidly states that he does not expect to make perfect readers of them in so short a time, his object being simply to show them what is in them, and set them on the track of its development. That is fair and reasonable.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'82. Mr. T. B. Wilder has decided to make the law his profession, and is now studying in Louisburg.

—Messrs. Poteat, Lewellyn, Davis, Herring, Hunter, and G. P. Hamrick represent Wake Forest at the Seminary.

—David Ramseur, Esq., a former student, whom many will remember, is now a successful lawyer in South Carolina.

—'81. Rev. L. T. Carroll has taken charge of a school at Morrisville, N. C., having resigned his position at Cochran, Ga.

—'82. Mr. E. G. Beckwith is teaching at Olive Chapel, Wake county.

—'79. Rev. G. P. Hamrick has resigned the pastorate of the church at Whitaker, S. C., and has gone to the Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

—'79. Walter E. Daniel, Esq., is doing well as a lawyer in Weldon. Mr. Daniel is not only doing a good work in his profession, but is a blessing to the Baptists of that town. He is the youngest member and the President of the Roanoke Literary Society, which is now erecting a $7,000 building in Weldon.

—'82. Mr. W. J. Ferrell is teaching a fine school at Flat Rock, Granville county, and we are hearing good reports of him from his patrons.

—'82. Mr. J. W. Fleetwood is Principal of the Woodland Academy, formerly under the direction of Prof. Picot. It is in Northampton county.

—'81. Mr. R. A. P. Cooley does not return this session to the Greensboro law school, but is pursuing his studies in Raleigh, where his father now resides. We were glad to see him on the Hill a few days since.

—'75. It is a matter of grief to many besides ourselves that Mr. John E. Ray has been confined at his father's by sickness for about a month. We extend our sympathy. We are glad to learn that he is well again.

—'75. H. R. Scott, Esq., was the only nominee of the Democratic convention of Rockingham county against whom no objection was raised by the dissatisfied party. He will doubtless again represent the county in the Senate.

—'58. Mr. Benj. F. Hester is one of the most successful farmers in Granville county. He holds a prominent position in his church and is a successful Sunday school superintendent. He was at College four years and missed no duty during that time.

—Jas. L. Webb, Esq., of Cleveland county, a former student, is a promising lawyer in the town of Shelby. In a recent convention of the Democratic party he was nominated to represent the counties of Cleveland and Gaston in the Senate of North Carolina. He has every prospect of success.

—'82. Mr. E. Hilliard's recommendation by the Faculty for the position of tutor was, at the beginning of the session, confirmed by the Executive Committee of the Trustees without hesitation. In addition to his teaching, he calls the roll and leads the singing at prayers and at public worship.

—'82. Rev. Mr. O. L. Stringfield says: "All ye Wake Forest boys, come to see me. I have a large house—plenty of room, and plenty of cabbage to eat." We can account for this fine spirit: he has recently been convinced that it is not good for man to be alone. He is ahead of his class, and must surely have made arrangements before his graduation.

—'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat was the youngest theologue at the Seminary last year. During the summer he was the agent of the State Executive Board of South Carolina, and preached at different churches in the Broad River Association, and made collections for the Board. His hard work agreed with him. He hopes to take the full course, with the "extras," at the Seminary.

—SHALL we have a grand rally of the Alumni next commencement? We ask the question in earnest, gentlemen, and would be glad to have in these columns some expression from you about the matter.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE COLLEGES OF 1830.

[From the address prepared by Dr. BARNAS SEARS, and read before the American Institute of Instruction at Saratoga, July 7th, 1880, the day fater his death.]

The Colleges of that day (1830) were not as numerous as they are now. Instead of three hundred and fifty, there were only about fifty; and this is more than twice as many as they were in 1800. There were generally from two to three in a State. Some States had none. The funds of the Colleges, and consequently the salaries of the officers, were low. My old president received $1,200. I remember this from the fact that once, when he was asked why he did not resign, he said he "had 1,200 reasons for not resigning." The professors lived on $800 a year, if they had good positions, or $500, if they did not. In earlier times each College had a president, two or three professors, one of whom taught the theology of his church, and two tutors. In later times the teaching force was somewhat increased, and the course of study was fixed and invariable. The student first fell into the hands of the tutor, stiff, and very precise about preserving his somewhat doubtful dignity. He had a room in College, and acted as a spy and officer of the police. His experiences were often romantic. Pope, when a forward young man, had offered his unsolicited advice about inserting an interrogation point in a difficult passage, said to him, "What is an interrogation point?" and received the reply, "A little crooked thing that asks questions." Our tutor was not crooked or deformed, but as to all his teaching it might be said, "He was a little stiff thing that asked questions. Only this, and nothing more." Our professors were more portly men, going on to sixty.

Sitting cross-legged in an arm-chair, against which a silver-headed cane leaned, they would insist on your giving them the exact words of Blair (false English and all) or of Kames, and of Stewart and Hedge. Our president, who heard us in Enfield's Philosophy, was more communicative, and was even facetious. His jokes were regularly distributed through the term, so that when one of an older class asked how far we had advanced, he would say, "Have you got to the joke yet about the identity of a stocking that is darned all over?" or the question of the infinite divisibility of matter, "when you take a stick and remove half, till it is all gone?"

He used to keep a bottle of picra for sick students, and they had to take it before leaving his room.

In languages, beyond making Latin, after Clarke's Introduction, there was nothing, if we except scanning, but translation and parsing; no true philology, nothing of the necessary meaning of words from derivation and us-

age, or of the force of grammatical forms and construction. Everything depended on translation, generally guessed out, often stolen.

Students lived in dormitories, and boarded in the commons, and had no friendly intercourse with the people of the town. The college buildings were few, small, and poor, and the rooms dilapidated, except when repaired by the occupant, and sold to his successor for $50 or $100. College libraries and apparatus were nearly worthless. Students' morals and manners may be summed up in the words, punctilious reverence for the president, professors, and tutors, manifested respect to the older classes, especially to Seniors; staying in one's room during the hours prescribed, not failing to be there at the usual hour of the tutor's visit, unless an effigy is put in one's place; being present at the roll-call, and at prayers at five o'clock in the morning, always half dressed, at least.

Add to these sundry other things not required by law, such as keeping a watch on the officers; placing sentinels on important occasions; joining rival college societies, and fighting once a year for the capture of new members, sitting up in groups all night before the examinations, and swallowing, at one draught, all the learning of two or three of the best students, or of notes copied for the occasion; mock examinations, and hazing Freshmen, and mock programmes of exhibitions.

Along with these things there was a serious side of college life. Many young men, while they yielded passively to college customs, had high aims and fixed purposes. They were faithful in their studies, and made the most of their opportunities; and more than all, though boys, they were to become men; all had taken the true measure of themselves; had formed warm and lasting friendships; had at least surveyed the field of knowledge, and knew what to do in after life; had, in some way, been so long within the college walls as to take on an air of liberal culture; had, in some measure, acquired a literary taste. When the time for manly action arrived, slumbering capacities were not unfrequently aroused which placed their possessors in the first rank of society.

Exactly the same requirements were made of all students. So much mathematics, so much of Latin and Greek, must be swallowed by every one, whether his digestive organs were adequate or not for their work. Some could not even masticate, and had to take their food in liquid form, with a good deal of waste between the spoon and lip. These must pass, if they took their degree at all, *speciali gratia*.

THE DEADLY CIGARETTE.

[From Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

We are by no means inclined to play the Pharisee in regard to the smoking habit, but we will confess that the sight of a growing boy puffing a cigarette fills us with regret and pain. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that adult smoking is not necessarily injurious to health, it will, we believe, be all but universally conceded that the habit in boys is very pernicious. It is certainly very prevalent, and seems to us to call for public remonstrance. We hazard nothing in assuming that adult smokers, without exception, would

prefer that their sons, during the period of their minority, should be deterred from acquiring the smoking habit. There probably is not a respectable physician in the land who, if his opinion were asked, would hesitate to affirm that for a growing boy to smoke is, on physiological grounds, objectionable and even dangerous. Many eminent physicians, without waiting to be asked, have declared this to be their opinion. The Surgeon-general of the Army, in 1869, strongly approved of the rule by which smoking is forbidden to the students at West Point. The same rule is also enforced among the students of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The regulation in both these institutions was adopted after careful investigation concerning the physiological effects of the smoking habit upon the human body while in the growing state. The principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, so celebrated among educational institutions of its class, made an effort some time ago to discountenance the habit among the students under his care. He addressed a circular to their parents, informing them that the subject had attracted much attention, not only in this country, but in England, Germany, and France, and that physicians all but unanimously condemned the use of tobacco by boys. He asked them, in view of this fact, whether they would consider the prohibition of tobacco in the institution reasonable and practicable. A majority of parents replied to the question, and so far as they did so, the answers were unanimously in the affirmative. The example of this old and popular institution might well be followed by others throughout the country.

It is affirmed by those who have investigated the subject that the cigarettes manufactured for boys are, in many cases, compounded of the vilest materials. The paper rolls are often filled with refuse cigar stubs collected in cities, and sometimes even infused with opium. The quality of the cigarette is no doubt often below that of the very worst cigar. The effects of smoking a compound so abominable must be very deleterious, undermining the constitution of the growing boy and inviting the assaults of disease in its most deadly forms.

A boy who grows up to manhood without contracting the tobacco habit will not, as a general rule, be likely to fall into that habit in his adult years. And where is the candid tobacco user who will not say that this would not be a great advantage? There are few smokers, we think, who will not readily confess, in spite of the comfort they take in their cigars and pipes, that society would be better off, if no such habit prevailed. They would gladly break themselves of the habit, if their wills were not too weak for such a struggle. It is not to them a pleasant thought that, so long as they smoke, they must carry an offensive odor in their hair and garments wherever they go. A fragrant cigar, freshly lighted, may even be agreeable to many; but the odor of stale tobacco in one's garments is sickening even to smokers themselves. However we may excuse the adult smokers, let us do all in our power to keep our boys from acquiring a habit injurious to health and perilous to good morals.

LIGHT.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,
The sun rolled black and bare,
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy spars,
I pencilled the hue of its matchless blue,
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes in sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen.
And when the fiend's art in the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed,
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,
Come forth among the dead;
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains,
Their lonely vigils kept;
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of heaven's redeeming plan,
As they chanted the morn of the Saviour born—
Joy, Joy to outcast man:

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the best smile of a friend,
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced,

As the rose in the gardens of kings:
At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,
And lead the young day to her arms;
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,
In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep by the night brooded deed
I gaze with unslumbering eye,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky;
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassionless, dark, lone weltering bark,
To the heaven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in their matinal sheen.
O if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,
Though fitful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever-bright with the Deity's smile.

ABIDE WITH ME.

[From Our Continent.]

Abide with me; the sunset's golden finger
Has drawn a veil between the world and me;
Upon the mountain top his rays still linger,
But in the valley I deep darkness see,
And whelming shadows hover over me.

Abide with me; the way is drear and lonely,
And frightful phantoms start from every side
Which battle for my soul, that soul which only
Knows thee on earth, in heaven, O Crucified!
For that dear reason keep thou near my side.

Abide with me; earth's blandishments beset me:
They rise like clouds between my soul and thine,
Hiding thee, so that soon I must forget thee,
Unless a beam from loving eyes divine
Shall through them cast its radiance to mine.

Abide with me; dear Lord, let me not perish!
Chase from my heart and way these phantoms dire;
Thine "altar coals" on my heart's altar cherish,
So that each sin consumed in love's pure fire
May clog no more my soul's deep, strong desire.

And when at last through earth's dark vale ascending
I reach the heavenly hills, and at thy feet
Look, Lord, upon thee, doubts and fears all blending
In one long gaze of joy so deep, so sweet,
Then satisfied, I need no more repeat,
Abide with me!

THE WHEEL OF WILLEGIS.

[From the German of August Kopisch, by T. H. Dobbs, D. D., in THE GUARDIAN.]

"*Willegis, Willegis,*
Recole unde veneris!"

It grieved the lords of Mainz full sore
That Willegis the mitre wore.
He was a wagoner's son;
And so, for fun,
The nobles scribbled, o'er and o'er,
Rude cartwheels on the bishop's door.
But when he saw it, Willegis
Was not at all displeased at this;
He called an artist near at hand,
And quickly gave him this command:
"On every door you see,
I pray you, paint for me
A wheel of silver in a field
Of crimson—this shall be my shield;
And let the proud escutcheon bear
This motto, writ in letters fair:
'*Willegis, Willegis,*
Bethink thee whence thy coming is!'"
'Tis said that on that very day
The nobles wiped their scrawls away:
They learned a lesson then,
To honor honest mèn,
And later bishops there
In their escutcheon bear,
From that day unto this,
The wheel of Willegis.

THE SMITTEN ROCK.

[From THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.]

A blow direct from God's own hand
Oft cleaves the heart in twain,
As rocks are rent by lightning stroke
Amid the wind and rain.

But in their clefts the wind, ofttimes,
The seed of sweet flowers blows;
Bright shines the sun, soft falls the dew,
The rock in beauty glows.

So in the rifts within the heart
Are planted seeds of grace
Which take deep root, and blooming fair,
The healed wounds efface.

PERIODICALS.

—OUR issue being unexpectedly delayed, we have the opportunity to notice the October periodicals. Among our exchanges, we mention *The Home Circle*. A series of articles on Sabbath in the *Home*, by Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, is begun. Observing that, in spite of the labors and arguments of Christians, the tide of Sabbath-breaking still flows on, she proposes to attack the evil at its root, and takes as her text, "Teach the Children." The first number is devoted to hints on the amusement and instruction of the little members of the family on the Sabbath day. Dr. Williams contributes a sketch of Richard Fuller, presenting him as *a regenerated man called of God, as a man of prayer*, as *a preacher*, and *an indefatigable worker*. He concludes with these words: "In the army, he would have been a Napoleon. In law, a Wirt. In politics, a Clay. But in the ministry, he was RICHARD FULLER." "Glennandale" is concluded, having proved a readable little novel. President Hill writes a short article on "Ethics of Strikes." Dr. Dyer takes us down in a diving-bell to the bottom of the sea. Besides other articles, there is a sprinkling of poetry. We are informed in the "Announcement" for the next year that in November a new serial will be begun, by Mrs. Alden, *alias* "Pansy." Its title is the "Endless Chain." Dr. McArthur, of New York, will contribute a series of papers on "Christian Life in its Relations." We doubt not that next year will see a marked improvement in *The Home Circle*.

—WE can only mention some of the prominent articles in the October *Harper's*. On opening it we are confronted with the charming frontispiece, Autumn. The leading article is the second paper of Mrs. John Lillie's "In Surrey." "Flash," a poem by Will Carleton, hardly comes up to that poet's best strain. Mr. Rideing writes on Medical Education in New York; the article is mainly a string of short biographies. Mary Robinson writes on Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Then we have "Southern California," "The Spanish Discoveries," "The Railway Invasion of Mexico," E. Ingersoll's "In the Wahlamet Valley of Oregon," etc., besides stories by Rose Terry Cooke, Margaret Floyd, and S. A. Deake, and poems by William Sharp, H. E. Clark, and Annie Fields.

—THE October *At Home and Abroad* has been received. We welcome every issue, not only on account of its intrinsic merit, but also because it represents a worthy purpose to elevate the literature of North Carolina. Our space will not allow its interesting table of contents.

SCRAPS.

—WHY is the letter D like a fallen angel? Because by its association with evil it becomes a devil.

—PUPIL TO TEACHER: You say that the stars we see are planets and fixed stars. I wonder if the fixed stars planet so as to be all well fixed?

—GEOGRAPHY CLASS.—*Teacher:* "Name the principal bays." *Young hopeful:* "Bay of Biscay, Hudson's Bay, Bafflin's Bay, and Arabi Bey." *Teacher:* "Oh, Pashaw!"

—TEACHER: "How does the earth absorb water?" *Pupil:* "Like a dog." *Teacher:* "How do you make that out?" *Pupil:* "Don't we read of the lap of the earth?" *Teacher:* "Go up another grade."

—FOR a sick man, Herbert Spencer uses good, healthy language. Of Oscar Wilde he is quoted as saying: "He is that outlandish person who attempted to reconcile idiocy with art and namby pambyism with sentiment."

—DR. G. J. JOHNSON returned to Philadelphia from his western tour and took his bed with typhoid fever. We anxiously wait to learn that he is recovering. Why can't the Publication Society give him a vacation that is a vacation? This thing of plowing till you are tired and then hoeing corn till you rest isn't calculated to produce much recuperation.—*Central Baptist.*

—DR. REID, well known by his medical reports in the *Monthly Magazine*, was requested by a lady of literary eminence to call at her house. "Be sure you recollect the address," said she, as she quitted the room, "No. 1 Chesterfield street." "Madam," said the doctor, "I am too great an admirer of politeness not to remember Chesterfield, and I fear too selfish ever to forget number one."

SLEEPERS.—A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no sleeper in the sleeper on the sleeper.—*Penman's Art Journal.*

—BRITISH valor shines as conspicuously as ever. The Irish, of course, distinguished themselves in the victory of Tel el Kebir. Gen. Wolseley, in a dispatch from the field, says: "The Royal Irish particularly distinguished itself by the dashing manner in which it closed with the enemy." Whenever British victories are won in India, Afghanistan, Ashantee or Egypt, there are the Irish. It is not strange that the British government should hold so tenaciously to the Island whence it draws so much of its fighting material.

—THERE are, no doubt, cases where a man earns a great fortune, while his wife's existence is that of a butterfly, writes Col. T. W. Higginson. These cases are rare; taking one family with another, the wife works as hard as the

husband, and the fact that his share involves the handling of the money does not make it his money. It belongs to both, and what he pays over to her is not a gift, but a matter of right. "This was a present to me from my wife," said a rich man showing an ornament. "Bought with your money," said a friend jocosely. "No!" he said, "out of her own hard earnings. She keeps house for a man of your acquaintance!"

THE FAIR COPY-HOLDER.

Yon window frames her like a saint
Within some old cathedral rare;
Perhaps she is not quite so quaint,
And yet I think her full as fair!

All day she scans the written lines,
Until the last dull proof is ended,
Calling the various words and signs
By which error may be mended.

An interceding angel, she,
'Twixt printing-press and author's pen—
Perhaps she'd find some faults in me!
Say, maiden, can you not read *men?*

Forgive me, gentle girl, but while
You bravely work I've been reflecting
That somewhere in this world of guile,
There's some one's life needs your correcting.

Methinks 'tis time you learned this art,
Which makes the world's wide page read better;
For love needs proving, heart with heart,
As well as type with written letter.

—*C. H. Crandall, in Century.*

LISTEN!

We thank our friends, and the public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us the past season, and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

OUR FALL STOCK

has been selected with great care, and we only ask you to examine it as we feel sure you will be pleased.

Students will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Miles & Zeigler's celebrated shoes in all lines a specialty. Remember our motto:

"The Best Goods for the Least Possible Prices."

We deliver goods to any part of town free of charge.

CALL EARLY.

Very respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Shelby Female College.

Session begins September 20th, 1882, and closes June 21st, 1883.

Board, washing, fuel, etc., and tuition in College Class, Fall Term, five scholastic months, to January 31st, 1883..... $87 50
The same in Preparatory Classes, to January 31st, 1883..... 82 50
The same in Primary Classes..... 75 00

Boarders furnish one pair of sheets, one pair pillow-slips, toilet soaps, table napkins and two bags for soiled clothes.

☞ Without special contract, payments required in September. Deposits must be made for purchase of books, sheet-music and art materials.

RATES OF TUITION AND TERMS FOR DAY PUPILS.

Fall Term, Five Scholastic Months, to January 31st, 1883.

Primary Department, $12 50; Preparatory, $20; College, $25. Incidentals, to be paid with first month's tuition, $1.

For particulars be sure to apply for circular.

R. D. MALLARY, President,
SHELBY, N. C.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,

Steam

PRINTERS, BINDERS

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

RALEIGH, N. C.

We have just received a lot of new type and are now prepared to print

SCHOOL CATALOGUES,

REPORTS, CIRCULARS, &c.,

In the best style at low rates.

A FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS at $1 per 100.

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF PRINTING MATERIAL IN THE STATE.

If you wish anything in the way of Printing, Binding or Blank Books, address,

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
Cor. Salisbury & Hargett Sts.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

A TRIP ABROAD;

OR

A Summer Vacation in Europe.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

BY JOHN E. RAY, A. M.

This highly interesting volume of over 200 pages, with a number of rich illustrations of places and customs in Europe, is now ready, and is to be had at the following remarkably low figures:

Bound in Paper, 50 Cents.
Bound in Cloth, - $1 00

Mailed to any address upon receipt of the price, and 10 cents for postage.

Address all orders to

JOHN E. RAY,
Raleigh, N. C.

4—3m

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

OCTOBER, 1882.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 2.

EDITORS:

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR.....W. F. MARSHALL.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M. AUSTIN.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

THE ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY OF WAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

[The family of Rev. SAMUEL WAIT, D. D., have kindly permitted us to publish from his MS. the following, written between 1850 and 1860.—EDITORS.]

(CONCLUDED.)

But the point which, as regards its importance, outweighed all others, was the proper training of our young brethren designed of God for the ministry. Ministers who were already considerably advanced in life, it was seen, would be compelled to continue on, as best they could, in their then present condition. But, for the younger portion, it was thought that something could be done. Various plans were thought of, and often made the subject of conversation. But, for sometime, I do not know that any one thought of a college. The most that seemed to present itself to the minds of the brethren, was to furnish facilities for a *plain English education*. This, it was thought, would add much to the usefulness of our young brethren. This view of the matter was, no doubt, a correct one. But while it would be true that much good would be accomplished by simply giving a very limited English education, all can see that such an education would be far from meeting the demands of the case. It was found, too, that such a school as was at first contemplated would not be practicable—it could not be sustained. Most of our young men who had the ministry in view were poor, and could not meet the entire expense of an education. Some of them would be wholly unable to pay for their board. This, it was found, was so generally true, as regards the pecuniary ability of our young brethren, that all our Theological Institutions furnish instruction free of charge. These considerations obliged us to remodel the original plan so as to admit, as students, any young gentlemen of good character, whether professors of religion or not. This would afford a prospect of being able to support the school. And no other plan was suggested that would do this.

About this time much was said about Manual Labor Schools. As we

were without funds, we were compelled to adopt the most rigid economy that would be compatible with a due degree of self-respect. It was not supposed, however, that the amount earned by each student would materially lessen the cash expense. Still, it was supposed that, by having a farm in operation, the table could be supported at some little less expense. But the considerations that, more than all others, led to the adoption of the Manual Labor plan of operation, were the preservation of health, and the promotion of industrious habits. The most careful statements we were capable of drawing up, were published to prevent misapprehension, showing that pecuniary considerations occupied only a subordinate place; and yet, after all, many would promise themselves very considerable aid, from the little time their sons and wards were at work. When it was finally settled that an institution should be established upon the Manual Labor plan, we began to look around for a suitable site. Many places, as was to be expected, were recommended. This farm was then owned by Dr. Calvin Jones. The Doctor's main estate was in west Tennessee. He had, for some time, desired to dispose of his possessions in North Carolina, that he might live at his other home in the far West. In this farm were a little more than *six hundred* acres. His price, at first, I think I was informed, was three thousand dollars. Land was then low and still falling. Finding no purchaser, he lowered the price to *twenty-five* hundred dollars. Meantime the fences were becoming less and less valuable. Finally, during the sitting of the Convention in August, 1832, at Rives' Chapel, Chatham county, N. C., we were given to understand that the premises could be purchased for *two thousand dollars*. All were convinced that the time had now come to close the contract. A subscription was immediately commenced, and I think fifteen hundred dollars were raised on the spot. Some time before this, we began to look around for some one to take charge of our contemplated school. A committee was appointed to correspond with distinguished men at the North. For no one seemed to think that any one living in the South would answer our purpose. This committee did what it could, but reported a failure. No man possessing the requisite qualifications could be obtained. The farm was purchased in August, and in December following a meeting of the Board of the Convention took place in Raleigh. To secure a Principal, a committee was appointed consisting of Brethren Wm. Hooper, T. Meredith, J. Armstrong, and myself. We found the committee previously appointed had accomplished nothing. We were deliberating in the house then occupied by our Bro. Meredith. Some of the committee expressed a wish to have a consultation in the piazza in the back part of the house. And there the other three of the committee informed me that they had agreed to appoint myself Principal of our contemplated institution. Nothing could have surprised me more. I told them at once that I was not the man for that place; but, that I would join with any two of them to appoint the other. Bro. Meredith remarked very kindly

that, perhaps, it would be of some service to me, and help a little in deciding the question of duty to know that, before they had consulted together at all, each had made up his mind to recommend myself; or had thought of doing so, if the others concurred. Some of the Board, Bro. Armstrong particularly, were for commencing operations on the first Monday in February following. I told them that would be impossible. We lacked the requisite funds. Nor had we time to make the preparations, even if we had the funds. Bro. Armstrong wished to know how much better off we should be for commencing one year hence than we were now. I told him, no better off, if we spent the year in doing nothing. But, if we would be active during the year, we could make preparation for commencing the next year to advantage. The farm was to go into operation at the same time with the school. And the school was to be prepared to furnish boarding and lodging. The conclusion was to appoint a committee to rent out the farm to the best advantage they could for that year, and request me to continue my agency for the Convention another year, and do what I could, in the meantime, in collecting funds, or any kind of furniture, for the comfort and advantage of the institution. By this means an opportunity was afforded to make known more fully the plan of the school among the churches and to collect aid. And here, I would remark, that, just as we expected, many were found, especially among the sisters, who could, in the course of the year, procure a blanket, sheets, pillow cases, comforts, bed, bedding, or something else, that would, at a fair valuation, be of more use to the school than the real worth in cash.

As my family was with me, having travelled with me nearly three years, my wife was able in this, as well as in laboring for the other objects of the Convention, to render most valuable assistance. So that in nearly all the portions of the State visited during the year, something was done for the promotion of the good cause. If a lady could not furnish a bed, she could probably spare a towel. The value of these labors was seen when we actually commenced operations, on the first Monday of February following. All was done that I, aided by my wife, could do in calling attention to the subject of education. I have good cause for believing that some who now show themselves to be useful, and extensively so in the ministry, were induced, by the efforts of that year, to change their whole course of life and seek an education. By this means, their usefulness has been greatly increased.

The Convention this year, 1833, was held at Cartley's Creek, Richmond county, called also Dockery's Meeting-House, commencing Friday before the first Sabbath of November. This, as well as the one held the year before with Rives' Chapel church in Chatham county, was a most interesting meeting. The weather was remarkably pleasant, and the accommodations, owing to the energy and liberality of the church and friends in that neighborhood, were most ample. Arrangements were made as far as possible for commencing what we now call Wake Forest Institute, on the first Monday

in February following. Many articles were obtained in this place for the Institute. I brought as many as I could in my two-horse buggy. As soon as the meeting closed, I came with what speed I could to this place, destined to be the scene of my future labors. On arriving in the neighborhood, I visited the spot not far from the 10th of November. Here was the farm, with the fence and out-buildings much out of repair; no implements of husbandry, no stock but my two horses, no corn or fodder, no furniture, but the few articles I was enabled to bring with me from the meeting of the Convention I had just attended.

Here I must remark that our furniture was in New-Bern. When, on commencing my agency for the Convention, we discontinued house-keeping, we put our furniture in a condition convenient for moving. Quite providentially, three wagons were in New-Bern from some of the counties above this (Wake). Having disposed of a few of the heavier articles, the balance were found quite sufficient to fill these three wagons, although from the kind of furniture brought, the three loads weighed only thirty hundred pounds. This furniture was used by the Institute just as though it had been the property of the Trustees. Our trip to New-Bern was, from necessity, a very hasty one, and we were soon at our posts. Sometime before this, arrangements had been made with Bro. C. R. Merriam, a brother of, my wife, to take charge of the farm. He also aided, in fact had charge of the steward's department. We returned from New-Bern about the 1st of December. Only two months now to the time when the session was to commence.

And in that brief space, much remained to be accomplished before we could take the first step in the business of teaching. Provisions were to be laid in for the family. Beds and many other comforts were yet to be provided. The Trustees urged me to spend as much of the two months that remained in trying to collect funds as would be possible. As I told them, I had not an hour for this business. I could not resist their importunities: I went out, and, by much labor, collected nearly two hundred dollars. Late as it was, I expressed a wish to Bro. F. F. to sow a little wheat, when he very cheerfully gave me ten bushels for seed, and Bro. W. C. "gave the sowing and the ploughing it in," as he called it. This ploughing and sowing was completed, I think, on the 3rd of December. We harvested 112 bushels, and had 101 bushels of wheat after paying toll at the threshing mill. This wheat was of the very best quality. In making arrangements, we found some difficulty, from the fact that we had no means of knowing for what number of students it would be necessary to provide.

While I was out on my short agency servants were hired. The Trustees were fearful of having more servants on hand than would be needed, and could not be induced to make the necessary provision when servants were to be hired. They thought, too, hands could be hired whenever wanted. In this, time showed that they were mistaken. We found that when farmers and others, had once made their arrangements for a certain amount of

force, it was difficult for them to change their plans till the season was passed. I have intimated that we had but a small amount of funds. This will be seen by all, when I remark that when we commenced making preparations to begin the school, we had less than two hundred dollars belonging to the Trustees. We were much embarrassed by a very indiscreet announcement in the papers, made, as I suppose, by a portion of the Trustees, to the effect that the Institute would go into operation on the first Monday in February, 1834; that the cash expense, after deducting credit for the work, would not exceed $60 per year (10 months); that each student would be required to provide himself with a hoe, towel, &c., mentioning some one or two more articles. I will here remark that I am satisfied that all that was done by the Trustees was done with the best of motives. They were good men, but in their anxiety to make the school useful to as large a number as possible, they attempted what could not be done. For instance, they put the board at $4.50 per month, and bed and board at $5, washing at 75 cts. Tuition was also low in proportion. With the purest intentions, the Trustees disgraced the Institute in advance. The students at this time boarded in common, the table being owned by the Trustees. Provisions of every kind began at this time to advance. Groceries, too, advanced in the same manner. Flour at length cost $11 per barrel. And in 1839 we were compelled to give *nine cents* per pound for all our pork. This pork, I think, was fattened in Kentucky. As provisions of every kind were constantly on the rise, it is not at all surprising that the expenses of the table began to create a very considerable amount of debt. The only alternative left to the Trustees, was to charge a little higher for board, washing, &c. This they did, making but a small addition to their original charges, compared with the advance in price for the necessary supplies for the table. Nor was any change made in the charge for board, till the table was something like three hundred dollars in debt. And yet, notwithstanding the perfect reasonableness of the course pursued by the Trustees, many were loud and unsparing in their censures. They took no notice of the fact that the charges were ridiculously low in the beginning, and provisions were constantly on the rise.

Another circumstance that occasioned no little perplexity, was the difficulty of furnishing the requisite amount of beds. Some few brought their beds with them. But by far the larger portion were supplied by the Institute. When feathers could no longer be obtained, we resorted to the expedient of making mattresses of shucks. And after the Institute went into operation, so rapid and unexpected was the increase of the number of students, that myself and family have often been employed till midnight in making these articles, now indispensable to the very existence of the school.

The former owner of the premises we now occupied, had encountered much expense to provide for the comfort of his servants. I found seven good, substantial log cabins, made mostly of white oak, with hewn logs,

good doors, floors, roofs, and, with the exception of one, windows. These were washed out cleanly and *white-washed.* Good new furniture was provided for each house. And although it was known that the cabins were built originally for servants, and occupied at first by them, I never heard of the least objection to them from any student. The farm and Institute went into operation at the same time. At the close of the first session, we could have only a few days recess, as we had a crop on hand.

But another circumstance created a very considerable difficulty. And that was an apartment sufficiently large for a dining-room. Our number now was nearly 70. It was 72 before the close of the second session. The largest room in the house was about 18 feet square. It was not possible for more than one-third of the students to be seated at the table at the same time. Having no other alternative, I divided the students into three divisions in alphabetical order. The several companies took their meals in rotation. The first division ate first in the morning and last at noon, and so on in regular rotation. Nine times in a day, therefore, our table was obliged to be set, and such care taken in dividing the meals as would be most likely to give satisfaction. At length, this plan being so laborious, we constructed a cloth tent nearly 70 feet long; and here, for the first time, we took our meals together. It must not be forgotten that our only fixtures for cooking during the first year of the Institute, were those constructed for the accommodation of a private family—a kitchen of common size, and the poorest sort of an apology for a brick oven, a short distance from the kitchen. At this period, I often thought if we only had a place sufficiently large for a dining-room, and suitable accommodations for lodging, I should hardly know how to give vent to my joy. But it is time to notice some other matters.

The only place in which I could convene the students for morning and evening prayers or lectures was the building erected by Dr. Jones for a carriage-house, 16 feet by 24. A supply of benches and desks was furnished, but the large doors were suffered to remain without alteration. The weather at the commencement of the Institute was remarkably fine. It is seldom that the month of May is any more delightful. I had no assistant. Here was a large number of students from different parts of the State, seeking the benefits of the new institution. They had, of course, made different degrees of improvement. They had, too, different objects in view. Some wished to be fitted for College with all possible dispatch. And others could only, with difficulty, read in a common spelling-book. The classification was, at first, from mere necessity, exceedingly imperfect. We now greatly needed several more servants. We did, in those days, not simply what would be most compatible with our notions of dignity and ease, but *what we must*, or see the Institute terminate ingloriously a very brief existence. Often, therefore, after having been closely employed in teaching till about 12 o'clock at noon, I have found it necessary to go and assist in setting the table, or do anything need-

ful to hasten on the dinner. I had now a pretty large amount of raw material on which to work. In every instance in which I thought there might be the most distant prospect of ultimate success, I impressed the importance of trying to acquire a collegiate education. And I have the happiness of knowing that even these early efforts were not altogether in vain. It was not possible then to do much towards the formation of classes; but even that matter was not wholly lost sight of.

It was during the session of 1833 and 1834 that we obtained from the Legislature of our State a charter for our school. The majority in the Commons on the final passage of the bill was quite respectable, but in the Senate there was a tie. And Mr. Wm. D. Mosely, to his lasting honor be it said, gave the casting vote in our favor. This charter created a Board of Trustees composed of such individuals as were desired, with certain provisions for perpetuating themselves, allowed the Institution to acquire funds to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, continuing the obligation to pay taxes, the same as on all private property, and to be in force, or continue twenty years, and no longer. Was ever a charter given more meagre or lean than this? We have leave to be if we can. But no disposition to encourage us even to the value of a dime. We were not exempted from paying taxes. Such was the state of things then.

Two years afterwards the Legislature, at the request of the Trustees, gave us a College Charter; so that from being known as the Wake Forest Manual Institute, our Institute is known as Wake Forest College, with full power to confer all the degrees, and enjoy all the prerogatives of other Colleges or Universities. Our College property is freed from taxation. We can hold property to the amount of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and fifty years are added to the original term of our charter.

About two weeks after operations in the school and upon the farm were commenced, an attempt was made to have a meeting of the Board of Trustees to consider whether the charter just obtained, should be accepted, or not, and for other purposes. I think at this time a quorum was not present. Several members, however, came, who seemed pleased with the prospect before us, and were inclined, as individuals, to accept the charter. Two of the brethren present being practical farmers, and knowing well the expenses that must inevitably be created in procuring houses, stock and farm utensils, &c., had brought each $100 to loan to the Institute, with the understanding that this money should be refunded at the convenience of the Institution. To this amount I added another hundred on the same condition. This money was received in good time. My hundred was given to the Institute a few years afterwards; and, I think, the other two hundred were eventually presented as a gift. In May of this year (1834), a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held, and a quorum was obtained. At this meeting all the friends seemed well pleased, and much encouraged. Our late lamented brethren, T. Meredith and J. Armstrong, were elected Professors—the former of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy,

and the latter of Ancient Languages. It was not arranged for these brethren to commence their labors at once in the Institution. But the plan was for the former to hold himself in readiness to commence his labors within two years, and the latter to enter forthwith upon an agency for raising funds during the balance of that year, and commence the duties of his professorship at the commencement of the following February. Subscriptions were opened on the spot, for a large College building, and it was on this occasion that brethren C. W. Skinner and D. L. Williams subscribed $500 each. Several subscribed at the same time $250. All these subscriptions were to be paid in five annual instalments. Subscriptions had been commenced in August, 1832, at Rives' Chapel, to raise funds to pay for our plantation. But this is the first step that was taken to secure funds for our main College building. The brethren were now in fine spirits. The next number of the *Interpreter*, a monthly edited and published by our Bro. Meredith, contained a glowing account of this meeting, and of the prospects ahead. Our Bro. Armstrong was very successful in his agency. To the best of my recollection, he obtained in subscriptions, to be paid as before remarked, in five annual instalments, about $17,000. While there is no wish to depreciate the value of the services rendered by our late brother, it is due in justice to the claims of other agents to state the facts that belong to the case. The importance of a public institution of learning to the Baptist denomination in North Carolina, was felt by many at the commencement of the Convention. And that it was absolutely indispensable to success, in building up our churches, was distinctly seen by all before the first anniversary of the Convention. Hence this point was frequently discussed among the brethren. It had been often noticed by the Institution. And one year before the termination of my agency for the Convention, I had been appointed Principal of the contemplated seminary, and requested by the Convention to do all I could towards procuring the means requisite for a successful beginning. Efforts were accordingly made, not only to raise money, but also to procure any kind of furniture that could be useful in a public boarding school. This was an important part of the business of Mrs. W. and myself during the last year of my agency. But more than all, the school was actually commenced, and now in successful operation. More room was needed. All seemed ro regret that the Institute should be retarded for the want of more ample accommodations. The school was indeed full. From the Trustees I received, almost daily, expressions of their joy at the prosperity of the Institution, and an urgent request to receive all that came. Had the whole establishment been my own, I think I should not have attempted to accommodate more than thirty-five or forty students. The statement now made will enable any one to see that our Bro. Armstrong commenced his agency under most favorable circumstances. The novelty of the character of the Institution supplied with many a powerful incentive to immediate action. And the field was the entire State, no part of which

had ever been visited by an agent laboring for this Institution. The best portions, of course, of the spacious field before the agent were visited first. Of this no complaint was ever made. Nor is it denied that our brother was active and very successful. It is only urged that almost any one possessing respectable talents could hardly have failed of success under the circumstances mentioned.

It will be remembered that ours was a Manual Labor school. At that time such institutions were generally in high repute. The main object was to promote the health of the students and contribute somewhat towards the establishment of habits of industry. Our labor was performed quite late in the evening. By this arrangement we escaped the heat of the day. This exercise produced a good effect. I speak from my own experience, having invariably taken part in this service with the students. There was no time in the whole day when I felt more like giving myself entirely to my studies than I did at night, after the performance of our usual task. This feature of the Institution was continued five years. To show in what light this matter was viewed by the students, I will mention one circumstance. About three or four years after the Institute went into operation a meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at the Institute. It was reported among the students, that the Trustees were deliberating upon the expediency of discontinuing the manual labor of the Institution. A consultation was at once held by them, the result of which was that a committee was forthwith appointed to draw up a memorial to present to the Trustees, assuring them, in the most respectful manner, that they had no wish for a change, but that they desired the present state of things to continue. So much was done by the students, before I had the least intimation of what they were doing. One of the oldest and most influential of the young gentlemen then called upon me to ask if I thought there would be any impropriety in the step they were taking. Before I replied, he added that they had not shown the memorial to the younger portion of the students. But all the older ones had signed it but one. And that individual had not been asked to give the measure his sanction, knowing that from his peculiar temperament, he would feel it a great privilege to set himself in opposition. They would not, therefore, put it in his power to insult them. As was to be expected, there was some opposition to the Manual Labor Department. The case just mentioned is a pretty strong one in its favor at a time when the number of students was large. And it was perfectly voluntary, and showed the feeling of the students at that time. The worst opposition we had to encounter was not from the students, but from those of whom we had a right to have expected better things. Some of the guardians of the Institute were known on some occasions to have allowed themselves the use of such language as would gratify such students as wanted an excuse for reluctance to labor. But worst of all some communications appeared in the *Interpreter* from one of the teachers, calculated to injure the Manual Labor Department.

One of the students replied in the same paper. The articles, two or three on each side, were written with courtesy and dignity; and, in the judgement of the lamented Meredith, the editor of the paper, the student gained a complete triumph. Still, suggestions that had been made to the disadvantage of that feature of the Institution requiring labor, were often repeated just as though they had never been answered. On this account the public discussion was much to be regretted. When, in the autumn of 1838, this department was suspended, for it was not at once abolished, many were displeased, and some refused to pay their subscriptions. Others approved. There were conflicting opinions. Probably more approved of the action of the Board in suspending the labor than disapproved. After all, let the fate of manual labor, in our seminary of learning, be what it may, no man can have ground to expect to enjoy good health, if he be a hard student, in the absence of regular, systematic labor. It is a mistake to suppose that the exercise needful for health will retard the student in his course. The plain truth is, the effect will be directly opposite.

But one circumstance more remains to be mentioned. I allude to the revivals of religion with which we have been favored. The first commenced on the 8th of August, 1834. The commencement reminded us of a rushing, mighty wind. We had reasons to hope that fourteen or fifteen obtained a hope on the first night of the meeting. So powerful was the work, that for two or three weeks the regular business of the institution was suspended. Between 30 and 40 were happily brought to a knowledge of the truth. Four years in succession we were thus blessed with most powerful and quite extreme revivals. Passing over one year, in which we enjoyed a pleasant state of things, we were again favored with another shower. Not less than eight or nine of these seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord have been enjoyed in this Institution since it was commenced, besides some most precious seasons when a smaller number have obtained a hope. Among the fruits of these revivals, are many very useful ministers of the Gospel.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mountain chains form a most interesting study to lovers of nature. The surest method of gaining a satisfactory conception of them is to travel among them with intelligent guides, who are prepared not only to point out noted objects of interest, but also to connect these into a whole, and map them out before you with something approaching a systematic arrangement of the parts. But as some are not thus favored, it may not be amiss, for the benefit of such, to attempt a description of some particular section of a mountain chain. And there is happily within our own borders a segment of the Appalachain chain which fur-

nishes us with a specimen superior in many respects to any other portion of it. We have here a district whose limits may be very loosely set down as two hundred miles in length, and an average of one hundred in breadth. Its northern section, resting upon Virginia, is about half as broad as the southern, which may be viewed as bounded by South Carolina and Georgia. And the segment may be described in general terms as a trapezoid whose parallel sides differ about seventy-five miles in length, and whose other sides diverge uniformly as they extend southward. Or, if you are not satisfied with the correctness of this picture, take Webster's Unabridged and see his "Scalene Triangle." Just cut off its head with a pair of imaginary scissors, and you have a figure to which you cannot object. Now this trapezoid consists of an elevated plateau varying from 1,500 to 2,700 feet above the sea-level. Except on the northern side and partly on the southern, where it is connected with the mountain chain, it rises abruptly from the surrounding district, which may be denominated the hill country, itself bordered on the east by the flat lands which slope gradually towards the Atlantic.

To understand more clearly the character of this plateau, it will be necessary to know that when, by abrupt stages, we have overcome the barriers which guard it, and have reached their summit, we have but attained to the base of what may be regarded as the real mountain ranges, with their more noted peaks. So that these latter will have two distinct measurements, as we consider them, with reference either to their elevation above the sea, or above the plateau on which they immediately rest. The plateau is not, as etymology would imply, a flat surface. And yet it has hardly greater superficial irregularities than the ordinary hill country.

But, as intimated above, at certain points there shoot up from it to the height of several thousand feet, ranges of mountains, and occasionally isolated peaks, which latter are generally regarded as "spurs" of some range not far distant.

We have then first to realize to ourselves the existence of a natural mound of about two thousand feet in height, covering twenty thousand square miles, and to conceive of this mound as being itself the base upon which are planted the real mountains.

Now suppose that lines be drawn parallel to each other, and extending from east to west, connecting the sides of the trapezoid that are not parallel, and that on these lines there rise mountain ranges. Then you have a tolerably correct picture of this intricate mountain system. Call the barrier which marks the eastern side of this figure the Blue Ridge, and that which marks the western the Smoky Mountains, and call the parallel ranges connecting the sides not parallel Black Mountain, New Found, Balsam, Cowee and Nantahala, and you are prepared to conceive of this figure as a ladder whose sides are the Blue Ridge and Smoky Mountains, and whose rounds are these several ranges.

The reader must not suppose that the terms here employed are used with anything like mathematical precision. For when does Nature ever draw as

a straight line, or reduce lines to strict parallelism or perpendicularity, or her figures to triangles, squares, and circles? Perhaps not one tree in a thou sand is exactly perpendicular to the earth, nor any two of its branches parallel to one another. Ocean waves chase each other in lines which can only in a general way be denominated parallel. And mountain ranges form no exception to the rule.

Perhaps an observer of nature has no greater satisfaction than is afforded by the discovery of distinct and well marked traces of regularity in the disposition of the parts of any natural figure. And we greet with pleasure any series of kindred objects, in the general arrangement of which we see something like an approach to order, symmetry, and system, as in crystals, for instance. The writer confesses to an increased interest in this portion of our State, after having, by a somewhat extended tour among its mountains, reached a clearer apprehension of its topography, and discovered something like an orderly arrangement of its parts.

CLIMBING.

One who desires to scale the barrier which nature has raised around this plateau, would find it to his interest to avail himself of those paths which she has grudgingly opened as inlets into this elevated region. Steep mountain sides forbid entrance, as a rule, to all pedestrians, unless they are cloven-footed. But, fortunately, water—the potent factor in world-building as in world-destroying—has come to man's help in this difficult job of climbing the mountains. The various streams rising in this district, uniting their forces into creeks and rivers, and swelling into immense reservoirs, have gradually eaten away, and burrowed under, and made for themselves vents through, the barriers which opposed their downward rush, and asserted thus their ancient right to return to their home in the bosom of old father Ocean. These vents or outlets following the windings of the gorges and valleys, furnish highways for man at the same time that they allow the waters to descend with comparatively easy grade into the hill country below.

Through these "gaps" the traveller finds routes which, when put in order by skilful hands, and especially when turnpiked, conduct him easily and safely to the heights above. Some of these turnpikes are indeed monuments of engineering skill. Sometimes in climbing a mountain the track is constructed with so gentle a grade that, on having overcome a thousand or more feet in sheer height, you are conscious of having moved on a surface but little inclined. And it not unfrequently occurs that several hundred feet below, almost vertically, you can clearly discern the road over which you had travelled a mile or two away. In one instance the writer, when nearing the summit, saw deep down below two different roads, one several hundred feet above the other, over which he had passed, the more distant one being fully two and a half miles away, as measured on the turnpike. These turnpikes in their serpentine tortuosity diminish steepness by increasing distance, and thus illustrate the principle of efficiency in the lever and inclined plane. Occasionally the track runs for a few rods on the almost perpendicu-

lar side of the mountain, and within a few inches of its outer edge is a precipice of hundreds of feet, over which if—but, hold! let us rather look at the face of the lofty rock on the other side of the track, almost touching the wheels of our vehicle, and slake our thirst with the waters trickling from crevices and sometimes forming little pools here and there in natural basins.

"Gaps" by which we make our way through mountain barriers present at times views of thrilling interest. As the road winds its way up and around the successive knobs, following, in the main, the course of some wildly roaring stream, at one time in its very bed, at another several hundred feet above it, whence it is seen dashing and splashing over the rocks, or leaping over opposing barriers, conversation is suspended, and you hold communion with nature. Then, again, when with this deep chasm below you and the roaring stream at its bottom, you raise your eyes upwards and see the rocky walls which shut you in on either hand, towering above until they seem to reach the sky, shutting out all of heaven but the narrow belt defined by their jagged summit outlines, you unconsciously retire within yourself and are "still."

CURLING.

The railroad having opened up a highway for sight-seers into this interesting district, suppose we determine to spy out the land and report to the STUDENT some of the things found out. Well, from our eastern home we start, and after a run of fifteen or twenty hours, (varying, of course, with the distance of our different homes in the east,) we find ourselves at Henry's, situated at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. We had been from early dawn aware of our proximity to them, first, by a haziness and cloudiness resting on the western horizon, which, as we drew nearer, assumed something like shape, and awakened a faint suggestion of solidity. And then as we rattled on, distinctness of outline and fixedness of position satisfied us that what we gazed upon was really the far-famed Blue Ridge, whose rugged face and beetling crags we had to climb and surmount before we could reach the summit, and turn our backs upon the low-lying lands.

Breakfast over, curiosity, which had needed only hot coffee and rare beefsteak to raise it to white heat, prompted us to secure a good seat in the "observation car." And to one who had climbed the mountains on the ordinary roads, and who knew what were really the points of interest to be watched, curiosity to compare experiences essentially the same and their effects under the changed conditions of rapid transit and painless motion, added zest and interest beyond what others could feel. Identical or greatly similar views of nature are to be found whether you climb by foot, or horse, or steam. But how will one feel who views these objects by the third method, going at railroad speed, who has been thrilled by them under circumstances so greatly different? That intensified interest in the adventure.

And sure enough, what a difference is at once felt! How boulders and headlands, and chasms and cliffs pass! —with a rapidity that defies contemplation, and leaving a confused impression, rather unsatisfactory, of the Sub-

ime. How we whirl and whisk about and around crags and over treetops and abysses and hollows, and run into deep cuts, and over deeper trestles and bridges, white and spindle-legged and spider-like in the seeming slenderness and weakness of their supports! Just as the danger of colliding with some knob which projects across our path is fairly over and we have drawn a long breath of relief, here on the left yawns, not six inches from the outer rail, a monster chasm, which you can see the workmen have tried in vain to fill by stuffing in his jaws untold loads of sand. The evidence of insatiableness thus given only serves to suggest the eagerness with which he would hail your being pitched into his throat. But before you have quite become familiar with the picture of the mountain swallowing you, your eye, directed downward, catches sight of a train of cars following your train at a distance of two miles, and yet now just below you at a perpendicular distance of not more than three or four hundred feet. How rapid your change of feeling, and with what fresh wonder you gaze upon this grand achievement of human genius and mechanical skill! The journey to the top of the Ridge is several miles in length, and when completed, after all its snake-like contortions, Henry's (speaking poetically) lies just at your feet, and you have only put yourself at the point of departure. Perhaps the greatest marvel of all is that the grade of this road is only 140 feet to the mile.

OPENING THE GATE.

But no power of cutting down or elevating, or curling and curving, could enable the engineer quite to overcome the barrier which kept him away from the plateau above. He must pierce into and through the tops of sentinel knobs, whose inaccessible summits keep watch over this point of possible entrance. And thus it happens that, when we suppose the long agony to be over, and the way to be at length opened into this land of beauty and the grand,—lo! here and lo! there, in rapid succession we dart into and out of three or four short tunnels, whose sudden appearance startles, and the deafening reverberations from whose flinty sides and roof rudely shock the tympanum and cut their rugged way along the auditory nerve into the very heart of the brain.

DARKNESS THAT MAY BE FELT.

And what shall we say of the last of these tunnels, several hundred yards in length, from which light is utterly excluded, and darkness visible adds its terrors to unearthly sounds—sounds that seem to possess solidity, so stunning are they? Suppose, too, that there creeps upon you the suspicion that the roof might fall in, as it might indeed—a suspicion awakened by considering the tremendous force which eye and ear inform you is being exerted by puffing, laboring engine, and creaking, thundering train. But, fortunately, just then returning daylight lifts the pressure and brings relief to thumping heart and quickened pulse. What exhilaration of spirit follows when fancied suffocation from premature burial gives way to unrestrained respiration above ground!

SWANNANOA.

But here we are at last on the top of the Ridge, and scudding away on what by contrast seems a level country. Soon, on the borders of a beautiful

mountain stream, we are given to understand that we are following the course of the Swannanoa, as it makes its way by easy grades towards the French Broad. The morning sun flashes into our faces its rays reflected from the clear waters of the baby river. At one time the placid waters send a dazzling sheen; at another, as they dance down gentle cascades or peal over pebbly bottoms, there is a shimmering and a quivering of the sunbeams which one never tires in witnessing. Meanwhile, the lower peaks of the Black Mountain range on the right, and those of the New Found on the left, furnish us with exemplifications of the Sublime, which set off and enhance the beauty of the landscape of hill and dale, river and meadow, which lies around and at one's feet.

THE PICTURESQUE.

To think about eating and drinking in such a place, except in connection with ambrosia and nectar, is downright profanity; and yet here we flit by the everlasting mill-boy and his bag of meal nicely balanced upon the inevitable mule, and yonder is the old mill itself, with moss-covered wheel lazily revolving under the impelling waters of this Olympian stream, none too sacred to do duty like a common thing —steam, for instance. But sensibilities so rudely shocked recover their equilibrium upon reflecting that the old mill and the boy and mule are essential to add what alone was wanting to a perfect scene—picturesqueness.

And just as you have disposed of this matter thus philosophically, the door of your coach opens, and

"ASHEVILLE!"

is heard, followed by a bang that arouses all sleepers and brings into line once more all straggling thoughts. Here the railroad "forks," one branch continuing down the French Broad to Warm Springs and thenceot the Pacific Ocean, the other terminating twenty miles beyond at Pigeon River, with Ducktown as its present objective point and the wide, wide world as the ultimate. Leaving our poet to "do" Asheville, prose being utterly inadequate to meet the high claims which she and her surroundings set up for themselves, we set off for Pigeon River and parts beyond, the rather (and for divers other good reasons) because "they" all go to Warm Springs, insuring that route an abundance of sight–seers, and we, always having a weakness for the neglected, wished the Pigeon River country to have an opportunity to be viewed and interviewed. Nor had we any occasion to regret our choice.

Darting across the French Broad on this new road we soon find ourselves plunging into the mazes of the New Found Mountains, which seem to unfold themselves and open up notches and gaps here and there in impossible places for our special benefit. Sometimes, when, under a full head of steam and going at break-neck speed, some tall cliff or butte two hundred yards ahead seemed to stand across the track and effectually close the way. But just then the engine, with horrible shrieks, makes a sharp curve and turns to right or left, following the side of the cliff until it reaches a narrow back-door which Nature has inserted for our rescue, on entering which we find a large place and ample room once more.

Soon, however, we have reached the verge of a yawning chasm, on whose

narrow bottom, far below, some wild stream threads its way; and at the moment when the fatal plunge must occur a friendly trestle, supported we know not how, carries us safely over and lands us upon *terra firma.*

At intervals vistas of enchanting beauty and sublimity intoxicate and bewilder, elysian fields, alpine heights and tartarean depths blending in one common picture. After many such scene-shiftings, tergiversations and hair-breadth 'scapes, we at last find ourselves clear of all obstructions and on the down grade for Pigeon River. This stream is of considerable size, carrying off all the waters which fall between New Found and Balsam Mountains. Indeed, when one considers the number of rivers which flow through this plateau—the Watauga, French Broad, Pigeon, Tuckasiege, Tennessee, &c., and reflects that they form but about one-fourth of the sources of the great Tennessee as it sweeps in majesty around the foot of Lookout Mountain, he wonders that the main stream is no larger at that point.

WAYNESVILLE.

By hack to Waynesville, twelve miles, over a comparatively smooth road, you are hardly sensible of the change from rail to dirt-road. Competition greases the wheels, puts steam into the driver's whip, and—keeps money in your pocket.

Waynesville is situated on a broad and comparatively level plat of ground elevated 2,700 feet above the sea, and enjoys an outlook and advantages of location and cheapness of living which, considered in connection with the public spirit and intelligence of her citizens, predestinate her to a greatness and a fame, on the completion of the coming railroad, which shall make her a formidable rival to the far-famed capital of Buncombe. Surrounded by mountains, flanked by the romantic Richland Creek, which comes freighted with crystal waters from the fountains of Balsam, with the White Sulphur a "short" mile away, and so situated as not to furnish comfortable quarters for dense morning fogs—the usual mountain plague of the weak-lunged and asthmatic,—no one need hesitate to take up here for pleasure or for health in summer and early fall.

WEBSTER (JACKSON COUNTY).

But wishing to visit the regions beyond, and naturally impatient, we tarried in this lovely spot and its environs only long enough to feel assured that a valued friend (Rev. N. B. C.) had not exaggerated an iota in his glowing accounts of it, and then undertook a journey of 21 miles across the glorious Balsam Mountains, many of whose peaks rival in stateliness and grandeur Clingman's and Mitchell's. In six hours we find ourselves nearing the town of Webster, by far the most "beautiful for situation" of any mountain town in all this region. Imagine a monster tortoise of one and a half miles in length, one in breadth, and several hundred feet in depth, and then see a town perched upon his back, with mountain ranges and isolated peaks in all directions around, and no outlet for the eye anywhere into the world beyond, and you have a picture of Webster. The tortoise seems to have sought the central point of the cove that he might lave his dainty feet in the dark waters of the on-rolling Tuckasiege, and thus

assert his title to amphibiousness. But then the range of mountains on the north is not near enough to break the force of Boreas and his colleagues, and the town must "catch it" in the winter. That, however, is a matter for these Websterians to settle in their own way. For us who only tarry for a night and in summer, the blue mountains kissing the clouds, and the map of Jackson county spread out at our feet, form a picture of beauty which no wintry blasts can mar.

One of the most delightful occupations of the sight-seer is that of watching at early dawn the fogs which cover the mountain sides or lie along the gorges marking the distinct outlines of the otherwise blended mountain peaks, and revealing the lines of separation between those which belong to the same range, and then, as the sun disturbs their repose, to see them float away in solemn procession, to be dissolved somewhere behind the scenes. For this purpose Webster furnishes you with the most fitting point of observation to be found on this plateau.

THE COWEE MOUNTAINS.

But yonder, darkening the western sky, stands the Cowee range. And this, too, we must scale and see what lies on the other side of it. For these are parts unknown, and there may be even there beings who float the "Stars and Stripes," if by this time they have learned in their mountain fastnesses and inaccessible retreats that the "Stars and Bars" no longer wave. Or, perhaps, in their innocence and primal simplicity they may never have heard of either the Stripes or the Bars, and know only of the Stars. Urged on by such speculations we hitch up the mules and are in a few minutes rattling down the side of the tortoise which touches upon the river. This we cross on a bridge securely built. Soon we begin the ascent of the mountains by a turnpike which winds so cautiously and skilfully around and up the hills and mountain sides that after a travel of two and a half hours, and before we had supposed it possible, we had reached the highest point in the notch by which you pass into the region west of the range. And as in ascending so in descending, there was no very thrilling sight of precipice or overhanging cliff to stir the blood to more rapid coursing. Scenes and prospects and vistas there were which enchanted and filled with rapture. But as nature furnished us with no material for a romance, and failed to gratify the morbid desire for peril in posse, defective art must needs come to our relief and supply us with an adventure in the shape of a broken tongue, which as we were on the down grade, sent the carriage with irresistible momentum upon mules too soon crushed to the earth to have time even for a kick. Splicing and tying skilfully performed gave us a tongue which enabled us to move on as before.

And soon we cross the Tennessee River, and climbing the long hill on the top of which is the town of Franklin, we come to a halt in front of the ho—

[Just here the printer's call for "copy," "copy," became so loud and irrepressible that the writer could not finish the sentence begun, much less the sketch, and has not even the opportunity of making a promise in regard to the contin—]

THE STRANGER'S STORY.

It was a clear piercing cold night in January as two young comrades, wrapped in their warm overcoats, sauntered down a street of one of the populous cities of the North. Evidently they were students from some institution of learning.

From their manner and conversation one could easily tell that they were young men of high families and of brilliant minds.

Had their loving, unsuspicious parents known whither their steps were leading them, as they walked briskly on enjoying their fine cigars, these fond hearts had been wrung with sorrow.

"Dick, if the 'Fac.' should 'accidentally' discover where we were going to-night, *wouldn't* they raise Cain?"

"I congratulate myself, however, on the fact that they are not likely to make any such discoveries. So I think you need give yourself no trouble on that score, Will."

As they turned down a side street they saw, by the gas-light, a remarkable looking old man cross over from the opposite pavement.

"Juno protect us! Will, did you see that face?"

"I did, old chum, and I must confess that I never saw so much desolation and woe stamped on the human countenance before. It makes me shiver to think of it."

"Let's follow him! I somehow feel that my life is to be interwoven with that stranger's."

Following the impulse of the last speaker the young men pursued the figure on and on through the labyrinth of streets till they were entirely beyond the limits of the city. They had not gone far outside, however, when they reached a large river which a huge bridge spanned. As they stepped upon the bridge the object of their pursuit suddenly turned, walked back, and confronted them, demanding in a hollow voice: "Why do you follow me?"

"Answer him, Dick!"

Summoning up all his courage Dick replied:

"Our reason for doing so is, that on seeing your face we felt almost unaccountably drawn toward you. There seemed to be a fascination in the awful expression of your countenance which dragged us on after you."

The old man eyed the youth searchingly for a few seconds, and said: "So you would hear my story, eh?"

"If you please."

"I have never told it before; but somehow I feel like it to-night, and I can give you something to think of, lads."

They were soon seated on the banister of the bridge, and the gray-haired stranger quietly folding his arms began:

"I once was young. Before me stretched the long untrodden pathway, whose end, to my exuberant fancy, was invisible. I knew no Present. Ah! but the Future was mine! In it I lived and ever turned from the sombre Past with scorn; nor did any phan-

tom from its gloomy cells darken for a moment the mirror in which I saw reflected my destiny. Into that mirror I would gaze with a heart all fired with wild enthusiasm till my brain was scorched by the brilliancy of its own burning pictures.

"It was my soul's own delight to leap into the beyond and bathe in its genial sunshine unmolested by a single anxious thought.

"Upon the common rabble that moved about me I gazed with disgust, mingled, however, with a generous compassion for many of earth's busy denizens to whom Fate had decreed the drudgery of a hard lot. Squalor and wretchedness I saw, but these were no care to me. I must be laying my plans for the future, to fulfil the grand purpose for which I was created. Let the conscientious humanitarian harass his mind with such—my task was of a pleasanter and more lofty character. I saw a hearse one day slowly winding its way to the cemetery, and I could see the casket containing the body of one but yesterday as gay and hopeful as I. Throb! went my heart. Still! heart, still! That man was born to be cut off thus prematurely.

"My duty was preached to me a thousand times by father and mother, and most minutely by many an adventurous essayist as, in his extreme youth, he began to sail his little skiff upon the vast ocean of thought.

"Of course I heard it all—yes, listened patiently to it till my sensibilities became so dull and impenetrable that even a cannon ball of warning and advice would not make the slightest impression upon the smooth surface of my easy conscience. The bright blood of youth which surged through my veins fed a heart across which no shadow ever fell, and whose throbs beat responsive to all that was sanguine and impetuous.

"I would steal into the beautiful garden of the Future and spend days and weeks and months and years. Here fancy played her wildest pranks, and to her siren voice I yielded without a murmur. Within this delightful Eden blossomed eternal flowers, and from its snowy marble fountains flowed the clearest and purest water, with which I quenched my thirst. From its waving fruit trees I plucked the choicest of their luscious burden. Here dwelt only the young and aspiring. Sorrow never saw its golden portals. I lived in fairyland and was a magician. I had only to wish and it was realized. I lounged on the green carpeted banks of murmuring brooks, listened in the gathering twilight to the softest and sweetest strains of music, wafted from strings swept by angels' hands, its mysterious influence stealing over me till every fibre of my being was thrilled with its melody.

"It was here we met and loved, and then I led her a willing victim to Hymen's silver altar and vowed to defend, shield and protect so long as life endured. We entered our cosy little cottage, which nestled amid a wilderness of honeysuckle and waving flowers, and before which stretched the gently sloping lawn, shaded by lofty old oaks.

"Life began in earnest. I entered my name in the lists of Fame's many aspirants. Sustained, soothed and inspired by a lovely companion, I pushed onward. Difficulties vanished at my

touch, as leaves in the late autumn fall before the raging north wind. With not a single failure to mar the perfect symmetry of my history, I neared the goal of my life. My simple cottage had grown into a magnificent marble residence on the summit of a towering hill; and its lofty rooms and palatial halls echoed with the patter of little feet and the ringing shouts of youthful mirth. Now, in the world without, I had reached the acme. I stood upon the very top of Fame's dizzy peak. Around me raged political storms wild and terrific, which, sweeping the earth with cyclonic fury, were to me but laughing zephyrs. War's hoarse voice thundered at my feet and the livid lightnings flashed and played above me. Yet undaunted I saw and heard it all, for in my own hands I held the reins which guided those furious tempests. I was master of all. Far beneath me lay a conquered world! Her great and powerful acknowledged my supremacy. At length, weary of wielding the golden sceptre, I laid it aside, and, wrapt in a mantle of glory and honor, descended with fearless step those rugged heights and returned to my princely home, there to end my days surrounded by all that heart could wish."

The old man paused a moment; his head drooped low on his bosom, as he heaved a troubled sigh and continued:

"Thus I lived life over a thousand times, but woke just so often to find the same old world rolling on in its orbit, as the Great one had ordained it, and that I was the same obscure youth moving on its surface.

"I met a gray-haired sage once who in his weird, guttural voice said to me: 'Young man, you are gay and hopeful; a bright and glorious future looms up before you. You live now in that future, oblivious of the present. A hundred demons beset your pathway, and into their snares you are liable daily to fall.'

"Turning proudly away, I answered: 'Croaking wizard, go squeak your dismal lies in some old woman's ears, and you will find a more sympathetic auditor.'

"I then congratulated myself that my old age would be grand and noble, not low, vulgar, as that old sinner's.

"One day as I strolled carelessly along, I heard swift wings cut the air, and, soft as a snowflake from heaven, alighted beside me a blushing nymph, whose beauty stupefied me, weak fool that I was! Her ruby lips parted with a beautiful smile, as she beckoned me to her. Before my excited fancy flashed the warning—but that fair angel could do no harm. I approached, but she had vanished and stood upon the opposite hill-top, calling me to follow. I eagerly plunged into the deep thicket and climbed the hill, but as I drew near she moved onward. Excited to frenzy by her bewitching calls and bantering, I rushed madly on in pursuit, forgetting *all* in the fascination of the novel chase. Stopping only a few moments now and then to obtain nourishment, I followed the enchantress on and on, forgetting even the lapse of time. At length, with frame worn and emaciated, and nerves exhausted, I caught the object of my pursuit. With senses intoxicated with delight, I stooped to kiss the ripe lips—but, oh God! the transformation! I saw, instead of a laughing nymph, a

huge serpent. For an instant its bowed head towered high above me; I heard its hissing voice, felt the sting of its deadly fang, and then its sickening poison sweeping through every vein.

"All is night. A thousand demons mock, and curse, and rave, around me. I feel the clammy touch of foul harpies as they flit and whiz about. I was another man. I had awoke to find that more than forty years of my life had vanished, leaving me an old and enfeebled man. The horrible reality was appalling. Every energy of my being was concentrated into one mighty effort to shake off this horrid dream and be myself again.

"Could it be that all was lost? Youth, manhood, love, ambition, hope—all? Yes, gone! gone! forever gone! Oh, bright dream of my childhood, come back! come back! But from the cold, dark caverns of the Past, came only grim ghosts which, in their hollow, sepulchral voices, mocked my desolation.

"Staggering on in the chill night, neither knowing nor caring whither, I wandered to the lonely beach, and as I stood there upon the brow of its weather-beaten cliffs, then only, did the tumult of my soul find an echo, and that echo was in the sullen roar of those restless billows. I tried to think what had happened in those long years, seemingly so blank. Where was my youth? Were its golden days gone, and nothing done? Upon what had the energy and power of my manhood been bestowed? Into what had that all-absorbing, soul-devouring ambition developed? Had its grand schemes and world-embracing plans turned to vapor and become naught? Where was love? Was there no familiar form and tender voice to soothe and comfort now? Swift the answer came; for when memory withdrew the curtain, and I saw the history of that Past, it all seemed contained in four words, written in letters of fire across its page with darkened back-ground—GONE! ALL GONE FOREVER! Then the last glimmering spark of a feeble hope was smothered, extinguished."

He paused again, and then continued in a husky voice:

"Though the deep, bitter waters of adversity roll and lash around man; though he sink for the moment beneath its raging surges, yet, if hope be with him, he will rise and ride triumphant on its foam-crested waves to land again. But that man, in whose bosom no cheerful ray of hope is felt, is dead to all save woe, which, to him, must a twin-brother be till death their union sever, to chain him to the putrifying corpse of despair.

"Not only were youth, manhood, love, and ambition gone, but *hope* was lost! Every bright vision and fancy of my childhood had turned to a dismal shadow, whose chilling presence haunted my footsteps from morn till eventide. And so it is now.

"I long to meet death and feel the keen edge of his ruthless sickle. In my rage and agony I curse and dare him come! Ah, he only smiles a mocking, scornful smile, and marks me to glut his future vengeance.

"Deprived, as I am, by a heartless fate, of all that is dear on earth, there is, however, *one* thing left me—memory. Memories, such as flit with silver wings from happy days of yore? No! but memories whose long skeleton

hands stretch towards me from a black, loathsome, horrid past, all along which lie the blasted and rotting ruins of a wrecked life! And those nerveless, merciless fingers, sweep my heart-strings until every warm impulse of the soul is frozen unto death.

"And oh, direful thought!—they tell me of more wrecks than my own; wrecks which my own arms have made; how a mother, fond and doting, yet bowed in shame for me, had fallen into an untimely grave; of a gray-haired father following; of a wife and little one sleeping side by side, whom I have slain. And often now, when bewildered and stupefied by *thinking*, I feel those dimpled hands and soft, snowy arms steal around my neck, and then awake to find it but a nightmare, but a phantom—yet, oh God! it leaves behind a sting which, piercing through my heart, there rankles and festers, and the subtle gangreen from those sores is spreading and spreading, till soon every nerve will be paralyzed.

"I walk life's desolate waste alone, wandering continually, fugitive, traitor, vagabond, amid the lonely piles of destruction and ghostly ruin which I have wrought, seeking to escape memory, the bloody memories always pursuing. I am draining the last bitter dregs from life's bitterest cup of gall."

Exhausted by the violence of his feelings, which the story had stirred almost to frenzy, the aged stranger sank for a moment to his knees, uttering a groan whose dismal reverberations in the stillness of night were enough to make the strongest heart grow cold with dread.

He soon rose, however, and, wiping the cold perspiration from his brow, said: "You know my history. I have no advice to whine in ears deafened by the silly whisperings of youth. Go your way, and let me go mine." With this he disappeared in the darkness.

The young men descended from the bridge and walked slowly back toward the city, not, however, to fulfil the original mission on which they set out an hour previous. They conversed but little, and on reaching the hotel went directly to their room.

Lighting new cigars they sat for nearly an hour in silence, each communing with his own thoughts. Finally one broke silence by saying:

"Dick, I have sometimes longed to read the mystic page upon which my destiny was written, but I thank God that over the future he has dropped a veil deep and dark, beyond whose sombre folds the eye of mortal can never pierce. I would not read the history of to-morrow, if it were possible."

But let us leave them to their thoughts.

A TRIP UP THE HUDSON.

Who that has ever sailed up the Hudson River can ever lose the impression made upon him by the grandeur of its scenery! If New York is its Paris, then surely the Hudson is the Rhine of America.

'Twas one clear, bracing May morning when we boarded the elegant Hud-

son steamer Vanderbilt. Soon, amidst the din and excitement of the occasion, the well known "cast off" was uttered by the shrill voice of the captain. Hurried good-byes, parting kisses, and last mirtful looks, especially from a group of pretty Vassar-bound girls, bestowed upon their respective crestfallen admirers standing on the pier, were all the work of a minute. Another minute, and we were gliding over the bosom of the Hudson with prow headed for Albany.

Astern, fast fading from view, lay Brooklyn, built on the site where stood the traditional Plymouth Rock. Here the venerable May Flower first shook hands with America, and deposited her sea-worn crew, our Pilgrim Fathers.

Steaming on, we passed a stately man-of-war riding peacefully at anchor. Her admiral could be seen consulting his chief officers, as though about to weigh anchor to bear down, too, upon Cairo or Alexandria. While her sprightly little midshipmen were capering aloft through the rigging, as blithe as though that peaceful, sun-shiny May morning could never be dimmed by the clouds of war or disturbed by the rude bomb-shell; as though there were no chance that that faultlessly equipped vessel which they have learned to love may ever meet with the fate of the old Ironsides.

Next came to view those sumptuous country-seats which embellish the Hudson for miles; whose green swards are bedecked with all the artistic designs of which the inventive mind of the Yankee is capable. Here the opulent of New York City are wont to resort to escape the turmoil of business and monotony of city life.

After having been held for hours spell-bound to these lovely sights, our attention was finally drawn toward our fellow passengers. Some, with no eye for the beauties of nature, were absorbed in reading novels; others, with an eye to business and the questions of the day, with brows knit, were consulting the morning papers as to the present premium on gold, and the movements of the railroad kings with regard to stocks and bonds. But I must note a few of the most important personages aboard.

Here sat Mr. Conkling, surnamed the Peacock, the "Apollo of the Senate," in close converse with his chum Platt; no doubt at that very moment scheming that direful plot of relieving the nation of their services.

Hard by, for "birds of a feather will flock together," was seated Charles J. Guiteau, a man as famed as Benedict Arnold, brooding, with chin settled on his breast. Perhaps even then he was conceiving that inspiration which ultimately made the gallows his goal.

In a sequestered corner, as if to be screened from the possible jealous gaze of some imaginary rivals, were a superannuated couple, evidently indulging in the same sentiments which stirred the breasts of Mr. Tupman and Rachel. To lend to the inspiration of the moment, sweet strains of music, like those from the harp of Feramorze discoursed to Lalla Rookh, his mistress, were heard near by. Now, as I did not wish to act the part of Dicken's fat boy on that occasion, although my curiosity, and not jealousy, was at fever heat, I moved off and joined my friends in a stroll on deck.

We next encountered a knot of Sen-

ators, beset by several busy little politicians, who barked vigorously, but unheeded by the staid Congressmen. Some of these little demagogues seemed, from their conversation, to be conservative with regard to the Civil Service system; while others seemed greedy for a Civil Service Reform, according as their prospective interests lay.

About one o'clock the grim old walls of West Point loomed up in the distance. As we came into full view of the old fortress and barracks, a feeling of awed respect took possession of me. Respect for that mother of American colleges, on whose bosom so many noble sons have been nourished. There our beloved Lee and Jackson fired their first guns. From her arms were equipped and sent forth many of our heroes whose bones whitened the plains of Mexico and Gettysburg. But I must not linger too long here. We soon resumed our voyage and all again relapsed into our several diversions, which lasted until we hove in sight of Tarrytown, the old home of Washington Irving. There stands in full view, with its antique steeple, the same quaint old church, where Irving used to worship. Hallowed with the grave and memory of this great author, Tarrytown is always an object of curiosity to those who are the lovers of pure and engaging literature.

I could fancy that I saw Ichabod Crane (vide Sketch Book) jogging along on his way to the house of Katrina Van Tassel, feeding his mind with sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," on beholding those "fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them turning up their fair, round bellies to the sun." I could fancy also that I heard that little brook, in which the old Angler fished, which went bubbling and fretting through the woods and leaped into a reservoir.

These scenes left an impression on me which could only be brightened by the new scenes and diversions which followed. We passed many little hamlets snugly nestled each in its small valley on the brow of the Hudson. Noticeable among all these were the modest little churches with their antiquated spires.

Passing further on we find that the river is dotted on both sides with little manufacturing towns, which fact we ascertained by the din and clatter of the workman's hammer. This part of the Hudson, too, is of especial interest; for in this neighborhood many decisive battles were fought during the Revolutionary War. Here, too, Cooper laid the scenes of some of his most interesting works. The Spy threaded these once intricate paths which girt the edge of the river. Into the encampments of the British and Americans alike he stole, and always, with a kind of talisman which he possessed, escaped unscathed.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we reached Poughkeepsie. This busy town, like Rome, is built on hills, and seems almost to be walled in by larger ones. Here is seated Eastman's famous Business College, which fits hundreds of students annually for responsible positions in mercantile life. I was told she sent out thirteen hundred gradu-

ates on one year. About two miles distant stands Vassar College, the Harvard of female institutions. Though we had time to spare, yet we did not venture a visit there, being told that it was unsafe for youths to go to that college of Amazons unguarded.

A short time before sunset we left Poughkeepsie, hoping to reach Albany about twilight. It soon became evident that Sol was about to bid us good-night. But ere leaving us, his face lit up with golden hues, whose reflection fringed all nature with pretty colorings. He sank to rest, promising to rise promptly as usual the next morning to welcome us with his smiles. About six o'clock we were all awakened from a reverie by the gong sounding for supper. At the table, accordingly, all were soon gathered; and fierce appetites were shortly appeased. But I noticed that the couple from the corner, whom I described, left the table sooner than the rest, their food comparatively untouched. When supper was over we found ourselves at Albany, having arrived later than usual, but not too late to procure an omnibus.

EDITORIAL.

THE PRIZE.

It will be remembered that a friend of THE STUDENT has offered to the student of the College who shall publish in this magazine the best essay, a gold medal to be presented at the next Anniversary. There are but four more issues before that occasion. There have been but few contestants so far. It is true that "one receiveth the prize"—that is, the gold prize; but we are sure that all who run in this race will be greatly helped. No honest effort at composition goes without some reward. And who knows but that some mute, inglorious Milton might be stirred to melody, or, like Madame D'Arblay, somebody might stumble on immortality? We hope, at least, that there shall be several more entering these honorable lists.

POLITENESS.

We are largely indebted to the knights of the middle ages for the high position which woman occupies in the world to-day. Their deference and delicate gallantry towards woman excite our highest admiration and respect. They placed her on an equality with themselves; nay, they exalted her above themselves, and paid to her such attention as she deserves, and to them we owe the society of to-day.

While woman remained in a degraded state, man was equally so; but as she was elevated man rose with her, and the finer susceptibilities of his nature began to unfold themselves. It would be a deplorable condition of affairs if we were without the beneficent and refining influence which woman exerts. It is she who teaches us to perceive the beautiful in thousands of things by which we would otherwise be unimpressed. Man left to himself would gaze on the flowers with no pleasure; the rainbow would vanish unheeded; the sunset, with its delicate tints and blending colors, would never be appreciated, unless she had stimulated the finer feelings of his nature. "Men have marble, women waxen, minds." The beautiful things of life make impressions more easily on her than on man, and her influence is requisite to soften and direct. It is easy to distinguish those men who have come under the influence of mother and sister and friend. We have dormant tastes and perceptions which need only the quickening influence of woman's magic hand to awake to the appreciation of the beauties around us.

Men whose tastes have been cultivated by association have their generosity heightened; tenderness has found a lodging place in their breasts, and those principles have been inculcated which tend to bless all with whom they come in contact. On the other hand, the man who has not had his tastes and affections cultivated is

but half a man. There is something lacking which can be gained only by association with those who are able to excite such tastes; the little civilities and courtesies which woman inspires are lacking, marked sometimes by a neglect of person and even slovenliness.

As students, wedded to our text-books and societies, we are separated, for the most part, from many things which would keep alive in us the feelings hitherto excited by the associations of former days. We are debarred the society of woman to a great extent, and it is worth our while to see to it that we do not retrograde.

Our characters are forming now; and we run a great risk of getting into wrong habits of action and thought which will remain with us throughout life. We are apt to give all our attention to our own affairs, to look out for number one exclusively, what becomes of number two being a matter of supreme indifference. The young gentlemen at this place are not behind the rest of the world as regards civility and politeness, but candor compels us to say there is room for improvement.

If one is always occupied with himself and his own affairs, he will naturally think too much of self, and usually in a way to excite the opposition and even disgust of others.

Egotism occupies as much space in the world as it ever did, but no man can approach the ideal gentleman described in a former number of THE STUDENT who cannot live out of himself. It does'nt pay in the long run to be engrossed with one's own perfections; one can never be pleasant to those about him till he forgets himself.

Besides, you are absolutely of very little importance in this world. Just step off the stage of life, and the world will go on just as it used to do. There is rank after rank extending far back behind you, and there is always a man ready to step into your place, and the grass on your grave will not be green ere your name will be forgotten.

We have become accustomed to each other, and often the pleasant "good-morning" is omitted. Now, this is not the case at your homes, and are you not afraid you will contract habits which will prove hard to overcome? You know "the claims of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken," and consequently we shall have to guard well lest we form habits here which will cause us trouble in the future. Several things have come under our observation in the past few days which we consider breaches of politeness, and which suggested this article. Nothing criminal is charged, only the want of that civility which one gentleman owes another. You can measure a man generally by his actions; and beware lest some one is taking the measure of your soul when the impolite word escapes you. Almost any degree of cultivation is within the power of every young man, and it is a duty, and should be esteemed a privilege, to cultivate everything which will aid in after life. There is no quality which young men are apt to think so lightly of as politeness, yet it seems to us that it is to be desired in a young man almost above everything else.

A pleasant manner, politeness, will carry one further than most people think. "Give a boy politeness and a pleasing address, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning them; they solicit him to enter and possess."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," and if you speak politely, you will surely receive a polite answer. We are answered as we ask.

We have said, cultivate politeness. Do not misunderstand. It can be cultivated—never assumed. Men are keen to detect the false; they can tell the ring of the true metal by intuition. Your dog knows when you are in earnest.

Another consideration not to be lost sight of by us, is, our voices are exponents of our characters. All of us desire to have pleasant voices, many of us expect to become public speakers; but it is impossible for one to be gruff and sullen and impolite, and then whenever he wishes, speak pleasantly. The snappish, snarling, irritable tone becomes a part of you, and is a correct index to the soul within. If you are accustomed to speak unpleasantly, and then should try to speak pleasantly, your voice cannot but be affected, and men will detect the affectation. That man will best succeed as a pleasant speaker who cultivates pleasant speaking in his every-day life. This subject is worthy of attention, for there is nothing that sweetens life so much as the little acts of politeness. Politeness is a great lubricator, smoothing the rough places. We benefit others, and there is a reflex action. Frequently it is hard, particularly when some idle visitor bores us when we desire to study; and often have we seen young men treated in a manner which made them enemies, when a polite word would have sent them off and retained them as friends.

Lord Chesterfield says, "I am sure that any man of common understanding may, by culture, care, attention, and labor, make himself whatever he pleases, except a great poet." There need be no exception; for, as we heard a few days since, a Junior at a sister college being in some doubt as to his being a poet, solved the difficulty thus: "*Poeta nascitur*, I am born, *ergo*."

EDUCATIONAL.

—THERE were 803 men graduated from the New England colleges last year.

—THE Freshman class at Cambridge numbers 875, the largest she has ever known.

—THERE are men at Yale from Wales, Scotland, New Brunswick, Canada, Chili, Japan, Norway, Honolulu, and thirty-six States of the Union.

—THE University of Mississippi will hereafter admit women to all of its branches.

—ONE pound of learning requires ten pounds of common-sense to apply it.—Persian Proverb.

—THE resignation of the chair of Greek at Edinburgh, after a service of thirty years, is greatly regretted by the admirers of Professor Blackie.

PHILADELPHIA spent last year on its public schools $1,715,909.04.

THE compulsory Education Act in France went into force on the 2d inst.

—THE Trustees of Harvard College have secured a fund, to be devoted to the medical education of women.

—THE Maryland Teachers' Association advocates the abolition of corporal punishment in the public schools.

THE University of Kansas, which was founded at Lawrence in 1859, now has eighteen professors and 450 students.

THE school population of Tennessee, white and colored, is 545,875. The cost of the schools last year was $707,152.13.

THE Trustees of the Southern University, Greensboro, Ala., have elected Dr. A. S. Andrews, President of the institution.

FRIENDS of Yale College are endeavoring to raise $25,000 for the erection of a building in which to hold religious meetings.

—THE thirty-sixth annual meeting of German philologists and teachers took place at Carlsruhe, September 27th to 30th.

REV. DR. JAS. H. CARLISLE has declined the presidency of the University of South Carolina, to which he had been elected.

—THE University of Gœttingen, in Hanover, has 1,083 students, of whom 221 are in the departments of philology and history.

—ON account of the studying done on Sunday, the Vassar faculty are thinking of changing the girls' holiday from Saturday to Monday. The *Miscellany* objects strongly.

—THE Johns Hopkins University has the largest attendance this fall that has been known during its history. The new laboratory will be ready for use next term.

THE Calendar of the University of Michigan shows the whole number of students at the end of the last term to have been 1534.

WOMEN are admitted to Cornell University on the same conditions as men, except that they must be seventeen years of age.

IT is said that nine-tenths of the young people brought up in Boston wear spectacles, because of injuries to the health in school hours. Can it be so?

OVER 10,000,000 pupils are enrolled in the public schools in this country, and the expenditure is about $80,000,000 annually. Thirty States have a permanent school-fund of $1 10,000,000

IN the University of London, so says the N. Y. *Herald*, the women students have succeeded in the study of French and German, but have not had great success in scientific studies.

THE Agricultural College at Hanover, N. H., will, at its next term, admit women pupils, who will be given a special course of study, including butter and cheese-making, and dairying in all its branches.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY has taken a step which the progressive will heartily approve. Sixty-four scholarships have been established in the College of Liberal Arts, to be awarded to meritorious students, and to be divided equally between young women and young men.

A Theological Seminary is to be organized in connection with Clark University, Atlanta, for which Rev. E. H. Gammon of Illinois has given $25,000, and Bishop Warren has engaged to raise $10,000.

AT Amherst College Commencement President Seelye announced that the sum of $270,000 had been contributed during the past year—more money than in any former year of the college's existence.—*N. C. Christian Advocate.*

ALEXANDER H STEPHENS has, since re-entering Congress, kept at school from ten to fifteen pupils struggling for an education, paying tuition for those needing but that assistance, and the entire expense for those more needy.

—THE schools of Weimar, Germany, have a custom of weekly excursions for out-door study and observation under care of teachers. This plan has been tried in some schools nearer home, with the best of results both to the health and the mental growth of pupils.

—THE citizens of Texas are not indifferent to education. The town of Fort North has just voted to establish and maintain six free schools for ten months of the year. There are 12,000 people in the town, and only eighteen votes were cast against the proposition.

DR. J. A. BROADUS gives in substance this description of an educated man: He is one whose mind is *widened out*, so that he can take broad views, instead of being narrow-minded; who has the power of patient *thinking;* who has sound *judgment*, knows how to *reason* to right conclusions, and so to *argue* as to convince; who can *express* his thoughts clearly and forcibly.

—Hon. JOSEPH E. BROWN, of Georgia, has given $50,000 for the education of poor young men at Athens, Ga. Two years ago he gave the same amount to the S. B. Theological Seminary at Louisville. He knows how to invest his capital: that explains his present wealth. Gold put in mind yields the largest interest, and becomes imperishable.

—EDUCATION is a companion which no misfortune can depress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend, abroad an introduction—in solitude a solace, in society an ornament. It lessens vice, guides virtue and gives at once a grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! A reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of passions participated in by brutes.—*Phillips.*

—THE Theological Seminary at Louisville has a larger endowment than any other educational institution owned by Southern Baptists. It has an endowment of $230,000 in invested funds. Next comes Bethel College, Kentucky, with $130,000. Then follow Columbia University, Richmond College, and Mercer University, with $100,000 each. The most valuable pieces of property used for educational purposes among Southern Baptists are Columbia University ($150,090), Richmond College ($200,000), Mercer University and Southern Baptist University, ($100,000) each.

—LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY, whose name is so nearly identical with that of our College, is situated on a bluff overlooking Lake Michigan, 28 miles from Chicago and 57 from Milwaukee. It comprises three departments: the Collegiate, started in 1876 and completed in organization in 1878; the Academy, founded in 1857; and the Young Ladies' Department, which is distinct from the College and the Academy in organization and instruction. It has a Faculty of 28 ladies and gentlemen, Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D. D., being President. The last catalogue shows the attendance of 260. It is under Presbyterian control, having as its motto, "*Christo et Ecclesiae.*"

—ONE of the great obstacles in the way of the success of the public school system is the irregularity of attendance. We find that in 1880 the number of children enrolled in the public schools of North Carolina was 224,606; while the daily average attendance was 147,802! The irregulars had almost as well stayed from school altogether; for they can hardly make any progress themselves, and, besides, they prove a clog to the remainder of the school. In the great majority of cases the reason for absence is a poor one. Could not some provision be made requiring of those who desire the advantages of the public treasury to agree to attend regularly, or, except in cases of necessity, forfeit the privilege?

THE Report of the Commissioner of Education, covering the year 1880, is before us. It is, of course, a whole mine of information. The Department is evidently making advances in popular esteem, or the educational institutions of the country have marvellously multiplied (perhaps each is true); for in the year 1871 the persons at the head of systems and institutions of education who communicated with the Office at Washington numbered 2,001, whereas, in 1880, they numbered 8,231. It is a sign of better teaching in the future that since 1871 every year has seen an increase in the number of Normal schools: in that year there were in the United States 65; in 1880, 207. In 1871 we had 290 Universities and Colleges; in 1880, 364—the students in them numbering in the respective years 45,617 and 59,594.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, in his "Rede lecture" at Cambridge, compares that university with Oxford, of which he is a member. Both have told powerfully upon the life and mind of the nation. But Oxford, while it has produced great men, has especially been the source or centre of great movements; for example, in modern history, Royalism, Wesleyanism, Ritualism, Tractarianism. At Cambridge, however, the men are every thing. From Bacon to Byron, what a splendid roll of names! Oxford's disposition to movements finds a corrective in the individualities of Cambridge: "masses make movements, individualities explode them. In this university of great names, whoever wishes not to be demoralized by a movement comes into the right air for being stimulated to pluck up his courage and to examine what stuff movements are really made of."

THE first problem in all education is to awaken an appetite in the pupil; many teachers only succeed in awakening disgust. One man can lead a boy

to school; but a whole faculty cannot make him learn. Many a possible musician has been spoiled by compeling her to drum mechanically on the piano an hour a day before she has learned to love music. Read one chapter of "Arabian Nights" to your boy, and tell him that when he has learned to read he can finish the book himself. If a man knows that there is a view to repay him when he has climbed the mountain, he will not only endure, he will even enjoy all the fatigue and privation of the mountain climb. But he must be a rare man who will clamber the rugged sides for the fun of clambering, with no hope of reward when he reaches the summit. The best teacher is not he who knows the most, but he who has most skill in exciting the languid appetite of the pupils to know.—*Religious Herald.*

—We are indebted to the *Religious Herald* for the collection of the following interesting facts:

The total number of books in the libraries at the Southern Baptist educational institutions is 100,500, of which 50,000 are in the library of the Theological Seminary at Louisville. That one of these colleges where the annual expense of a student is greatest is Columbia University, Washington, D. C., where it is $300; that one where it is least is Carson College, Tennessee, where it is $100. At the Louisville Theological Seminary it is only $88. The total amount of money invested by Southern Baptists in educating young men is some $2,000,000, while they have only some $630,000 invested in educating the young women. The endowment of their colleges for males amounts to some $979,000, while those of colleges for females reach only about $100,000. In the colleges for males there were 2,644 students, in those for females there were 2,378 students. The whole number of young men preparing for the ministry in these institutions last year was 350, of whom more than one fourth were in the Theological Seminary at Louisville. Mercer University, with one hundred students last year, had thirteen preparing for the ministry, while Columbia University, with 279 students, had only two preparing for the ministry. Out of 135 students in Richmond College last year 35 were preparing for the ministry, while out of 171 in William Jewell College, 44 were likewise employed. The total amount of money expended by these institutions in aiding needy young men—far the largest part for young preachers—amounted to more than $20,000. The oldest college owned by Southern Baptists, is Columbia University, founded in 1821; the newest (of prominent institutions) is the Southwestern University at Jackson, Tennessee, founded 1874. The largest number of students in any of these colleges is 320, reported at Waco University, Texas; the smallest number is 80, reported at Furman University, South Carolina. The average number for them all is 155.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—THE October number of the *Eclectic Magazine* is one of unusual interest.

—The *St. Nicholas* for October is brimful of interesting matter and pretty pictures for the rising generation.

—Prof. Max Muller will soon publish a volume containing the lectures recently delivered by him at Cambridge.

—Henry Stanly, the African explorer, and author of several books, died on the 21st ult., at Lisbon.

—THE October *Century* closes the first year of the magazine under the new name. It is a capital number—full of good things.

—Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce among their fall publications a biography of Bryant, and a memoir of the poet by Parke Godwin.

—Alex. Stephens' new history of the United States will soon be out. It comes down to the death of Senator Ben Hill.

The poet Laureate is one of the distinguished Englishmen who favor the placing of a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

—MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is writing a book on *Living London*, his own pencil furnishing the illustrations. It will doubtless prove a charming book.

—SHORTLY before his death, Carlyle gave his consent to the publication of his portion of the Carlyle-Emerson correspondence which Prof. Norton is editing.

—A literary treat is promised in an early number of *The Century*—a biographical and critical sketch of Victor Hugo, by M. Daudet.

—A distinguished German geographer is of opinion that the diamond district of Africa is the Ophir from which King Solomon drew such liberal supplies of gold and precious stones.

—"Character Readings from George Eliot," edited by Prof. Nathan Sheppard, editor of "The Dickens Reader," and author of "Shut up in Paris," is in Harper Bros.' press.

—Henry James, Jr., is at work on a play, and as dramatic power is the principal element lacking in his stories, there is some curiosity to know what it will be like.

—THE ACADEMY says that the programme of the 19th centenary of Virgil's death consists of a literary competition, horse-racing, pigeon-shooting, and a cattle show.

—A large number of our exchanges have made the visit of Mr. Herbert Spencer the occasion of critical articles on his philosophy. This is a somewhat novel form of welcoming him to our shores.

—WE should be glad to hear the address of Dr. P. Bayne on "The Supremacy of Shakspeare." It is to be delivered before the New Shakspeare Society, on the 13th of October, but will be open to the public. We cannot cross the seas to hear it, but hope it may by-and-by cross the seas to us.

—THACKERAY invented the name of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, for his uses in 'Pendennis.' Mr. George Smith, his publisher, applied it to the newspaper which Thackeray projected, but did not live to see.

—THE Northern papers have just found out who Christian Reid is. Her publishers, the Appletons, have informed the public. In the South it has been an open secret for ten years at least.

—PROFESSOR HUXLEY, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Henry Fawcett have received an honorary degree from the University of Wurzburg, which lately celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

—CAPT. MAYNOR REID, the veteran story writer, who is now 62 years old and lives in Fragnene, England, is hereafter to receive a pension of $15 a month. He served as lieutenant during the Mexican War, and was shot at Chapultepie.

—MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE has been preparing an addition of Shakspeare in three volumes, which is to be issued as part of the "Riverside Poets" series that is so deservedly popular. No man in the United States is better adapted to do this work.

—CARLYLE AND EMERSON were mutually helpful in gaining for each other a hearing in their respective countries. The first American edition of *Sartor Resartus* was published at Emerson's risk, and the preface to the first series of Emerson's *Essays* was written by Carlyle, whose name had then acquired a marketable value.

—THE series of "American Statesmen" is attracting more and more attention, and increasing in value with each successive issue. *Andrew Jackson*, by Professor Sumner, of Yale, is now out, and other volumes may be expected soon.

—MR. KIRKMAN claims for Browning "the distinction of being the greatest Christian poet we ever had, not in the narrow, dogmatic sense, but as the teacher who is as thrilled through with all Christian sympathies as with artistic or musical."

—THE sister-in-law of M. Thiers has discovered, among the papers left by him, a bundle of notes containing material for a projected volume of memoirs. They contain sketches of Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and other distinguished Frenchmen.

—MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER has published "The Charles Dickens Birthday Book," an attractive little volume compiled and edited by the novelist's eldest daughter. His youngest daughter contributes five illustrations as her share of the work.

—THE *Examiner* of New York, long the leading Baptist journal of America, has actually made "one more advance." It appeared on the 5th inst. in new type, on finer paper, with what is equivalent to five additional columns of reading matter. It is a handsome eight-pager; and on opening it you are impressed that it is chuck-full; on reading it you feel that it is chuck-full of good things. Its educating power in the household is like that of a refined and cultured man—incalculable.

—JOHN MORLEY, editor of the "English Men of Letters" series, assumes the editorship of the new magazine published by Macmillan & Co., of London. It is called the *English Critic*.

—REV. RAY PALMER, D. D., author of the beautiful hymn, "My faith looks up to thee," resides in Newark, N. J. His golden wedding anniversary, just celebrated, will be made the occasion of a substantial tribute to his services and worth.

—DURING his last English visit, Mr. Emerson wrote without hesitation these words in the album of a London firm of photographers:

> "The man who has a thousand friends
> Has not a friend to spare;
> But he who has one enemy
> Will meet him everywhere."

—A lull having occurred in the controversy as to who wrote Shakspeare's Plays, Mr. James Simson, known as a writer on the Gypsies, comes to the front with a pamphlet in which he argues that the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was a Gypsy. This discussion has called forth other theories, one of which is that Bunyan was of Saxon descent; another, of Italian. Well, what does it matter?

—ITALIAN literature continues to chant its threnodies for Garibaldi. All of the famous "Thousand" seem to be coming to the front, pen in hand, with notes and reminiscences of their hero. All the poets are hymning him. All the historians are gathering matter for biographies. Of these the best is Giuseppe Guerzoni's work, the second and last volume of which has just appeared at Barbera's, in Florence.

—THE October *Eclectic* copies from the *Contemporary Review* an article on The Salvation Army by Cardinal Manning. The writer compares this movement to the rise of Methodism under the Wesleys, but sees in it more resemblance to *Romanism than to Protesiantism*.

The Early Days of Christianity, by Canon Farrar, is promised soon from the press of Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co.

—J. T. TROWBRIDGE is to contribute the leading serial story to *St. Nicholas*, during the coming year. It will be called "The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill," and, like all of his stories, while neither unnatural nor overdrawn, will be vivid in style and exciting in incident. Many fathers, who are now subscribing to *St. Nicholas* for their children, will recall their own delight in reading his "Neighbor Jackwood" and "Cudjo's Cave."

—THE Chinese have long been in the habit of printing "sleeve editions" of the classics to assist candidates at the competitive examinations whose memories are not sufficiently retentive. A similar benevolent idea has lately induced a native merchant at Shanghai to print a diamond edition of the "P'ei wan yun foo," one of the largest lexicons in the language, consisting of one hundred and six books. That it might be small enough to be easily hidden in the candidates' sleeves or plaited into their cues, it was necessary to print it in so small a type that the editor announces in his advertisement that he will supply a magnifying glass to each purchaser to enable him to read it.

—THE *Popular Science Monthly* for October contains a portrait and biographical sketch of Rudolph Virchow, and a large amount of editorial matter. The principal papers are Massage, or the Rubbing and Kneading Cure, by Douglas Graham; Matthew Arnold's Defence of Literature Against the Pretensions of Scientific Exclusiveness; The Past and Present of the Cuttle Fish, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, with illustrations; Progress of American Mineralogy, by Professor Brush; Industrial Education in the Public Schools, by H. H. Straight; Mozley on Evolution, by Herbert Spencer, and What are Clouds? by C. Mofit. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

—THE report which the Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, of the N. Y. *Observer*, gave of his visit in the summer to the Concord philosophers is specially interesting as revealing the attitude of that celebrated coterie toward the Christian faith. Dr. Prime raised the question of the atonement, and the venerable Dean, Mr. Alcott, replied that the atonement he meant was that made by Christ for sin, and that he accepted that as his own hope of salvation. He closed his farewell address with these words: "The highest and best of all oracles, coming from the throne of God himself, were expressed by the descended God, the Christ, toward whom all our philosophy leads." And Dr. Prime describes Prof. Harris as a profound and orthodox Christian philosopher.

—HERE is a fine illustration of the prurient curiosity about authors, artists, &c., which in very truth seems one of the characteristics of our time. We quote the *Examiner:* A question has arisen as to the color of Mrs. Browning's hair. Hawthorne called it black, and Bayard Taylor pronounced it chestnut. The editor of the *Critic* has tried to settle this question on the authority of those who had frequently seen Mrs. Browning. One witness calls it "dark chestnut"; while another confidently says, "it was not what is ordinarily called chestnut at all," but "dark brown, almost black, but not what is called blue or raven-black." The *Examiner* adds, "There we are still, in dreadful uncertainty as to the color of that hair."

—A recent English interpretation of an obscure American phrase is comic enough to call for special mention. *The St. James' Gazette* is an evening Journal of the highest literary pretensions, which occasionally treats scientific subjects in a friendly way. It printed a paragraph, not long ago, describing a new American system of sending and receiving telegrams on trains in motion, and referred to experiments made on the 'Atlanta and Charlotte aerial railway.' The puzzled American reader wonders what an aerial railway may be, and why such a road should be needed between Charlotte, N. C., and Atlanta, Ga., where land is cheap; and how so remarkable a phenomenon as an aerial railway could exist in these United States unknown to their inhabitants. But if the proverbial inquisitiveness of the American leads him to consult a railway map, he finds that the 'aerial railway' is only the 'Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line' in disguise!—*Critic.*

—WRITE PLAINLY.—The rejection of the manuscript of an unfamiliar author is, perhaps, more on account of illegible handwriting than of lack of merit. There is no greater torture for an editor than to have to attempt to decipher a bad manuscript, and the sense, especially of a poem, is frequently entirely lost in the tangled maze of wretched penmanship. Sir Francis Jeffrey knew so well the difficulty of forming a correct judgment of an article by a reading in manuscript, that, when he sent his first article after he had retired from the *Edinburgh Review*, he had an understanding with Napier, his successor, that it would not be read until it appeared in the proof. A few years ago the editor of the *Saturday Review* was accustomed to have every article which appeared as if it might be worth acceptance put into type before deciding upon it; for, as Charles Lamb says, there is no such raw and unsatisfactory reading as an article in manuscript. The same practice is followed by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, it is said. Even authors of wide experience, like Thomas Moore and Macaulay, were seldom able to form a judgment of their own works until they had seen how they looked in print.—*Boston Herald.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

—SCIENCE offers no hindrance to our belief that God made heaven and earth.—Asa Gray.

—"THE doctrine of evolution is now not only recognized by all scientific workers in biology, but it is postulated as the starting-point for investigations into the affinities of various types, and the efforts of biologists are in a great measure directed to the ascertainment of the philogeny and derivation of the various types." So says Theodore Gill in his general remarks on Zoology in the Smithsonian Report for 1880. We were aware that the doctrine of evolution was fast gaining ground among scientists, but must confess that we have here an item of news in the statement that it is received by all scientific workers in biology.

—NORTH Carolina was the first of the states to authorize a geological survey. That was in 1824. Massachusetts followed her example in 1830, and soon after New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, etc.

—IN *Harper's Weekly* of September 9th, is this interesting remark by Mr. E. L. Youmans about Mr. Herbert Spencer: "To show how far in advance he was of all other thinkers in this field [of evolution], it may be stated that he had written more than thirty elaborate articles in the chief English reviews, all bearing upon evolution, and had drawn up a detailed scheme of the evolution philosophy in the exact logical order which he has since followed, and all this before Mr. Darwin had published a word upon the subject."

A scientific party have sailed, under the auspices of the government, to Capetown, South Africa, to observe the transit of Venus, which will occur on the 6th of December. Prominent in the party is Prof. Simon Newcomb, U. S. N.

THE fastest trip ever made between America and Europe was made early in September by the steamship Alaska. She made the trip in six days fifteen hours and nineteen minutes. And it is worthy of note that the next quickest time was made by the same vessel.

—DR. SCHWEINFURTH has succeeded, so *Leslie's Popular Monthly* says, in freshening and preserving many of the leaves and flowers found in the breasts of mummies discovered last year at Dier el Bahari. A small herbarium is thus formed from plants which grew 3500 years ago. A number of the species have been identified with species now growing in the East.

—THE PIPA, or Guiana toad, shows us another [than the usual] way in which the transformation from aquatic to terrestrial animals may take place. Its case is not very different from that of the black salamander, which produces its young alive. The pipa lives in a dry climate, and cannot easily find pools in which to hatch its spawn. Accordingly, as soon as the eggs are laid, the attentive father plasters them all over the mother's back. There they raise small pustules, into each of which an egg is absorbed, and in the cell thus formed the young tadpole is hatched. It passes through its metamorphosis in this queer living honeycomb, and hops out at last a perfect toad. There is hardly any more wonderful instance in nature of cunning adaptation to adverse circumstances. It must have taken a great many generations and a great deal of natural selection to produce such a quaint result as that.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE PARASOL ANT.—A correspondent from the London *Field*, writing from the island of Trinidad, W. I., says:

"We were about returning to the boat when one of Mr. B.'s sons, who had been some little distance away from us sauntering about in the bush, called to me to come back, and, on going to where he was, he pointed to what seemed a broad band of moving leaves right across the path, and, on looking more closely, I saw we had met with one of those enormous swarms of the "parasol ants," which are so destructive to plantations in the tropics.

"They were crossing from one side of the wood to the other, and were travelling in a column of more than a foot and a half in width; and as each insect carried in its mouth a piece of leaf, which entirely covered the body, they presented a singular appearance, like a Lilliputian grove in motion: and, although we watched them for some time, still they came, their numbers seeming to be inexhaustible.

"Nothing can turn them from their course; and, although they be destroyed by the thousands, enough will swarm upon the intruder to make him repent interfering with them. On the mainland of South America, I have known a fruit tree stripped in a single night by a swarm of these ants."

—A Rocky Mountain Railway Tunnel.—The Denver and South Park Division of the Union Pacific Railroad pierces the main range of the Rocky Mountains, 150 miles southwest of Denver, Colorado. The length of the tunnel is 1,700 feet, and its altitude above the sea 11,500 feet. The approaches on either side are described as marvels of engineering skill, laid through scenes unrivalled for grandeur and magnificence. Although the tunnel commences with a sharp curve at its eastern end, so nicely was the engineering done, that when workmen from either side met in the heart of the range, they found only about one inch variation in the respective bores.

This tunnel, said to be the highest in America or Europe, leads to the new silver region of Gunnison.

—Lake Constance.—The shrinkage of Lake Constance, in Switzerland, owing to the extraordinary dryness of the past winter, has brought to light many interesting relics. Among them there are bone and flint implements, harpoons, pottery, many specimens of which are intact, clubs, baskets, arrows, field tools, and animal remains. Among the latter are skeletons of the bear, the bison, and the moor-hen. The discovery also includes a considerable quantity of oats and wheat in a good state of preservation, and a remarkably perfect and artistically executed stag horn harpoon. The relics have all been removed to Frauenfeld, and added to the collection of the local historical and natural history society, which is now the richest in lacustrine objects in the Helvetic Confederation. —*Sci. American.*

The National Geological Survey.—Hitherto the surveys conducted by the United States geologists have been confined to the Territories. Last winter Congress authorized the prosecution of such work at national expense within the lines of the States. Accordingly parties are now at work in North Carolina, Kentucky, Missouri, and Arkansas, under the direction of the Chief of the National Survey, Professor Powell, obtaining data for a geological map of the entire country. Meantime the territorial surveys are not neglected, Professor Powell going to join the large party at work in Arizona and New Mexico. The Bureau of Ethnology has several parties at work in the Mississippi Valley.—*Scientific American.*

—An Ant Battle.—Mr. Huber, of Geneva, might be called the ant war correspondent, and we give here the substance of his report of a certain great battle. The fight was between an army of brown ants that had two hills, and a nation of black ants that had five hills forty feet from them. One June morning the observer noticed a great commotion in the hills of the brown ants. They marched out to the middle of an uncultivated field between them and their enemies, and arranged themselves in a long uninterrupted oblique line of battle about twenty-four feet long, of one file. In the meantime the smaller but much more numerous black ants also marched out and arranged themselves in a line of battle three ranks deep, their right wing being covered by a mass of several hundred, their left supported by almost a thousand. The two armies

moved one against the other till they were near enough to fight, when the two masses that supported the wings formed oblong squares three or four inches wide, not taking part in the affray. The battle began with fury, jaws, stings, and venom being the destructive weapons. Soon mutilated bodies and torn-out feet and legs were strewed over the miniature battle-ground. This was continued with great vigor until noon, when the slaughter ceased, and the remnant of the brown ants, as victors, took possession of the field and of the enemy's fortresses, and carried off with them their wounded fellow-soldiers.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN CRYSTALS.—In comparing the minerals found in America with those found in Europe it cannot be expected that very marked differences should exist. Yet, said Prof. G. J. Brush, in his Montreal address in August last, a marked feature of American minerals is the grand scale upon which crystallization has taken place, individual crystals of large size being very common. The granite veins of New England afford striking examples of this kind. We have common mica, in sheets a yard across; feldspar has been observed where a single cleavage plane measured ten feet; gigantic hexagonal prisms of beryl, four feet long, and more than two feet in diameter, and weighing over two tons, have been described; spodumene crystals, six to seven feet in length, and a foot or more across, and masses of rock-crystal of immense size, have been found. While it is true that these are extraordinary instances, it is also true, as a general fact common to a large proportion of minerals found in this country, that the species occur in much larger crystals than those obtained from European localities.

—WELL, HOW DOES A BIRD FLY? It seems simple enough to describe, and yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have not yet worked out to everybody's satisfaction. This explanation, by the Duke of Argyle, appears to me to be the best: An open wing forms a hollow on its under side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air caught under this concavity lifts the bird up, much as you hoist yourself between the parallel bars in a gymnasium. But he could never in this way get ahead, and the hardest question is still to be answered. Now, the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the forearm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding the easier, would rush out here, and, in so doing, would bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way, which, of course, would tend to shove the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated, results in the phenomenon of flight.—Ernest Ingersoll.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—WHAT band shall we have for Senior speaking?

IT has reached our editorial ears that a paper is going the rounds of the students, soliciting funds wherewith to purchase for a certain member of the lower classes, a beaver hat, of the same make as those which the Seniors have. Now, the Seniors claim that they alone have a patent right to wear beavers, and any infringement on this patent will be punished with the direst penalties of the law.

—SENIOR speaking is absorbing our attention at present. All of us look forward to it with glowing expectations, not unmixed, however, with some misgivings on the part of those directly concerned. We hope to see a large number of visitors, and promise that the occasion will be highly enjoyable. An excellent band of music will be present, and all who come may expect a good time.

—WE are glad to notice the presence in our midst of Capt. Wm. Smith and family, recently of Wilmington. Capt. Smith has been appointed Superintendent of the Raleigh & Gaston R. R., and expects to make his residence in Raleigh. We should be pleased to have him make Wake Forest his permanent home.

THE exciting game of foot-ball is popular with the students now. A club has been organized and handsomely uniformed. They challenged the rest of the students to a match game, and the game was played. The result was a victory for the club, by a score of 5 to 2.

—THE class of '83 has been organized, and an election of officers held, resulting as follows: Pres., W. H. Osborne, Asheville, N. C.; Sec., H. B. Folk, Jr., Brownsville, Tenn.; Treas., H. P. Markham, Durham, N. C. The class propose to have regular meetings, and thus strengthen by association the bonds uniting them as a class.

—FOR the benefit of the Seniors and Juniors, we insert the following, taken from a leading fashion journal: "Silk hats, with bell crowns and very wide rolling brims are the correct thing."

IMPROVEMENT seems to be the order of the day at Wake Forest. We notice that lock-boxes have been put in the post-office, adding very much to its appearance, and decidedly more convenient for the students. This has also been recently made a money-order office.

—AND now the news reaches us that the Juniors too, have organized. The class is well officered by the following gentlemen: Pres., J. L. White, Shelby, N. C.; V. P., C. L. Smith, Durham, N. C.; Sec'y, Ivey G. Riddick, Wake Forest College, N. C.; Treas., W. S. Royall, Charleston, S. C. They propose to wear caps, as a badge of distinction. It is with pleasure that we notice this commendable spirit manifested among both Seniors and Juniors, and trust that it will tend towards the cultivation of warmer friendships among the members of each class. The Seniors and Juniors of '82–'3 will be models of enterprise, as well as of everything else, to their successors.

—THE first Senior speaking of the present session will occur on the 27th of October. A few of the class have been excused, but there will be eight or nine addresses. We look forward to the occasion with interest, and are confident that, if our friends accept our cordial invitation to be present, they will be in nowise disappointed.

—THE Faculty have decided to give more attention to the matter of Elocution. Heretofore each student has been required to declaim in public once a term. The plan now is, that regular instruction in Elocution be given in the recitation-room two or three times a week. The work is all in the hands of one teacher. It is hoped that thus more efficiency and uniformity of instruction will be secured.

—WE noted in our last issue the fact that Prof. Willoughby Reade was conducting a class in elocution here. The course extended through two weeks, and was of material benefit to all who attended. All who heard his lectures were impressed with his manner of teaching. Prof. Reade possesses all the elements of a teacher—making the subject under discussion simple and interesting. The lectures closed on the 3rd inst., and in the evening there was a contest for a medal, which Prof. Reade offered for the best rendition of some selection. The exercises began with a short address from Prof. Reade relative to the work he had attempted to do. Prof. Royall next spoke, complimenting Prof. Reade in the highest terms, and expressing to the audience what signal success had attended all Prof. Reade's efforts.

The judges were Ex-U. S. Senator Merrimon, Hon. F. H. Busbee, W. H. Pace, Esq., and Profs. Royall and Taylor.

The young gentlemen, thirteen in number, were briefly introduced by Prof. Reade.

The first recitation was by Mr. L. L. Jenkins, his subject—"The First Settler's Story."

Second speaker, Mr. F. Reade. Subject: "Parrhasius."

Next, "Marco Bozarris," by Mr. R. E. Folk.

Mr. T. Dixon was next introduced, who delivered "Good News From Ghent."

The fifth speaker was Mr. J. C. C. Dunford. Subject: "McLain's Child."

Then followed "Benardo del Carpio," by Mr. I. G. Riddick.

Seventh—"Paul Dombey," by Mr. B. D. Barker.

Eighth—"Eugene Aram," by Mr. W. Reade.

"The Fireman's Prayer," by Mr. Ht B. Folk, was next in order.

The tenth speaker was Mr. J. F. Schenck. Subject: "The Power of Habit."

Eleventh—"The Last Hymn," by Miss Lydia Walters.

Twelfth—"Mr. Perkins' Visit to the Dentist," by Mr. W. F. Marshall.

Mr. T. Dixon was the last speaker. Subject: "How Ruby Played."

The exercises were varied by the interspersion of several humorous selections by Prof. Reade.

The judges at once retired, but experienced some trouble in awarding the medal. Several ballots were taken before a decision could be arrived at. Amid intense excitement the judges

filed out of an adjoining room, and Mr. Busbee announced the successful contestant to be Mr. T. Dixon.

Senator Merrimon then addressed the audience on the subject of education—showing the relation of elocution to education, &c. He spoke of general education and the work Wake Forest had done and was doing. He then in a few words presented the medal.

Several of the contestants are worthy of special mention.

The judges awarded the second honor to Miss Lydia Walters. Her rendering of "The Last Hymn" was faultless, in our opinion. By the fascination of her voice and gesture she held her audience entranced from the beginning.

Mr. H. B. Folk recited "The Fireman's Prayer" in such a way as to thrill his hearers. His description of a conflagration was so naturally, horridly portrayed as to obtain for him rounds of applause.

The recitation of Mr. W. Reade was remarkable for its perfect action and articulation.

Mr. Jenkins entered into the spirit of his piece, and had one of the most pleasing selections in the whole programme.

The audience then dispersed, having enjoyed a most delightful evening.

—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE has at present more students than her rolls show for any previous fall term in her history.

—THIRTY-SIX of our students will be preachers. Of these 25 are aided by the Education Board. Two others, received by the Board, have not yet arrived. The work of Ministerial Education was never so large, the expense per month being $300.

Obituary.

—

It is with sad hearts we note the death of one of our fellow students, Alvis Pender Yates. He came to college at the beginning of the term, was taken sick, and after a short stay with us, returned to his home, where he died Sept. 29th, at the age of 20 years. He was reared near Cary, Wake county, professed religion and connected himself with the Baptist church in 1876. He remained a consistent member till his death. He was a nephew of Dr. M. T. Yates. His death was that of the Christian, his hope of heaven was strong, and he had no doubt that he was on his way to the Better Land. He was noted for his honesty and piety, and through all his suffering was never heard to complain, but seemed perfectly resigned to the will of God. We sympathize with his relatives and friends in their loss.

"Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'79. Mr. J. T. J. Battle is in attendance upon medical lectures at the North.

—'79. We were betrayed into an error in the last number. Rev. G. P. Hamrick is not at the Seminary.

—'75. Prof. L. W. Bagley has resigned his position in Murfreesboro College, and is merchandising in Scotland Neck.

—'78. W. E. Daniel, Esq., has been nominated as a candidate for the House of Representatives by his fellow Democrats of Halifax county.

—DR. J. S. Bizzell, a former student of Wake Forest College, has graduated at Baltimore Dental College, and is now quite a successful young dentist in La Grange, N. C.

'81. Rev. W. T. Jones is a promising young minister at Wilson, N. C. This modest brother, we learn, is making a favorable impression, and doing a successful work in his community.

—'81. Rev. M. V. McDuffie, whose introductory sermon at the Flat River Association elicited so much admiration and favorable comment, has been chosen to do some more of the same kind of preaching at the next session of the Tar River Association. We are glad to note that he is both a *rising* and a *raising* young minister.

'80. We find the following in the *News and Observer* of Raleigh: "We are informed that J. N. Holding, Esq., this city, made his first appearance before the Supreme Court yesterday, in the complicated case of Stell vs. Barham. One of the oldest members of the bar says that his argument was learned and exhaustive, and would have done credit to any one.

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—You are wrong in one particular, Mr. Editor, in what you have to say in the August No. of the STUDENT. I am not chairman of the Special Committee appointed by the Alumni Association, at the last Commencement, to arrange for a more efficient organization of the Alumni of Wake Forest College; but I am *heart and hand* for the movement. Prof. Poteat is chairman, and I have been waiting for him to call a meeting of the Committee, or make a move.

I am glad that the action of the Association has engendered a good deal of interest in the matter. One good brother has written me, privately, upon the subject, making some suggestions which I give as a kind of "opening wedge," hoping they may call forth others, from several members of the Association. I let you have them without comment:

"1. I think that membership should be confined strictly to the graduates of the College. It is true we have some very talented men who have been students of W. F. C., whom we would be glad to honor with membership, had they gone through at Wake Forest, or had they not gone to other schools and graduated. We must feel that the Alumni is an honored brotherhood, and in the reach of those only who aspire to membership through its one door—a diploma from Wake Forest College

"2. I find that people appreciate that most that they pay for. I would, then, advise that every member be required to pay or contribute annually to the support of the Association.

"3. I think, too, that the orator should be selected from those only who are in active communication with the Association.

"4. Immediately after the oration is delivered on Tuesday night, of Commencement week, a banquet should be held at one of the hotels, the expenses of which should be met by the Association. This banquet should be a social reunion at which short talks should be made and the business of the Association transacted.

"5. All the annual addresses should be published and kept on file by the Secretary.

"The Association must have a purpose in view; must have a thorough organization; must have an *active, live* membership. Hope your committee will feel the responsibility of your trust and succeed in making wise suggestions.

Your friend and brother,

_____."

I cannot speak for the other members of the committee, but individually I feel grateful for these "suggestions," and hope that others will feel free to do as this brother has done. Let us know the minds of the members and then your committee can make suggestions and act intelligently. I agree with the above in at least one thing: *we must have a purpose in view.*

JOHN E. RAY,
Pres't Al

EXCHANGES.

—SOME editor has said that if he were called upon to suggest some method of refined torture to punish his bitterest enemy, he could think of no punishment more severe than to set him at the task of writing up a lot of exchanges. But we thi it is anything but a punishme have to read some of our exch Indeed, we deem it a pleasure privilege. Some of the pap well worthy of a careful perus is with interest that we b work on the exehanges.

The first that we tak *University Monthly*, North Carolina. Th per is good, and i

We no in ev arti a

Freshman class. We would refer the editors to a wholesome article in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, by Rev. Charles F. Thwing. Greater care in proof-reading would also be a decided improvement.

The Wm. Jewell *Student*, Wm. Jewell College, Liberty, Mo., is one of our most valued exchanges. As usual, it is full of good things, and the articles are all fine. Long live the Wm. Jewell *Student!*

The *University Magazine*, University of Pennsylvania, is before us, and attracts attention by its neat and tasty dress. We notice that a great amount of space is devoted to the discussion of matters relating to boat-clubs and athletic sports. But perhaps this is natural, as these things absorb so attention. The "Extract from a Freshman's Letter Home" is *capital.* "Progress and the Pipe" is very creditable. We have no more highly esteemed exchange than the *Magazine*, and always welcome it with peculiar pleasure.

The Critic for October 7 is before us, and as usual, is replete with substantial, valuable articles. This paper deserves the eminent position which it holds among American journals, and we doubt that the lately organized *English Critic* will be able to surpass it.

The majority of our exchanges have not put in their appearance yet. We suppose that the editors of the different college magazines have been delayed in getting them out. In our next issue we hope to have a more extended list.

WORTH REPEATING.

BISHOP THIRLWALL AS A STUDENT.

[From Sermons on Special Occasions.]

Such a man is a boon to a whole generation, both the example of his industry, and by the light of his teaching. Even to the very last, even in old age, in blindness, in solitude, he continued with indomitable energy the task of acquiring new knowledge, of adding another and another finish to the never-ending education of his capacious mind; becoming, as he said, when at the age of seventy-six he released himself from the cares of his diocese—becoming a boy once again, but a boy still at school, still growing in wisdom and understanding. Hear it, laggards and sluggards of our laxer days! hear it you who spend your leisure in the things, and the books that perish with the using! hear and profit by the remembrance that there has been one among us to whom the word of knowledge came in all its force and beauty; to whom idleness, ignorance, and indifference were an intolerable burden; to whom the acquisition of a new language or a new literature was as the annexation of a new dominion, or the invention of a new enjoyment!

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

All day, all night, I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As, tireless, the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly, goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
And the wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, click! there's a thread of love woven in;
Click, click! another of wrong and sin.
What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unrolled in eternity!

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow! Who knoweth? Not thou nor I;
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weavers, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And soon the last thread shall be woven in—
God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of good in this life-web—say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, O my friends, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

DURHAM TOBACCO
AND CIGARETTES.

These Goods are sold under an

Absolute Guarantee

That they are the **Finest** and **PUREST** goods upon the market;

They **ARE FREE** from **DRUGS** and **CHEMICALS** of any kind;

They consist of the **Finest Tobacco** and **Purest Rice-Paper** made.

OUR SALES EXCEED the products of **ALL** leading manufactories combined.

None Genuine without the trade-mark of the **BULL.** Take no other.

W. T. BLACKWELL & CO.

Sole Manufacturers. **Durham, N. C.**

E. EDGAR HIGHT,
Watch-Maker and Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

REPAIRING WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. With thanks for past patronage, and asking a continuance of same, I am,

Very respectfully,

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

m WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N.

J. L. STONE,

State Agent,

RALEIGH, N. C.

STUDENTS AND OTHERS who wish to lessen their hours of STUDY should send for our CIRCULARS of the "INTERLINEARS."

Specimen Page FREE.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS!

Our new 64 page catalogue of all the School and College Text Books published, now ready, containing Retail and Teachers' prices. Copies mailed free to any one applying to CHAS. DE SILVER & SONS, Publishers, (K) 1102 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

76t—

Table of Contents.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		Page.
The Disadvantages Attending the Study and Practice of Law,	W. E. Daniel, Esq.	97
Seven Miles Under Ground,	Ed. M. Poteat.	100
Our Picnic Excursion,	Rev. R. T. Vann.	104
"I Must Go,"		109
How the other Fellow Fooled my Girl,	Mars Hall.	111
Visit to a Coal Mine,		112
A Pilgrimage to Mitchell's Peak,	Ben E. Fit.	113

EDITORIAL.

A Ramble Among Relics,	W. F. M.	119
Outraged Freshmen	E. S. A	121
The Need of Recreation,	H. B. F.	123
Educational,		125
Literary Gossip,		129
Science Notes,		134
In and About the College,		137
Wake Forest Alumni,		143

LISTEN!

We thank our friends, and the public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us the past season, and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

OUR FALL STOCK

has been selected with great care, and we only ask you to examine it as we feel sure you will be pleased.

Students will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Miles & Zeigler's celebrated shoes in all lines a specialty. Remember our motto:

"The Best Goods for the Least Possible Prices."

We deliver goods to any part of town free of charge.

CALL EARLY.

Very respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Shelby Female College.

Session begins September 20th, 1882, and closes June 21st, 1883.

Board, washing, fuel, etc., and tuition in College Class, Fall Term, five scholastic months, to January 31st, 1883	$87 50
The same in Preparatory Classes, to January 31st, 1883	82 50
The same in Primary Classes	75 00

Boarders furnish one pair of sheets, one pair pillow-slips, toilet soaps, table napkins and two bags for soiled clothes.

☞ Without special contract, payments required in September. Deposits must be made for purchase of books, sheet-music and art materials.

RATES OF TUITION AND TERMS FOR DAY PUPILS.

Fall Term, Five Scholastic Months, to January 31st, 1883.

Primary Department, $12.50; Preparatory, $20; College, $25. Incidentals, to be paid with first month's tuition, $1.

For particulars be sure to apply for circular.

R. D. MALLARY, President,
SHELBY, N. C.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,

Steam

PRINTERS, BINDERS

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

RALEIGH, N. C.

We have just received a lot of new type and are now prepared to print

SCHOOL CATALOGUES,

REPORTS, CIRCULARS, &c.,

In the best style at low rates.

A FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS at $1 per 100.

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF PRINTING MATERIAL IN THE STATE.

If you wish anything in the way of Printing, Binding or Blank Books, address,

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
Cor. Salisbury & Hargett Sts.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

A TRIP ABROAD;

OR

A Summer Vacation in Europe.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

BY JOHN E. RAY, A. M.

This highly interesting volume of over 200 pages, with a number of rich illustrations of places and customs in Europe, is now ready, and is to be had at the following remarkably low figures:

Bound in Paper, 50 Cents.
Bound in Cloth, - $1 00

Mailed to any address upon receipt of the price, and 10 cents for postage.

Address all orders to

JOHN E. RAY,
Raleigh, N. C.

4—3m

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 3.

EDITORS:

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR.....W. F. MARSHALL.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M. AUSTIN.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

THE DISADVANTAGES ATTENDING THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF LAW.

It may seem presumptuous for one who has been at the Bar no longer than the writer of this article to attempt to mark and point out the disadvantages attending the study of the law as a science and its practice as a profession. However that may be, this is written for young men by one of them, and the labor performed would be crowned, if one difficulty should be removed or one misunderstanding corrected. This is a subject upon which the strongest minds, noted for their powers of analysis and research, and justly celebrated because of their legal acumen, have been brought to bear. Here it is intended to be written of as the profession which above all others exercises the most powerful and fascinating influence upon an ambitious youth. It is not every one who undertakes the study of law, and concludes, probably from the advice of admiring friends, to devote his life to its practice, who has a clear conception of the difficulties which will meet him in the way. To any ambitious mind, the law presents a congenial field, and for many reasons. One of the most prominent is, that to a successful lawyer, his profession is a stepping-stone to advancement, and his success gives him a certain prominence which the same order of merit in any other profession could not possibly confer.

Many choose the profession of law without previous thought as to their fitness; and later, when they cannot turn back, they find the struggle and search after its truths so tedious, its paths so rugged, that a large proportion drop out of ranks and fall by the wayside, failures. Some one has fitly remarked, that "the law is a jealous mistress;" and it follows as a consequence, that he who would succeed must be a devoted student of its principles. I know it would appear bold if I should attempt to take up arms against the present manner of legal instruction, and I do not intend to mount to such heights of daring, for the law is too conservative. But this

I do say, and without hesitation: it is hazardous and discouraging to place an inexperienced youth who has read a few books of Blackstone, some work on Equity, has handled once or twice an edition of Coke, and has about as much of an idea of Chitty as an idiot has of the kingdom of Heaven, into a court-room filled with experienced counsellors. Generally he is impressed with the idea that he knows the law; and when, by force of circumstances, a retrospection is compelled, his ignorance cannot fail to dishearten him.

And here, he who is easily discouraged, turns his back upon his chosen profession, believing that there is no open-sesame to its hidden treasures. I have often thought how many difficulties might be avoided if some way was found to apply theories and principles learned, before the student becomes a lawyer. But in the length of time generally devoted to preparation for entrance into this profession, that would be impossible.

Again, one of the great disadvantages attending the study of law to young men is a want of previous preparation. A thorough education, I may say, is almost absolutely necessary to certain and continued success. How can any one expect to master and acquire a science whose elementary principles constitute an erudite and difficult learning, without complete preparation in academical training? Its principles are capable of being proved with the certainty of mathematical demonstration, and reason amounting to precision is required to separate argument from fallacy. In fact, the text-writers say that law is the perfection of reason, or, that which is not reason is not law.

Universal experience teaches that he who is unprepared never rises, but is confined to the lower walks of the profession, and, excepting a few cases, unless he is a person of great enthusiasm and indomitable energy, he never gets beyond "the courts have held," &c.; or, as Blackstone aptly puts it, "*ita lex scripta est.*" He can never hope to search after fundamental causes or arrive at conclusions drawn from the spirit of the law. Therefore I would advise every young man who intends to make the law his profession to prepare himself. In practice, he is an easy victim who has not put on his armor, and thorough preparation and continued study will place him upon a plane where he will have incalculable advantages. Then, the books say, years of earnest and assiduous reading will make him a learned lawyer.

Another disadvantage which comes to my mind, is the want of the power of application. When a young man is preparing and gaining an academical education, he generally has a fixed and certain task to be done in a certain time; when he commences the practice of the law, the whole realm of legal literature lies like an ocean before him. He deludes himself with the thought, vain and deceptive it is, that he has a life-time to solve its mysteries and search its depths. In preparing a case to be heard, no one denies that it is interesting to pursue a line of thought which is applicable to the subject to be discussed, to search after principles which are embodied in your present labor, and to

look for authorities for or against the position you have taken. It is contrary to this, however, when you read with a purpose to familiarize yourself with cases and causes not in being, when you study with a view to make application at some future time, or, to sum it up, to be learned in the law. Then you will realize the task you have undertaken. And I take it, that here, rather than anywhere else, lies the reason why so many practitioners never rise above mediocrity. In theory they are better lawyers the day the Supreme Court passes in solemn judgment upon their knowledge of this science and their good moral character, than they are ever afterwards. Enough is picked up in a desultory way to carry them through the courts with ordinary success, but they never attain eminence, and the legal literature of their State or country is never enriched by their contributions and opinions.

Every young lawyer, with some few exceptions, has to undergo, almost necessarily, a long and trying novitiate. In truth, for years after he commences his search for clients, he is a "briefless barrister." And this is according to the eternal fitness of things; for there is no reason why there should not be a dearth of business in every young lawyer's office. If any person would stop and think a moment, he could not blame any man for refusing to place his affairs or business in the hands of him who has not been tried. He may be incompetent, and, sad to relate, he generally is for several years after his entrance into the profession. He has got together a few principles, such as the definition of an incorporeal hereditament, he can give you literally the words on which the decision in Shelley's case depends, and he can write a deed or draw a mortgage; but he cannot pos sibly be supposed to be as skilled as those who have spent a life-time in the drudgery of an office. Generally, a lawyer is selected as every thing else: a man wants value received, and he is chosen according to ability and fitness. In the first struggles in this profession, he who expects a path covered with triumphs and thick with honors will find himself his worst enemy.

There is the name of a great law-writer, whom I would mention with the reverence of a disciple and the veneration of an humble follower, who has made jurisprudence a tangible science by gathering together in a system that great mass of undigested learning compiled by Brocton, Glanville, Littleton, Coke, and others, who wrote upon the common law, to whom I would like to point as an example to those who are attempting to follow in his footsteps. I refer to Sir William Blackstone. It is related in his Memoirs that he underwent a trying experience; that for fourteen years after his admittance to the Bar, he was only engaged in two unimportant cases. Yet, possessed with an energy that made him conqueror over all obstacles, he has written a law-book which will live so long as the common law of the English people is studied. Those celebrated Commentaries have been compared to a firm, beaten road through a wild and almost impassable country.

No one can expect to command

from the beginning a large and lucrative practice. Much can be done in the young attorney's behalf by friends and the influences which they can exert; but often he finds himself not so much appreciated as he thinks his talents deserve. It requires but one more step to force him to conclude that the profession is over-crowded; and, of course, he seeks other and more congenial employment. Necessity generally furnishes the required force, and one more name, that might have been a Taney or a Marshall under other circumstances, is added to that long list of failures in life's great battle.

The law furnishes an arena for the display of talents, but no one can expect to leap full-grown upon the sands and grapple with giants who are inured by long years to such contests. When they are so unequally matched, there can be but one termination.

I would not think that I had done my duty, if, after naming a few of the disadvantages attending the study and practice of the law so far as young men are concerned, I did not offer some word of encouragement to those who may become lawyers. Success is sure to him who is true to himself; faithfulness will certainly be rewarded. When I think that in after years those who are young men now are to administer justice between man and man and wear the ermine and expound the laws and constitution, probably something may be said to remind them of the obligations which the law in its majesty imposes. Let every one so live that he may be able to undertake that obligation, no matter how extensive. The people's property, liberty, and lives depend to a great degree upon a pure and upright judiciary, and no greater misfortune can befall any country than for the law-expounding power to fall into corrupt hands. Whether as counsellor, advocate, or as judge, be true, faithful, consistent, honorable in the discharge of duty, unswerving in your attachment to right—a typical lawyer.

At first the ways seem rugged; but, as dangers generally diminish as they are approached, I am reminded of the words of Sir Edward Coke, that in themselves afford abiding consolation: "Albeit the student shall not at any one day, do what he can, reach to the full meaning of all that is laid down, yet let him no way discourage himself, but proceed: for on some other day, in some other place, his doubts will probably be removed."

SEVEN MILES UNDER GROUND.

In the wake of Baptist associations may be heard such expressions as, "That crowd of preachers!—they kept everybody wide awake till twelve o'clock!" Crowds of preachers are notorious for their hilarity. Imagine a company of eight young "theologues" en route to one of the "seven wonders;" add to your picture an unusual coloring of merriment, and you have the party, of whom the writer was one, who left Louisville May 8th, at 1:15 a. m., for Mammoth Cave.

At five o'clock we were at a quiet

town which endeavors to compensate for its lack of interesting features by the name it bears—Cave City. After a cup of coffee and some little skirmishing with the proprietor of the hotel and stage line, we were stored away in an old-fashioned stage. Capacity, twenty-five men—and "one more." A shout from the driver, and the happy party are off on the home-stretch for the cave, about ten miles distant. The forests fairly ring with shouts of laughter and bursts of eloquence, until it is formally decided to reserve lung force and exclamations till there is a real demand for them.

It was half past nine o'clock when we stepped out on the long veranda of Mammoth Cave Hotel. Of course under such circumstances patience is not expected of visitors, and could not be commended. The necessary changes of clothing are soon made, the flat, brimless caps are all fitted on, lanterns are furnished, the guide, "Old Mat," presents himself, and here we go, through the garden and down the hill behind the hotel. The writer was a little ambitious, perhaps selfish, to be the first to see the cave, and went ahead. At the foot of the hill we make a short turn to the right, and, as we stand before the great gaping mouth, we are facing north-east. A glance at the small perennial waterfall which pours over the trough of the upper lip, and is absorbed where it falls, and we hurry down the steps cut in the black soil to the place of final preparation for the journey. Here each man sees that his little tin lamp is lighted, and "Old Mat" takes occasion to give some general directions. "Young men, you mus' let me go befo', an' stop whenever I tell you." Single file we take up our line of march to be halted soon by a ponderous iron door. As we hurried through, one after the other, mine was the only lamp which failed to withstand the brisk breeze which all the time pours out there.

The guide, without consulting a single one of our number, proceeds to lock us into this under-ground prison, takes the lead, and after a few paces begins to point out some of the many saltpetre vats which were used for making gunpowder for the "War of 1812." A still distinct ox track, made at that time, suggested the wisdom of the resolution we had made in the stage.

But before going farther, let us endeavor to gain some just conception of this strange formation. Imagine a root of forty feet in diameter and ten miles long, with many branches of almost equal size—imagine such a root pulled out of the earth without breaking the soil; the cavity left is Mammoth Cave. The very names—Gothic Chapel, Gothic Gallery, Church, Rotunda, Register Room, Star Chamber, etc., contribute largely to the misconception so widely held. These so-called chambers or halls are only sections of the main or a branch cavern. Their actual appearance gives no suggestion whatever of different apartments, connected by narrow passages or separated from each other by thin walls. The features called "domes," as Shelby's Dome, Gorin's Dome, etc., are overhead and correspond to—are the counterparts of—the pits, as Bottomless Pit, etc.; so you might call them pits running upward. And, too,

people invariably imagine numberless stalactites and stalagmites as hanging from above or growing up slowly from below; so that when one sees the cave the first question he asks is, "Where are the glittering pendants?" Well, they are not there. I have been impressed with the overwrought pictures of Gothic Chapel, representing it as approached through a long avenue of obelisks; when, in fact, the "Old Post-oak," and the two which form the marriage altar are the only noticeable stalactites of the whole chamber or avenue. Do not understand the object here to be to rob the cave of that strange fascination which entices thousands into its greedy throat. The only aim is to give some right idea of what we may expect to see when we all go.

But to resume our line of march. The narrow alley through which we enter opens into a spacious circular cavity called the Rotunda. A package of a preparation of magnesium, with which "Old Mat" is well supplied, is lighted, and we get for the first time some idea of the vastness and darkness and vacancy of the strange depths into which we are plunging. Monuments, built of the loose stones that abound, to the different States of the Union and to cities and countries "across the water" are on all sides, and are seen throughout the length of the cave, where they are practicable. The Church received its name from the circumstance that a woman named Vancott and Drs. Humphries and Breckinridge preached there. Just here we come to a branch of the main cave called Gothic Avenue, leading to Gothic Chapel and Register Room. Some of us thought it unfair that those who had gone before us should have registered their names, while we were prohibited by law from doing so; but "Fools' names like their faces" was suggested, and we were satisfied. The main cave continues about the same size (40 x 60 ft.), and seems to bend slowly toward the north until it makes an acute angle by turning sharply toward the west. Just before reaching Acute Angle we pass under Grand Arch—a magnificent arch-way, extending perhaps fifty yards. We selected this as the place for our monument to the Seminary. Giant's Coffin, only a short distance from this point, is a huge stone 40 x 13 feet, and is so nearly like a real coffin that you find yourself well nigh induced to believe that you have found the cemetery of the children of Anak. Our attention is repeatedly called to the peculiar shapes made on the ceiling by the oxide of iron, such as Fat Girl, Ant-eater, Giant and Wife Smoking, etc. We are now walking slowly down the main cave, expecting every moment to be ushered into Star Chamber. "Stop, young men," in a tone that was now familiar, told us we were there. We delivered up our lamps and took seats on the long bench prepared for the purpose, and were commanded to look up. The guide then left us and went out of sight, but took a position whence he could throw the reflection of the lights upon the ceiling over our heads. We were more than a hundred feet under ground, perhaps three hundred; but before we had been looking long, it required little effort, if any, to feel that we were gazing up into the still, deep heavens

in the solemn night-time. A flaming comet off to the right only added to the naturalness of the scene, and we thought it complete when, by the skilful manipulation of his lights the guide cast a cloud over the whole view. But he was not through with his illusions. He bade us good-by and went out of sight—*lights and all.* I have never seen and *felt* Egyptian darkness but once. And still! There was no cricket's chirp near at hand—no dog barked in the distance. The beat of our own hearts and the buzz of our own heads was all—yes, *all* that could be heard. An occasional low whisper from one of our number was a welcome reassurance of companionship. It was not till we saw a faint flush tinge the sky that we knew the design of our guide. Upon the wings of midnight a glorious morn had come. The conflict of appearance and reality in what we had seen made, as we turned away, a conflict of emotions in my breast. I was surprised, then awe-struck, then grateful, then adoring; and with tearful resolve I said, "Boys, let's be better men."

We now retrace our steps to Giant's Coffin, where we leave the main cave to the right, for that portion where pits and their corresponding domes most abound. This is the way to Echo River also, and is in many respects the most wonderful part of the cave. Through Deserted Chamber, and down Steps of Time, we come to Richardson's Spring. The cool draught renews our strength and we press on under Arch-way to Side-saddle Pit and Minerva's Dome. A glance at these, and we hurry on to what is more wonderful, Gorin's Dome. This is off the main branch, and is reached through a fissure or narrow cleft properly called Labyrinth. The dome has appropriated the name of its discoverer, and is, with the exception of Mammoth Dome, by far the most marvellous formation in the cave. Here the pit and dome make a continuous cavity, the one being directly over the other. The Labyrinth ends here; and though the opening to the dome is natural, it seems to have been cut for the convenience of visitors. The light is ready, and four of us at the time lean through the *window* to find that we can see neither top nor bottom. It has been formed by the percolation of the waters through the white limestone rock, and as each trickling streamlet has formed for itself its own little rill, the whole surface is fluted with marvellous regularity. Every feature joins the others to say, "The hand that made us is divine."

Again we retrace our steps to Minerva's Dome, and take up our ramble. Every one has heard of the "Bottomless Pit," If not, let him send for a missionary. Valley of Humility, Scotchman's Trap, Fat Man's Misery, and Great Relief are likewise familiar.

The names we begin to hear lead us to judge that we are approaching the Infernal Regions. Dead Sea is a deep mud-hole! River Styx! and where is the little ferryman? No splashing of his oars is heard, and we decide to cross on the Natural Bridge which spans the dark chasm. A little further on the swollen Lethe says, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," and we must stop our rambling.

Although we fail to reach Echo River, we are now in that portion of

the cave where every sound you make seems to have a deathless echo; and here, on the bank of Lethe River, I learned the depth of meaning in those immortal songs, "In the sweet by and by" and "Shall we gather at the river?" Eight strong voices made the dark chasms ring with melody, and eight youthful hearts were buoyant with hope of the glory of Him whose power was so mightily portrayed in the awful majesty that surrounded them.

On our return we took a different route, through Bacon Chamber and Bandit's Hall, and were surprised to find ourselves, after winding directly upward through Corkscrew, again in the main cave only a short distance from the door. Just below the little water-fall, by the light of mid-day, we ate a rustic meal, and before leaving for the stage the voice of humble prayer made us tender and grateful for the eyes to see and the hearts to appreciate the handiwork of God. In the language of another, at Mammoth Cave "the sense of vast vacancy, of awful silence, of dreadful, lonely darkness, strikes the heart with awe and impresses the mind by its utter intangibility. * * * It is not a place for thousands of lights, and the chattering merriment of excursionists with their flirtations and junketing, but for silent and full-hearted delight."

OUR PICNIC EXCURSION.

We wanted to go somewhere, Cato and I; nowhere in particular, but just somewhere to rest and see. Seaward, then, we naturally drifted. Mid September was late for bathing, but fishing would be a capital substitute. But where to go? Where, indeed, but to Ocean View? With its magnificent sweep of bay and ocean, no scenery of its kind could be finer. Fishing and bathing were superb, and Norfolk, Baltimore, and Washington were in easy reach. Ocean View was clearly the place for us, and thitherward we set eager faces. Up the Chowan, up the Black Water, then down by rail to Norfolk. But Norfolk had a disappointment for us. Ocean View had closed, and no guests were received. "Well, let it close," we said. "It isn't much of a place anyhow. Cato and I have started somewhere." So we bought tickets to Baltimore and boarded our old friend, the Florida. The passengers were a goodly company: merchants going for fall stocks, teachers looking for fresh air and patience; lawyers running up to learn "crooked ways" in Boston streets—ways, let us hope, before unknown—and leaving their brethren to "please his Honor" and plague the jury. Within hearing was a son of Abraham according to the flesh and a son of Ananias according to the spirit. Out of his storehouse he brought forth things new—seldom any old. And after each fresh revelation he would smile a smile that involved his entire countenance and both ears. Hard by him sat another "Israelite indeed," but with unmistable traces of "guile." When the Norfolk Band were casting about, some years since, for new in-

struments, this public-spirited citizen and patron of the arts of Pan proposed, I learn, to order from Paris and at a reasonable price for so fine an instrument, "von pig, nice thrum, dot would pe worthy of de city of Norfolk." The Band gratefully accepted the offer; but on going for the drum when informed of its distinguished arrival, they found it indeed of noble proportions, but it perversely and stubbornly refused to come out of the patriot's shop door! [*Tableaux vivans. Curtain.*

While I have been doing up the passengers the steamer has stolen time, and almost unawares I am rolling over the ridges of Hampton Roads. Away round towards Cape Henry is an insignificant watering place called Ocean View; some persons go there, I believe. Out to the left, about the mouth of the James, lies New Port News, as if asleep in the misty twilight. A place this of little note—not even on Virginia's map—and heretofore unworthy of a place on my page. But the C. & O. Railroad has gone down to see what might be done there, and New Port News has resolved to let it know. And now long lines of wharfing; long lines of railroad switches; long lines of coal trains waiting for depots and storehouses that are hurrying to completion; tall grain elevators standing on made soil; imposing blocks of buildings, brick and wood, and orders from the Old Dominion Land Company for the erection of ten new brick, and twenty-six new wooden buildings—New Port News has a right to honorable mention. She has kindled the jealousy of Norfolk. The mighty West is too attentive to the younger, and the older sister frowns.

But New Port News has other interests. She first saw the "new departure" in naval warfare. She witnessed just opposite her beach the first conflict in all history between iron war-ships. One morning in March twenty years ago, the Merrimac steamed down from Norfolk into Hampton Roads, steered straight for the U. S. sloop of war Cumberland, and regardless of the iron stones that beat upon her plated roof, plowed through the hull of her helpless victim. Then she withdrew, and, turning upon the Congress, drove it ashore and destroyed it, and then returned leisurely to Norfolk. Next morning she came down again, and bore directly towards the Minnesota. But on a sudden there slipped out from under the latter ship's lee what seemed a floating potato hill. It was Ericsson's Monitor. Then began the "war of the giants." Though of only nine hundred tons displacement, while that of the Merrimac was five thousand, she proved herself no unworthy foeman. Three times the other tried to run her down; three times her iron armor grated harshly against that of her huge antagonist, and thrice she glided unharmed from under that terrible death-beak. There was no victory for either ship, but the Monitor's timely arrival had saved Fortress Monroe, and thus made the Peninsular Campaign possible. This is what New Port News saw.

But I started not a warring but a picnicing, and the supper bell recalled me from the stirring scenes of '62.

I had a theory that during trips like ours fleshly appetite yielded to the æsthetically elevating and spiritually

sublimating romance of travel. Yes, I had formulated my theory before Oscar Wilde ever pressed American shores. But Cato's behavior that day at the dinner table had aroused serious apprehension for the safety of my theory. And a few moments' observation of him while at supper confirmed my worst fears. I speedily became willing to compromise by noting a colossal exception. But Cato was unrelenting. I detected naught of pity in his resolute eye. And when we left the table my theory looked like a new moon.

A night ride up the bay is not rare to my readers. But such an one as we had is. The old Chesapeake was at its best. The wind was not noisy; it just made soft harmony with the low ripple of the waves. The moon was not garish; she came out enfolded in a drapery of silver gauze, and looked gentle and womanly. The stars, outer guardians of the King's City, showered their glittering diamonds upon the bosom of the bay. And while the proud steamer moved on stately and in serene majesty—moved on as if in conscious dignity—we sat in the hazy moonlight and watched the solemn stars, now in the vast blue deep above, now in the depths below; we sat and watched and wondered and dreamed, and heard the waves and breezes sing. This till eleven; then heavy sleep till morning.

The morning was rainy, and Baltimore, under a cloud, was not cheering. But then we were not looking to Baltimore for cheer. You must know that we had settled on a place to go to. Yes, we would go to Baltimore and join the picnicers running up to the mountains. Penmar was our objective. First class in geography: Where is Penmar? I hope I shall not get an answer; because Cato and I had to own that we hadn't so much as heard whether there was any Penmar. I hope so, too, because it is pleasant to tell folks what we know and they don't. I put Cato into the above statement because I feared you might think he knew and I didn't, and I was not willing to carry all the ignorance.

Well, Penmar's name locates it. It stands on the Blue Ridge, and marks the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland; hence its name. "But why not add the *y*," we suggested, "and thus marry Queen to Quaker?" Oh, that would make the name too long! They would not even award Friend William his full claim on the alphabet, but forced him into a compromise of seventy-five per cent. Americans are said to be careless of etymology in framing new words. I strongly suspect them of having named Penmar. But, anyhow, that was where Cato and I were going. Cato had never seen the mountains. It was delightful to tell him I had, and to look indifferent about it. We had to stay in Baltimore only an hour and a half after the arrival of the steamer. Together with about a hundred others, we bought tickets "to Penmar and return"—(Parse *return*. Is this R. R. English, like "*Lay* over tickets?")—price, one dollar; distance, seventy-one miles.

Our road was the Western Maryland, and royal was the ride. It was fittingly termed by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "a short poem, like one of the 'Idyls of the

King.'" Once out from under the smoke and tunnels of Baltimore, the eye covers a billowy expanse of hill and slope, of mound and meadow, intersected by countless rivulets, that ever invite the happy cattle and fleecy sheep to drink, with never a word about bar bills. From out of the soft green meadow-lands rise groups of little mounts that look so young and fresh they seem to have been tumbling about on the grassy swales, and to have just stood up to see the train go by. On either side stand farm-houses thick and thrifty looking, with barns generally larger and always red. But as we were whirled along, forgetful of distance in the charm of ever-changing scenery, and noting only how much wilder the gorges grew, how much bolder the hills, we looked suddenly away to right and left, and there not far off lay the long, black backs of the Blue Ridge, like ocean monsters breathing on the surface. And almost ere we were aware, we had circled the Horse-shoe Bend, and with a rush and a yell had gained the summit of the Ridge.

Our first important step on leaving the train was towards the eating-house, distant, theoretically, two hundred yards. But, practically, the distance is a varying quantity, depending on the size of one's valise. Cato thought half a mile a very moderate estimate; he carried our valise. If one lives in Baltimore, or has friends there who will "snack" him for his picnic, perhaps he had better carry "rations." But if he has them to buy and lug round, he had better wait till he reaches Penmar; for he will find the table there furnished with all that he can wish of meats and desserts, and at a charge of fifty cents. This eating-house was erected by the Railroad Company, as were also the dancing hall and shooting gallery. These houses are all there is of Penmar; but their situation in the wild woods of the mountains is a romance in real life. And not the least attractive is the charming music discoursed by a German band that is employed by the Railroad Company, taken out from Baltimore every morning and returned at night, boarded and paid thirty dollars a day. But we were eager to visit High Rock. To us High Rock was Penmar. And we found any number of vehicles waiting to take us up and back for twenty-five cents. You will be surprised if you expected to be jolted up an ordinary mountain road. That same untiring Railroad Company has straightened and graded the way till it is probably straighter and smoother than any country road even in our eastern levels. It is simply an inclined plane two miles long. At the summit is one other trace of that enterprising Railroad Company. Upon a mammoth mass of granite two thousand feet above tide-water, they have erected a three-story observatory that commands a view hardly surpassed the world over. The mountain side is nearly perpendicular for six hundred feet, and from this eagle eyrie you sweep at a glance the outlines of a miniature world, outspread over four thousand square miles, and guarded on the east and west by mountain walls. This is the far-famed Cumberland Valley. Its amazing fertility is owing to the limestone vein that forms its soil. This is the same vein that

makes Niagara Falls. The Genesee country, the finest in New York, the Harrisburg country, Pennsylvania's best, and the Shenandoah Valley, the garden of Virginia, all derive their richness from this bed of lime-rock. It furnishes material for the formation of Weirs' Cave, with its splendid stalactites, and for the Natural Bridge near Lexington. The vein forks in Virginia, one part going out to give Kentucky her boasted "Blue Grass Region," the other into Tennessee as far as the Muscle Shoals, where it rejoins the first. Then proceeding southwest, it crops out from under the hills of Vicksburg, and is seen no more. As one beholds from High Rock the luxuriant harvest fields of that fair valley, one gets a better idea of the man whose savage hand could work such desolation there as to justify his heartless message to the War Department: "If a crow flies down the Valley now he must carry his own rations!"

But what historic scenes here crowd the ample view! What terror, what amazement, once seized these happy vales! What awful thunders shook these granite hills! What ghastly flames scarred the blind face of night! And this old Rock saw all, heard all, felt all these startling phenomena. It served as signal station alternately for Federals and Confederates in the Pennsylvania Campaign. What a tale it could unfold, could its dumb tongue be loosed! It saw first in '62 the Southern flag borne northward by legions that had just faced and foiled the Union's proudest army. It saw Jackson's column sweep round towards Harper's Ferry, and heard his guns that bade Miles stand and deliver. It saw the capture of Lee's order of march, and then saw long lines of blue hurrying through yon South Mountain pass, not twenty miles away—hurrying, in hope of crushing Lee before Jackson could return. It saw Hill's gray line swept from that pass by the heavy line of blue. It saw on that bald spot yonder, known as Red Hill, McClellan's headquarter's during the frightful carnage at Antietam. It saw that day breathless couriers on panting steeds come to tell how Hooker had been driven from the field, and how Burnside's final charge had failed. It saw the thirty-five thousand hurl back the ninety thousand, and then lie down to sleep on the gory field. Then for a year the old Rock slept, unvexed by the voice of war. But in the early summer it was startled by the tramp of marching armies, and awoke to a splendid vision. It saw a hundred battle-flags unfurled to the soft June sun. It saw beneath those bonny flags the flower of Southern chivalry. Seventy thousand armed men in ragged gray, but with shining guns, bore on their bayonets a young nation's hope. The old Rock saw this dauntless host file slowly up the Valley towards Chambersburg, and then wind round the hills to the right and pass out of sight. Then once more it heard the noise of battle. Three awful days it waited and listened. Two nations likewise were waiting and listening and breathing hard. Three anxious days for History were those, for she saw an epoch at hand. On the third day a boding silence came, and then on a sudden four hundred cannon thundered, and the elements seemed

to have entered the conflict. And the old Rock stood and trembled. Then for awhile the thunder ceased, and the eighteen thousand went down into the valley and up the hill and into the presence of death, and showed the world how heroes can die. And then the thunders died away, and the young nation's hope had withered. Slowly and sullenly, after a day of waiting, the host in ragged gray and with the shining guns marched back again into their own land, and the old Rock saw them no more.

As I stood on this historic pile and recalled that terrible tragedy, it seemed like a frightful dream, whose terror shocks you into wakefulness.

Far other visions greet the tourist to High Rock now. Sharpsburg is unvexed by approaching armies. Hagerstown, midway the valley, has forgotten the terrible suspense of other years. Chambersburg, away to the north, no longer dreads the coming of Early's raiders. Gettysburg beholds what was "the field of blood" transformed into a "garden of the Lord." And the misty Alleghanies, floating on the far horizon, send back now no battle-sound, but only the music of the winds, or the voice of God in thunder.

But our driver's hack was waiting to return, so we got in and shoved the horses ahead down to the hotel. An interesting specimen was that driver. Like ancient Miriam Lane, he was "good and garrulous." If you wanted to know anything, you didn't need to ask. You could ask if you wished; he seemed delighted for you to do so. But that was a mere waste of time. Your quickest way was just to sit still and not bother Ferguson, and you soon had more knowledge than you could dispose of throughout your entire anatomy. After reaching the hotel we played croquet and got beaten, and then heard the Germans play and waited for the train. We had thought of spending a night or two at Penmar, but our accommodating Railroad Company hasn't provided sleeping apartments; besides, Cato was not well. After a night in Baltimore, we sprung the question of going North. But on examination, we found Cato's purse burdened with nothing more than two copper cents and a Spanish dollar. Then we decided that the weather was not favorable for a Northern trip, and took the shortest route home.

"I MUST GO."

General Washington was remarkable for promptness. It is related that at a meeting of his military family, for a council of war, one of his aids-de-camp was tardy. They had been waiting some time for his arrival. When he came the general, watch in hand, remarked, with some severity, "Sir, you may waste your own time, but you have no right to waste ours."

The officer began at once to excuse himself by throwing the blame upon his watch; he alleged that it had gone wrong. The general replied, "Either

you will have to get a better watch, or I shall have to procure a more punctual secretary."

Without doubt, punctuality is one of man's best properties. By it fortunes are obtained, reputation is sustained, the sick are eased of pain, and life is gained. But the lack of it causes the distress of families, wreck of trains, and loss of souls.

But one of the most uncalled for falsehoods that a person ever told is to say, repeatedly, when he means to spend the day or night at his neighbor's house, "*I must go.*"

Why is it that persons, and especially young men, indulge this unreasonable habit? Let us see.

1. Is not the visitor only trying to ascertain whether he is a welcome guest? If so, he must be dull of perception, not observing the wish of his host the first time he says, "I must go." Certainly the entertainment he is able to afford should serve as a test whether his further company is desirable or not. Perhaps he just means to keep up the conversation. If this be true, he has either made his visit too long or else he has forgotten that politeness requires that the subjects of conversation should be selected with reference to the tastes of the company. That which is interesting to one may afford no pleasure to another. Besides, it is rude to inflict a disagreeable topic upon any one; and it is a mark of ignorance to talk, and chatter, and simper. The owl is more likely to be esteemed wise on account of his silence, than the parrot on account of his loquacity.

2. But, in the meantime, is it not deception?—trying to produce the impression that I ought to be at home to perform some work, which in my absence remains untouched; and indicate my industry by the use of the words "I must go." Remember, friend, that the frequency of this expression and the failure to do at once what seems to be so necessary only prove the reverse.

3. He does not weigh his words, and furnishes testimony of his slothfulness.

Damages: He not only loses the confidence and esteem of the persons whom he visits; but, while they are expecting him to leave every minute, they are, for no consideration, kept from their work waiting to tell him good-by. They are all gathered in the parlor or standing on the porch wishing to show their courtesy. The flagging chat goes on; occasionally you hear him say, "I must go, I tell you I must," as if some one were holding him.

Learn a lesson: When you visit your neighbor, stay as long as convenient for all concerned; and when you are ready, get your hat, bid them good-by, and *go*.

HOW THE OTHER FELLOW FOOLED MY GIRL.

I stole a few days from my lectures and books
To visit my home and my friends,
But could not return till my daisy-eyed girl
Had told me the "odds and the ends."

"Mea lux" greeted me in her parlor so neat
With a shower of welcomes and smiles,
And went on to tell how the girls and the boys
Succeeded in working their wiles.

"But oh, let me tell you," she suddenly said,
"How cruelly I have been fooled
By trying to flirt with a fast little man
In love pranks quite thoroughly schooled.

"He fell on his knees and with tears in his eyes
Besought me with such tenderness,
That pity at last gained the poor fellow's cause—
I could not help answering 'yes.'

"That 'yes' was a forced one, and thinking of you
I earnestly bade him depart,
Forget that forced 'yes,' and never more dream
He had the least place in my heart."

"Miss M. R.," said I, "it really seems now
That *you* have completely fooled him."
"Oh yes," she replied, "he remarked that himself,
Then blubbered clear over the brim.

"The letter he wrote me the very next day
We now have the pleasure to read."
Mirabile visu! Could it be so!
Oh my! I was jolly indeed.

"Thou angel, thou seraph," the letter began,
"Reflect! My dear M. R. divine,
Oh! slay me not thus, but consent to be true,
And tell me that you will be mine.

"When morning's sweet songsters their warblings begin
I am sad, and I sigh and I weep
To think *thy* sweet warblings I'll nevermore hear,
And soon in my grave I must sleep.

"My mind and my heart and my soul are all bent
On leaving this heartless abode;
The wine-cup shall dig me a drunkard's deep grave,
Except thine heart's love is bestowed."

"I took the blockhead as true to his word,"
My daisy-eyed lassie resumed,
"And now he has fooled me!—you don't understand?
Well, here's how I came to be doomed:

"Of course I refused my heart's love to 'bestow,'
And just here the chap overruled me:
His grave is undug, his promise he broke;
So that is just how he has fooled me."

A VISIT TO A COAL MINE.

A party, consisting of four college students, was stopping last vacation at a village, the home of one of the number. After indulging in such pleasures as sleeping until nine o'clock, bathing in a nice, clear stream, and eating fried chicken, as it is fried away from boarding houses, it was proposed to visit the coal mine near the place.

All agree to go, and we are soon off for the mines. With umbrellas raised and dusters flying, we make quite a fierce looking crowd of pedestrians.

We begin to discuss the question of going down into the shafts; some are willing, others hesitate. It is finally decided to wait until we see the *rope* that draws up the cars, and ascertain whether we can trust such precious freight to its strength.

We have the good luck to meet the mine boss, who is going home after making his day under ground; but he very kindly offers to go back with us and show us around, and down, also, if we decide to go down.

As we near the place a column of black sulphurous smoke is rising from the great furnace, and the clank of chains, rattle of cars, and the noise of escaping steam can be heard. Men, as black as the coal itself, are moving to and fro.

Our hearts flutter with excitement. One of the number lags behind, holding up his duster tail, and saying, "Boys! boys! I say let's not go too near." But our guide tells us to come on, there is no danger.

As we approach the main shaft a car comes up freighted with coal and water, and the guide tells us now is the time to follow him, and we can go down into the bowels of old mother earth.

"What!" says Sam, "go down there? It's too dark for me."

"But I will get a light," says the guide; which he does by getting a little *coffee pot*, full of hog's oil, with a wick sticking out at the spout. This is the kind of lamp they use in the mines. The command is given, "Keep

the cars still, men in the shaft." Down, down we go, our guide talking all the time, and pointing out the different layers or strata of slate, gravel, coal, and everything else he knew we could not see. We are brought to a halt by an exclamation from the rear from Sam:

"Boys, wait! Smoke here! I—I—I can't s-s-see." He soon comes to us, his face as white *in a coal mine* as a *sheet*, his voice trembling, as he says: "Boys, you reckon I will ever see Miss E. again? And—and—and I've got my Sunday breeches muddy; let's not go any further."

But we were determined to see the bottom of that hole; so on we go, and bid Sam follow.

Presently we see little lights in the distance, and hear the measured peck, peck, of the miners as they work their way slowly downwards. Sam is again heard from:

"Boys, I say you had better stop! This is no place for us, and I've got to preach to-morrow; no time to fool here. What are those things down there, any way? Don't like to be so close to them!"

Still we go down, down, until the bottom is reached. Sam is near us *now*, still holding up his pantaloons, and wondering if he would ever see Miss E. again.

If the men are black on top of the ground, they are doubly so down here. We begin to cast anxious glances at the little coffee pot, and think, what if the thing were to go out! We feel relieved when the guide signals for a car. But oh, how little we were as we drew up to let the thing pass! Soon as it is still we get aboard, and look up for daylight. The signal is given, and up we go in less time than it takes to write it. Sam is shut up like a knife with the back-spring out, to save his head from the prop timbers.

We arrived safe from the lower regions, with no desire to return soon. Sam sprang out and declared that that was his last trip into a coal mine, and if Miss E. lived in twenty miles he would go to see her, if he had to walk all the way, and have his pantaloons washed, to boot.

We thanked our guide for his kindness, and departed, satisfied with the coal business, at least for this time.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MITCHELL'S PEAK.

Our party was made up of a young minister and wife, three girls from the frog ponds of Duplin, a young gentleman from the extreme east and myself, an humble youth of sixteen summers.

We left Asheville about eleven o'clock Monday morning. Our road led us along the banks of the Swannanoa until it became so small one could almost jump across it. The scenery along the little river was indeed charming, its borders being always fringed with overhanging willows, alders, and ferns.

Toward one o'clock we halted at a cool spring by the roadside to eat dinner. The feast was spread in the neat

spring-house, and we "lit into those victuals like a thousand o' brick." Nothing like a rough-and-tumble mountain trip to whet up the appetite.

When about half through eating, a terrific report, seemingly right over my head, caused me to drop my chicken leg and spring toward the door. I think I ran over two or three of the weaker ones. I could form, at the moment, no distinct idea as to what had happened. I had never heard a cannon, but my first thought was that a whole brigade was upon us and had fired all their siege guns simultaneously. My next thought was that the world had suddenly come to an untimely end. Upon reaching the open air, however, I discovered to my joy that the world was still habitable. Just two hundred yards in front of us a huge live-oak tottered for a few seconds and fell with a crash. Lightning had torn it to pieces and set it on fire.

That cloud had crept upon us without ten minutes' warning. This was our introduction to the customs of mountain thunder showers. After this I kept my eyes open, lest one of them should slip up and kill me unawares.

After dinner I rode with one of the girls on the baggage rack at the rear end of the stage. What a good time we did have! We were in the very best humor, and yet we jostled and knocked each other about shamefully. Unless you have travelled under similar circumstances you cannot appreciate the situation.

We reached the "Mountain House" about six o'clock, and after enjoying a hearty supper betook ourselves to slumber that we might be well prepared for the morrow's journey.

In the morning, after considerable bustle and stir, our horses were all saddled and ready to start. Our provisions (could not be called *lunch*, for there were two or three whole hams included), according to custom, were emptied from the baskets into a long bag, which was strapped across the pack-horse together with some pots, pans, &c.

My indignation was aroused at this rough treatment of our supplies, but it soon cooled down upon learning that they must go *thus*, or not at all.

All being ready, we plunged into a deep ravine through which dashed the clear trout stream and, led by two professional guides, began the long ascent.

It was ten miles from the foot to the Peak, and the only road was a path two feet wide.

We had gone not more than a quarter of a mile before we were riding through the most luxuriant vegetable growth I have ever beheld. High above all else towered vast oaks, spruce pines, and chestnuts. Beneath these were the rank laurel and rhododendron matted into impenetrable masses skirting and overhanging the narrow pathway. Beneath this still were the dense beds of ferns and wild flowers. Whole acres of soil had not seen the sun for ages. The sun was then high in the heavens and yet we were travelling in a deep twilight. Not a sound broke the stillness save the dashing water as it leapt from rock to rock. The light chatter of the jovial party was hushed in feelings of solemnity and grandeur. Not a bird or living thing could be seen or heard. The horse's ironed hoof made no noise on

the ground which was covered with the accumulated humus of centuries.

But as we ascend the scene changes. The trees are lower and more scrubby, and the undergrowth dwarfed accordingly. Along the steepest places the path takes a zigzag course like the old-fashioned crooked fence. You could converse with one of the party who was, by the way he had to come, more than a quarter of a milefrom you.

As we scrambled up one of these places, my attention was suddenly attracted to the rear by the noise of coffee-pots, pans, kettles, &c., mingling in the wildest confusion. I saw, to my horror, our pack-horse (carrying our provisions, you remember,) striving with all his might to turn a sommersault up grade. Yellow jackets had covered him, and were evidently troubling his mind. *We* had stirred up the little animals, but had packed all the mischief off on the *pack*-horse. I was much concerned for the safety of our provisions, but somehow felt no inclination to turn back and render assistance.

Toward noon we reached an open field of some six or eight acres with a dilapidated ruin in the centre, which is called the Half-way House.

We dismounted for a short rest, our guides telling us that if the clouds cleared away we would enjoy a magnificent view. But the mists were not very accommodating in this respect, for at the expiration of a half hour they were thicker than ever.

In the meantime, however, I had witnessed a scene of surpassing sublimity. It was the sight of the rolling clouds themselves. The pen of even a Ruskin would fail to give an adequate conception of this wonderful spectacle. Now and then the dense billows would break away for an instant, giving to the eager eye a glimpse of the beautiful world lying far beneath. Then the restless columns would roll in and close up the unprotected point, and all would again be blank. Turning to my left I see, to my surprise, no clouds, but a huge pinnacle of the Blue Ridge looming up in dark grandeur seemingly but a stone's throw from us. Then a little cloud begins to creep up one of its ravines, and, as it ascends, grows larger and larger, till turning suddenly, it sweeps silently and grandly across the mountain side, and, in a moment, covering all, leaves the spectator amazed at its movements of magic. I shall never forget the mingled feelings of sublimity, awe, and wonder that thrilled me as I watched those fleeting vapors.

Not far from this place and near the brink of a fearful precipice commanding a most entrancing view, we discovered a broken tombstone which marks the resting place of a lovely maiden. She chose this lonely cliff, surrounded by Nature's masterpieces, as the spot where she wished to be buried, and her wish was observed.

The soil of Black Mountain is literally as black as ink—hence the name. The whole range is covered with a rich growth of dark green balsam, appearing in the distance to throw a deep shadow over all.

We stopped at a spring which is said to be the source of the Swannanoa river. I think this must be the coldest natural water in the world. It was the 15th of August, but it made your

teeth chatter to drink even a small quantity.

Upon reaching the dim track which leads into Yancey county, our guides hastened to improve the opportunity of repeating to us the melancholy story of Prof. Mitchell's death, which *they* attribute solely to his negligence in not employing *guides*.

Prof. Mitchell in crossing this mountain, with which he was more familiar than any guide of the present day, was overtaken in a storm which caused him to seek shelter outside of the path. But when the storm had spent its fury it was dark, and he was lost. In wandering over the treacherous mountain side he stepped off a frightful precipice. After three days' search, his body was found here at the bottom of a pool of water. In the frantic effort to save himself, he had grasped a bush which was found in his hand pulled up by the roots.

Guides always tell this story to every party that falls into their hands as a sort of defensive argument for their costly and worthless presence.

We asked them where Mitchell was buried, and one replied :

"Wal, sir, he wuz fust buried close to whar he got killed. They then tuk him to Asheville, and then tuk him up agin and buried him on top of the Peak what goes by his name."

"Who did all that," I asked.

"Wal Zeb Vance wuz the prerprieter of it."

"How did they convey the body over this narrow pathway?"

"Carried it on a sled pulled by a big oxen."

After we turned Clingman's Peak we were then truly in the "Land of the Sky." It rains up there on an average of more than every other day in the year. We were welcomed with a second edition of the flood. We were riding along in the sunshine and soon reached in our ascent a cloud so dense that one could not see fifty yards. About the time we reached the middle, the bottom fell out and I think we would have been compelled to swim had we remained in one place ten minutes. I have heard of *wetting* rains but was never in one till then. The very atmosphere seemed to be half water; it wet you wherever it touched; and you know air can get next to a man in spite of overcoats and blankets. There was no thunder and lightning mixed with it—just rain in the raw.

Vegetation too, had assumed an entirely different form here. The trees were all balsams, nothing but balsams, and these low and scrubby. The undergrowth was *moss*, and *it* took complete possession of everything. The chief variety was five or six inches long forming an unbroken carpet, soft and yielding as down. Also in some places among the moss ferns flourished luxuriantly with many curious specimens of wild flowers. Every rock, log, stump—*everything*, was covered with moss. What inviting little nooks could be found at every step! What nice little carpeted ledges where you could seat your sweetheart and whisper softly to her the old, old story. In such a place and surrounded thus by Nature she could *not* say "No."

Up here we saw thousands upon thousands of snowbirds. This was a curious and interesting discovery to me. Instead of going north our snow-

birds merely summer in the mountains, as most people of independence do.

We reached the top of Mitchell's Peak about four. No glorious view about which we had dreamed greeted our vision. It was *raining*.

We delayed but a few moments to look at the only object of interest there—Mitchell's grave. No monument marks the spot, it is merely surrounded by a low rock wall. We then scrambled down the opposite side to find the famous cave in which we were to spend the night. *My* enthusiasm fell to zero when, instead of a great cavern with vaulted lofty roof, I saw merely a shelving rock jutting out from the side of the mountain under whose outer edge I could scarcely stand erect.

A fire was soon lighted, coffee made, and the girls spread supper on a rock just under the cave. That supper was no humbug either. I don't think I ever enjoyed a meal more. Every individual tried to do his full duty and succeeded.

The clouds began to break away after supper, and we climbed back to the summit with the hope of getting a view before sunset.

We had waited in vain for some time, when I began skirmishing around the edges trying to stir up something of interest. I chose the tallest and roughest balsam standing near the top, and mounting it, immediately went into ecstacies over the magnificent scene my position commanded. I knew that it was another humbug, but the girls were just *dying* to see *something*, and so became at once excited. They every one laid aside their dignity and climbed that jagged balsam with a heroism truly admirable. I laughed till I cried.

We then returned to the cave and chatted merrily until dark. The young minister (who had been married but two months) took his little wife and stole back to the top to enjoy a moonlight view. Being of a quiet and batchelorly disposition, I deserted the remainder of the party to follow them. They stood off on a lofty rock and made love to each other again, while I moped around scraping up what little enjoyment I could under the circumstances.

After the tender-hearted couple had billed and cooed considerably, they suddenly assailed me for a speech. They had heard I was a *ranter*, and wanted to see me perform. After the usual amount of hesitation, I yielded to their earnest entreaty. Mounted upon a rock pile not four feet from Mitchell's grave, I cast one glance around at the weird situation, and, stirred by the grandest emotions, recited the only regular declamation ever written, "It had been a day of triumph at Capua," &c. When I had finished, I was greeted by cheers from the *whole* party who had stolen upon me. So I can boast that I have declaimed "spartacus" from the highest standpoint east of the Rocky Mountains.

We then returned to our fire, for the wind was cutting cold, notwithstanding thick overcoats. The atmosphere was as cold as the average day in January.

We then crawled under that cave and put ourselves in an attitude for slumber, but I reckon we didn't sleep *much*. We had on our clothes,

were covered with two blankets each and had a log-heap fire at our feet, but I thought I should freeze before day. (Fifteenth day of August! I felt as if we were in another world.) Then that fire was in such a nice position! The smoke, in ascending, struck the outer edge of the rock, rolled back into the cave, passed through our lungs, and thence into the open air again.

And then those old guides sat by the fire and drivelled and lied about bears and wolves, till a man was almost afraid to sleep any way, if such a thing had been possible. I went to raise up to see if my pistol was all right, forgetting the important fact that the ceiling (rock, too,) over my head was but two feet high. I tried to conceal the accident that followed, but it was discovered, and there was a laugh at my expense.

This unsettled me. The deep fountains of my anger were broken up, and I rained the nine parts of speech in a style most derogatory to the glory of that cave. If no preachers or ladies had been present, there is no telling what would have happened.

We had hoped to get a view the next morning, but that hope was deferred—deferred indefinitely, too. *Next morning it rained.* We got up in the *rain*, ate breakfast in the *rain*, started down in the *rain!* I hope my recollections of Black Mountain, as given here, are not *dry*—don't see how they can be, for I never think of it except as deluged with water.

When we were half way down we halted, built a big raft, tied our horses behind it, and floated down to the hotel in style. We left our guides on the mountain side to drown. I think this statement must be correct, if my memory "serves me right." Since this trip, I have always felt more closely related to Noah.

EDITORIAL.

A RAMBLE AMONG RELICS.

A propensity for deranging the present and unceasingly prying into the future is a weakness that may entitle one to the appellation of meddler. Some people, and the number seems to be increasing, are fond of dwelling on the past and its memories, of knowing what men have done in days gone by, and of seeing what they have left as treasures to posterity. One of the latter class, who has an intense, almost passionate, fondness for the antique, spent an evening recently in looking over the "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore," in the College Library, and wishes to give others of similar turn of mind the result of his pleasant search. The volumes, "quaint and curious," are not *very* quaint or curious, but, such as they are, they are not entirely without interest.

The first volume having an air of antiquity that attracts is entitled, *Eliæ Hutteri Biblia Hebr., Chald., Græce, Latine, Germ., Ital., Norimbergæ*, 1599. This was no doubt going the rounds of reviewers and criticism while the Thirty Years War was in its state of germination and Queen Bess and Essex quarrelled in Britain. It really seems to be that old, and contains the Old Testament in the several languages named, which are arranged in parallel columns. How this ever came across the broad ocean and steered its course through the ages safe into W. F. College Library, is a subject on which we must be silent. Some desecrator of relics has very irreverently written on its fly-leaf, "Presented by Nemo," and that is all its aged pages tell us on the subject.

The next is, *Sacr Histor;* or, *The Historical part of the Holy Scriptures of the New Testament.* This revealed not to us the date of its issue, but is apparently much more ancient than the Polyglot Bible mentioned above. This solitary inscription is found on the cover inside, "Joshua Skinner, His Book, July the 27th, 1766." It tells no further tale of its wanderings.

The third mention to be made of these relics is about *Henry's Commentary, by Matthæus Henry*, V. D. M., *Seventh Edition, Edinburgh.* Facing the title-page is a wood-cut (we guess) portrait of Mr. M. Henry, from which we learn that the book was "published May 15th, 1768, by John Wood." (Now we are sure it 's a "wood"-cut.) The preface, however, is dated "Chester, October 2, 1706." Wonder if Mr. Henry ever dreamed that just one hundred years from that time his book would still retain the *dew* of its youth? If he did, it 's a wonder, for we find inscribed in it the following quaintly written and sorrowful record, "Sally Dew wife of John Dew departed this Life on sunday night the first day of June in the year of our Lord 1806.

L. Dew.

John Dew departed this Life on friday night about two hours before

day on saterday in the month of febuwary 22nd 1811.

Larry Dew."

Of this set only Vols. 1, 2, and 6 are preserved; there is, however, a complete set of six volumes, larger in size than these, but of similar print, date, &c. In the latter is found the following: "Wilson Reed, his book, October 12, 1816." Immediately under it in different writing: "Bought of the heirs of George Reed dec'd by Martin Ross." Further on: "Wm Reed, 1773." Who is Martin Ross?

The next is quite an ancient looking old father, but in good condition nevertheless. This is written entirely in Latin, with numerous *quotations*, however, in Greek. Its title-page informs su that it is *Augustini Stenchi Eugubini de Perenni Philosophia Libri X*, and we have no good reason for doubting this statement. This title-page is ornamented on its margin by various wood-cuts. On top we find the faces of "Aristoteles, Plato, Solomon Rex, Socrates, Pythagoras." On the left side are the following pairs: Aristides and Demosthenes—Lucianus and Plutarchus—Cicero and Quintilian—Plinius and A. Gellius—T. Livius and Sallustius. On the right: Homerus and Hesiodus—Euripides and Aristophanes—Theocritus and Pindarus—Vergilius and Horatius—Ovidius and Lucretius. At the bottom we behold the muses in total dishabile, except Melpomene, who has a harp, and Calliope. Enterpe has a triangle, Cleio draws the bow of her violin with creditable dexterity, while Terpsichore is equally happy with her guitar. A rill down the side of a mountain supplies a little square spring in the ground beside which the kneeling Homer is being crowned with a chaplet by Calliope. With her are also Thalia, Urania, Polymnia, and Erato.

Deeply stamped in the back on the outside is a representation of the crucifixion of the Savior, underneath which is the Latin, "Ecce agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi." The date of its publication is 1540.

This queer title is found in the fifth: "The VVORKES OF THAT FAMOVS AND VVORTHY MINISTER OF CHRIST IN THE VNIVERSITIE OF CAMBRIDGE

M. VVILLIAM PERKINS.

Printed at London

by JOHN LEGGATT, Printer to the Vniversitie of CAMBRIDGE. 1613."

Where this came from we cannot tell. It contains in writing, seemingly as old as the book itself, this piece of information, "Fortitude abandoned what is man! The above Inscription was engraved on a Plate and put on ye coffin of Chas. Crawford agreeable to his directions left in his will." After turning a leaf or two there appears the solitary "David Smith his book."

The next book was once the property of D. W. Stone, and is *Outlines of the Lectures on Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology delivered at the University of North Carolina, for the use of students.* Printed at Raleigh by J. Gales, 1819. It is interleaved with blank pages, many of which are filled with comments of various kinds. Here is a sample taken from the page opposite *Galvanism:* "In the year 1791 a very remarkably discovery was made by Dr. Galvani at Bologna.

"He discovered that a frog dead

and skinned is capable of having its muscles brought into action by means of electricity in exceeding small quantities." There are numbers of books having in them the name of David Stone, which are very ancient looking—Lexicons, editions of Pliny's Letters, Sallust, &c., one, two, or three hundred years old ; but we regret not having space for the names and dates even. The notice of a pamphlet published about 1791–'2, inside of which was found a little slip telling us that "this is *very* valuable, 'worth its weight in gold,'" will close this sketch. It seems to be of a statistical nature, giving the number of Baptist churches in each State, counties in which they lie, churches in each county, according to their faith, distinguished as 6 Principle, 7th Day Baptists, etc. ; Associations to which the churches belong, etc. It is somewhat mutilated. The following from the preface it is hoped will explain itself: "I have been defirous and have waited feveral years to fee a publication of the nature of the following. And though I was fenfible I could publifh nothing of the kind without the fatigue and expence of travelling over greateft part of the continent ; yet, at the requeft of many, I have been prevailed upon to make the tour of the Baptift Churches, to obtain the neceffary information. With a view to this I have travelled about 7000 miles, in about 18 months, *chiefly on foot*, and have vifited about 215 Churches, and 15 Affociations. * * * * * * I appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that my principal defign is to make the Baptifts better acquainted with each other, that union may more generally obtain amongft them. I defign to open a correfpondence with the feveral Affociations, and Churches who do not affociate, that future accounts may be more compleat and correct than the prefent.

John Asplund, a Sweed.
Southampton county, Virginia,
July, 14, 1791."

It is labelled "Asplund's Register," and as we take one last "drowning look" at it, we can't help smiling at these pretty names of North Carolina churches in other days which we catch on the fly from its pages: "Skewarkey Creek, Martin co., Allegeter River, Hide co., Matrimony Creek, Rockingingham co."

OUTRAGED FRESHMEN.

We look on the restricted rights, the oppression and tyranny of other lands, and no particular emotion is excited. We forget them easily and pass them by without comment. The bondage of the Jews excites but little comment in proportion to the magnitude of the oppression which at present they are undergoing. When acts of oppression approach our own doors we instinctively feel a livelier interest in them. There is one species of tyranny which has not only caused untold evils in foreign lands, but is even now having a baleful influence on thousands in our own country. We refer to the shameful habit practised at most of the colleges of our land called *hazing*.

It was transported from the English university, where for centuries it has raged without restraint ; and it seems from accounts that America is destined not to be far behind England in this

dastardly practice. It has with us become an established custom. The presumption therefore is on the side of the evil, and it must stand till some sufficient reason is adduced against it; and we know that with us lies the *onus probandi:* yet we do not apprehend much difficulty in proving the established custom to be an unmitigated evil, and that a change would decidedly be for the better.

In the first place, the practice is contrary to christianity. Nowhere does the Bible warrant the persecution of our fellows; its teachings are solidly arrayed against it, and no man can indulge in the practice of hazing without breaking laws which should be held in the highest respect. It is antagonistic to the laws which govern society. The laws of civilization cry out against it. Suppose the practice were not confined to schools and colleges, in what a condition we would be! Imagination is not capable of depicting scenes which would inevitably follow.

"At Harvard College in the last century no Freshman was allowed to speak to a Senior with his hat on, or to have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there; and every Freshman was obliged to serve as errand boy for any of his Seniors, graduates or undergraduates at any time, except in studying hours or after 9 o'clock in the evening."

This is merely a case of downright imposition—the stronger exercising his power over the weaker. To a certain extent the lower classes should pay due deference to the higher, but certainly not to the extent which we notice above and which requires boys of sensitive and refined dispositions to be made the drudges and slaves of the brutal "gentlemen of the higher classes."

The practice does not end here, for we have well authenticated accounts of kidnapping resulting in the infliction of serious injury.

Truly the condition of the boy in a low class at school is one of extreme hardship. He is at the mercy of egotistical Seniors, consequential Juniors, and coarse upstart Sophomores. He has not the protection which society offers every one else; he has no alternative but absolute submission to the wildest caprices of his merciless tormentors.

We could cite instance after instance from reliable sources where boys have been permanently injured, and at places not many days journey hence. One instance particularly comes before us and we cannot forbear mentioning it. Several years ago a boy of some fifteen or sixteen years matriculated at a college. He had been reared with the greatest care, and harshness and brutal treatment were to him as the sin and sorrow of the world to Prince Siddartha. He possessed a finely organized nervous system, moral courage of a high order, but was sadly deficient in animal courage. Thrown into the society of a set of college boys, "the roughest things in the universe," he lived in continual fear. They found out his weakness, and it seemed that on him their tyrannical impositions would know no end. Ways of torture were invented which could only have emanated from the ingenious brain of school boys intent on harassing to the

extent of their ability. In such a case one may rightly conjecture the result.

In a short time his health and character were destroyed, and his usefulness spoiled for life. He who might have become a great, useful man, an ornament to society and a benefit to his race, sunk into shame and nonentity.

Such treatment is not uncommon; we have not given an exceptional or overdrawn case. Just now numberless boys are suffering untold tortures, and hundreds are having their usefulness impaired for life by this bullying, tyrannical spirit which pervades almost without exception, to a greater or less extent, the colleges of America.

"Horse jockeys know that a highly nervous horse is utterly destroyed by harshness. A groom who tried to cure a shying horse by roughness and violence would be discharged as a brute and a fool." And it is equally true with boys. You may break their spirit; but the breaking kills.

The primary cause of the evil may be found in the natural propensity of the strong to exercise his power over the weak. If we see in our every-day life a case of imposition, are not our sympathies enlisted at once in behalf of the sufferer? Does not our manhood cry out against the oppression of the weak and impotent? Hence the strangeness of the fact that so unchristianlike and cowardly a practice as hazing should ever have been permitted to assume such gigantic proportions by those to whom the education of young men is committed.

Without doubt it is one of the most pernicious evils attaching to the colleges of the day.

We enter our feeble protest against it, and hope the last vestige of so disgraceful a practice may disappear at an early day from the colleges of our land. Why not, as the upper classes at Lafayette College did, give the new-comers a dining instead of a hazing? Of all those who come in contact with the young gentlemen enjoying the privileges of higher education, none have a better claim to a generous and courteous reception than those lately come to receive along with them the polish and magnanimity which are the invariable accompaniments of Christian culture.

THE NEED OF RECREATION.

It is a fact, as patent as any axiom of mathematics, that whatever exists must have a basis on which to stand, a something which, although subordinate in itself, is necessary to the existence of the whole. It is certain that no house can be built unless it have a foundation, a substructure, which has no independent virtue, but which is indispensable to the existence of the house. This is the relation between the mind and the body, and bodily health is as essential to perfect mental activity as a solid foundation is to the handsome edifice.

One of the greatest faults of Americans is their neglect of the physical system; and, as a consequence, our strength and manhood suffer. We have yet much to learn from some of the nations of Europe, where a hardier manhood can be found, resulting from attention to nature's laws. Here, in

our feverish pursuit of the "almighty dollar," our people are too negligent of health. They are too closely chained to the car of business, and devote too little of their time to out-door exercise. But the older states of Europe, taught by long centuries of experience, have learned the wisdom of resting.

"*Sana mens in sano corpore*" is a maxim which has lost none of its truth and force on account of its triteness. The inspired sage wrote, that "the glory of a young man is his strength," but now-a-days young men are too apt to forget this. Many rush into the shop at an early age, and drag out an existence behind the counter. And many students lose sight of the fact that sitting in a chair, poring over a book, and leaning over a desk cannot be the way to acquire the strength of body which is the glory of the young man.

The growth and vigorous condition of every member of the body, as well as every faculty of the mind, depends on exercise. Energy is a necessary condition of life, and the measure of one's vitality is the measure of his working power. Absolute rest is found only in the grave. All the parts of the body perform their functions only by exercise, and if this is not taken, suffering will ensue. Nature is not mocked, and she is never over-merciful in administering chastisement.

Taking exercise never interferes with our studies. Of course, it is altogether commendable for a student to pore over his books and bend over his desk, for study is the prime object of our coming here. But the mind should not be cultivated at the expense of the body; and it cannot be, for when the health fails, the mind invariably loses power. And besides, we are in a better condition to study after exercising. The strain on the mind has been relieved, and we are ready to take up our duties with renewed vigor.

If we were to rest oftener from the wearing-out processes of every-day life, and if "dull care" were banished oftener from our minds, there would be a decided improvement in the national health, and even the standard of national morals would be elevated. This opposition or indifference to healthful recreations on the part of many of our people is hurtful in its tendency. Our noses are so closely held to the grindstone of business, that some of us appear to reckon the faculty of mirthful laughter among the lost arts. To man alone is given the power to laugh, and some persons would almost make you think that man, too, had never been so endowed. We have the authority of Holy Writ for saying that "there is a time to laugh," meaning not the sneering, cynical laughter of the misanthrope, but the mirthful outpourings of a happy heart.

EDUCATIONAL.

—DURING 1880 266 students were graduated in theology, 3,501 in medicine, and 1,041 in law.

—DURING the past year, donations to the amount of $406,000 were made to Harvard University.

—PRINCETON Theological Seminary has sent 202 missionaries to foreign fields.

—THE sum of $2,000,000 has been left to Boston University by Isaac Rich, to be paid ten years after his death.

—THE degree of LL. D. has been conferred by Hanover College upon Miss Mitchell, Ph. D., Professor of Astronomy, and Director of the Observatory of Vassar College.

—THE government of Austria has established a law making education compulsory, and all children will be obliged to attend school for eight years.

—IN San Francisco, Spanish is taught regularly in the schools. Spanish is to that section of the country what German is to the Atlantic States, the most useful foreign tongue in commercial life.

—THE Yale College Faculty has declared that hereafter when Seniors or Sophomores injure a Freshman, the guilty parties shall be punished just as if they had injured a human being. —*Exchange.*

—DR. BARNAS SEARS, while preparing for college, earned his support by building stone walls in summer and teaching school in winter.

—DURING the first year of his administration, Chancellor Sims, of Syracuse University, succeeded in adding $65,000 to the endowment fund of the University. The general finances, also, are now in a much better condition than before he took charge of his office.

—IN a recent issue we noted the fact that the trustees of the University of Mississippi had decided to open the institution to women, on equal terms with men. There are now 13 young ladies in attendance there, and a report says that their average class standing excels that of the young men.

—IT is said to be a fact that the teachers in the Pennsylvania public schools are paid such meagre salaries that it is a difficult matter to procure competent teachers. Of course, this does not apply to the public schools in the cities, where the teachers are liberally supported.

—PROF. R. H. GARNETT, has been called to the chair of Greek in Georgetown College, Georgetown, Ky., made vacant by the death of Prof. Thomas. Prof. Garnett graduated with the degree of M. A. at Richmond College, in June, and was called almost immediately to his present position.

—THE trustees of Williams College voted to give to Prof. Hewitt, of Chicago, the chair of Ancient Languages, and to endow the professorship with the Garfield memorial fund, instead of using it to establish a chair for some leading political teacher, as it was first intended.

—THERE are at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary 112 students—more than it ever had before. Additional buildings had to be rented in order to provide accommodations for the increased attendance.

—AN idea may be gained of the dimensions and importance of public school work when it is considered that an annual expenditure of more than $80,000,000 is involved, nearly 1,000,000 of pupils are enrolled, and about 300,000 teachers employed.

—PROF. WM. T. HARRIS, the distinguished educational and philosophical writer, delivers this year the New England Lectures on Pedagogy. The lectures are delivered on Saturdays in Wesleyan Hall, Boston, and were begun on the 14th of October.

—THERE is no possible excuse for lack of education now, for any one who desires an education can obtain it. The young lady or gentleman who does not become well informed, fails to make a proper use of the common advantages for education.—*Ex.*

—ALL history is against the theory that, if the young are taught what is right and the reasons why it is right, they will do what is right when they grow up. Such teaching is worthless unless it gets beyond the sphere of the intellect, and influences the formation of character.—*Herbert Spencer.*

IT is the general impression that the Universities of Germany confer degrees only on examination, but this is not always the case. True, it is the rule, but honorary degrees are occasionally conferred. They are conferred, however, only on scholars of recognized rank and ability. The University of Wurzburg has recently conferred on Mr. Henry Fawcett the degree of Doctor of Political Economy.

—THE table of benefactions for 1880 shows how unequally the colleges for men and women share in the generous gifts of public-spirited friends. Out of $5,000,000 given to educational institutions during the year over $2,000,000 were given to universities and colleges, and only about $92,000 to colleges and seminaries exclusively for women.

—"KENTUCKY has twenty universities and colleges, seven schools of medicines, six theological schools, two law schools, and one agricultural and mechanical college, with several hundred grammar schools, academies, and colleges, each holding a high standard of education. With all these means of secondary education, her primary schools are confessedly poor. There are 250,000 illiterates in the State."

—TORONTO University proposes to follow the lead of Columbia, Cornell, and other colleges of the United States, by introducing instruction in constitutional law and political economy. A system of fellowships is also proposed, the scheme providing for eight fellows—two in classics, one in mathemathics, one in physics, two in modern languages and two in natural sciences—to be elected by the faculty from first-class honor graduates, and to receive perhaps $500 each for their assistance during the academic year. The surplus on hand and the annual income of the institution will provide for the fellowships, but the scientific appliances now needed will have to be furnished through public subscription.

—THE University of Edinburgh was incorporated by a charter which dates as far back as 1620. Its patronage is almost entirely Scotch, while a few English youth resort thither attracted by the fame of its professors and by the fact that the cost of living in Edinburgh is smaller than in any other university town. The academic year begins the last of October and closes the first of April. During the last session 3,257 students were matriculated.

—THE Senior class at Columbia has adopted a series of resolutions earnestly protesting against co-education. The following is the principal resolution: *Resolved*, That it is the fixed opinion and firm conviction of the Senior class of Columbia College that the co-education of the sexes is undesirable from an educational, as well as from a social and a moral standpoint, and that its introduction here would be a fatal blow to the future welfare and prosperity of the institution.

—MY teachers were hidebound pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of ought save their lexicons and quarterly account books. How shall he give kindling in whose inward nature there is no live coal, but all is burnt out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag professors knew syntax enough, and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called memory, and could be acted on through the muscular integument by application of birch rods.—*T. Carlyle.*

—THE table of business colleges for 1880 shows upward of 3,000 girls attending, which is not the entire number, because in many cases the sex of pupils is not reported. In 1880 there were 25,780 students in colleges for women, (more than double the number reported ten years before,) and 8,000 in colleges which admit both sexes. These, among many other facts which might be mentioned, indicate a strong probability that the number of illiterate women has decreased since 1850.

—NEARLY 2,000 more young men were studying for the ministry in 1880 than ten years previous, and 62 more schools for them have been heard from. In the number of such schools, which, however, is not always in proportion to the strength of the denomination, the Roman Catholics and Baptists lead, each reporting 21; the Presbyterians and Lutherans come next, each with 16; the Protestant Episcopal Church, 15; Methodist Episcopal, 13; the Congregationalists, 11, and 14 other denominations reporting from 1 to 5 schools each. Over 3,000 young men are studying law, nearly twice as many as in 1870, while the students in medicine, dentistry and pharmacy (about 14,000 more) have also nearly doubled.

—AS to matriculation at a German university, in no case within my knowledge has an American candidate been called upon to pass an examination on the studies of the gymnasium. His college diploma has, in most cases, been enough to secure his admission to university privileges. The only examination he has to look forward to is the final one for his degree. "Annuals" are unknown. Allow me to re-state, in the following terms, the conditions upon which a graduate of an American college, who "reads a

little German," can take a degree in a German university. (1) Familiarity with the language. (2) The successful accomplishment of an original investigation in the student's specialty. (3) The presentation of a dissertation giving the results of this work (but not required, I believe, at Heidelburg). (4) A searching oral examination on the student's specialty and the branches subordinate to it.—*John T. Stoddard, in Century.*

—ONE of the terrors of the New World arises from the trouble that is taken in American education with "elocution." A young American is able to orate as if he were Demosthenes or Cicero; but then, as the occasion for Olynthiacs and Philipics does not often arise in ordinary life, the effect of his display is painfully exaggerated and stagey. We do not want oratory, but the power of stating and arguing a case with simplicity and clearness.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—THE approximate number of graduates at the New England colleges as shown by the lists of Seniors in the official catalogues, is as follows: Harvard, 182; Yale, 154; Dartmouth, 72; Amherst, 65; Brown, 54; Williams, 45; Colby, 35; Trinity, 30; Bowdoin, 28; Bates, 26; Wesleyan, 56; Vermont, 16; Boston University, 15; Tufts, 10; Middlebury, 11; Massachusetts Agricultural College, 35; (of whom only a dozen appear to be candidates for the bachelor's degree); Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 24. This makes a total of 803.

—WISCONSIN expended upon public education last year $2,670,748, each pupil in the public schools costing the State $7.67. The receipts of the private schools of the State were $70,488, and the expenditures $75,052. The annual report of the State Superintendent advocates the kindergarten work, a gradual raising of teachers' qualifications and lessening of the number of the kinds of teachers' certificates, the imposition of a State tax for the support of public schools, the making obligatory the township system, and the wider adoption of the graded system. Wisconsin has now 5,843 public schools, under charge of 7,065 teachers.

—THE government of Japan has resolved on the establishment of 52,760 primary schools. The whole empire is divided into eight collegiate departments, with one college to each department. Even children under six years of age will be compelled to attend the primary school.

—How is Trinity College (N. C.) getting on? We should be glad to know that the clouds were clearing from its horizon; but, as things stand now, we should not be greatly surprised to learn that it was crushed under its burden of debt. It seems that the Methodists, who are one of the leading denominations in the State, might, if they would, come to its rescue and support. [Since the above was put in type we have been pained to learn the death of the President, Dr. Craven.]

—OF 463 convicts in the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, in 1880, only thirteen had attended High Schools, and of these eight had attended only one year; and but a single one as long as three years. Out of 571 inmates of the Western Penitentiary, only three are represented as possessing a superior education. Of the 2,307 persons convicted and sent

to jail and work houses in 1879, only thirteen had received more than a moderate education; and it is said that there was not a single college graduate among them.—*Home Circle.*

—OUGHT we not to get rid of the term "free school"? Children who attend "free schools," as well as their parents, are apt to think little of them and the instruction which they provide. They unconsciously argue thus: the school is free—costs nobody anything, and it is of no use to be particular about attendance, etc. This, of course, is absurd, just as the epithet "free" applied to our public schools is erroneous and misleading. They are supported by a number of pockets, and everything connected with them costs money. At the proper time the children ought to be made acquainted with this fact, and then they ought to show their gratitude in their efforts to improve to the full the advantages of the school, and in any way possible increase its influence and usefulness.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—IT is estimated that nine out of ten English books pay for ink, paper and covering.

—THE Century Company is publishing many of the poems and rhymes of *St. Nicholas*, with illustrations, in the Arabic language, retaining much of their melody and rhythm.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER'S Sermons" will be published hereafter in a weekly pamphlet edition by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. Four have already appeared.

—THE works of the famous physician, Galen, which were supposed to be lost, are said to have been found at Salonica. They are in manuscript, date from the 15th century, and appear to have covered, originally, 248 sheets; 144 are in good condition, 24 are mutilated and worm-eaten, and 80 are missing.

—IN a profusely illustrated article for the November *Century*, Mrs. Lucy M. Mitchell tells the story of the "Sculptures of the Great Pergamon Altar," which have been discovered in the last few years. The chief illustration of the paper is a full-page copy of an ideal bronze head for which the British Museum is said to have paid nearly $50,000.

—THE announcement some time ago that Mr. Matthew Arnold would visit America, was hailed with delight by his many admirers in this country. We learn, however, he has been compelled to abandon his intention to visit us.

—THE life of Garfield by Thayer, entitled *From Log Cabin to White House*, has proved to be a greater success in England than in America. It is exceedingly popular there, and a second edition has been called for.

—THE *Atlantic* has on hand a treat for its readers at the beginning of the year. It is a dramatic poem, "Michael Angelo," by Longfellow. It was left completed in MS. by him. The publication of it begins with the January number.

—THE author of *The Light of Asia* has a poem in press entitled *Pearls of the Faith.* It is written from the standpoint of an Indian Mussulman. This author "revels in a kingdom all his own" in this sort of writing, and we may reasonably expect a work above the ordinary.

—*Eras and Characters of History* is the title of a new book by Rev. Wm. R. Williams, LL. D., of New York. It is published by the Harpers, and is spoken of in high terms by the reviews. It is a series of studies upon famous historical epochs and characters, made with the main idea of demonstrating the fact that Christianity must disappoint the predictions of those who look for its ultimate overthrow.

—PROF. HÆCKEL publishes a letter which the late Chas. Darwin wrote after repeated entreaties to a young student at Jena. It is the most definite statement of Darwin's attitude towards religion. It reads as follows:

DOWN, June 5, 1879.

Dr. Sir: I am much occupied, an old man, with bad health, and I have no time to answer your questions fully, even supposing that they admit of answer. Science has nothing to do with Christ, except so far as the habit of scientific observation makes a man careful in admitting evidence. As regards myself, I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made. In respect to a future life, every man must make his decision between contradictory and undetermined probabilities. I remain your well wisher,

CHARLES DARWIN.

—PAUL H. HAYNE, our Southern poet, is a man of medium size—perhaps five and a half feet tall—with well proportioned figure, olive complexion, dark, penetrating brown eyes, and full, massive forehead. He has highly polished manners, cordial address, and so much natural eloquence in conversation as to remind one of the fact that he is a nephew of Robt. Hayne, Daniel Webster's famous opponent.

—PRESIDENT GARFIELD, a short time before he was wounded, sent a pleasant message to William Black expressing his regret that the novelist had ended "MacLeod of Dare" so tragically. "There is tragedy enough in the world," said the man whose life was so soon to go out in frightful suffering heroically borne. This and much more concerning Mr. Black is related in a charming illustrated article which is to appear in the next number of *Harper's Magazine.*

—MR. HUBERT H. BANCROFT has a "reference library" of 35,600 volumes, which he has recently placed in a fire-proof building in San Francisco built for the purpose. There are 12,000 volumes in a single class of his shelved books, and the collection is one of great value. Mr. Bancroft made a handsome fortune as a bookseller and publisher, and is now about 50 years old. His five volume history of *The Native Races of the Pacific States* is a mere preface to what is to follow, if he lives to complete his plan. Since 1869 he has been working on a history of the Pacific States, and now has twelve assistants. He hopes soon to begin publishing his great work, at the

rate of three or four volumes a year. What he has thus far printed is considered extremely valuable by competent critics.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who has been Parkman Prof. of Anatomy in the medical school of Harvard for thirty-five years, has tendered his resignation in order that he may give himself more exclusively to literary pursuits.

—The editor of the *Century* thinks but little of Mr. Underwood's sketch of "Longfellow." In his opinion the writer has little dramatic power or appreciation of perspective in biography, and is not capable of discriminating criticism. It is of that class of wholesale praise biographies which one could wish extinct.

—That is a delightful sketch of Victor Hugo by M. Alphonse Daudet in the *Century* for November. The great poet is now about eighty years old, but remarkably well preserved and strong. M. Daudet declares that he never reads anything, will not take the time from writing. "Victor Hugo will give us all that he has."

—On the 26th of October Prof. Tyndall unveiled on the Thames Embankment at Chelsea a statue of Thomas Carlyle. He expressed the wish that a similar memorial be raised at the same place in honor of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "the loftiest, purest, and most penetrating spirit that has shone in American literature, and the life-long friend of Carlyle."

—We saw in the *Baptist Courier*, of S. C., a poem called the "Burial of Moses," with "For the Baptist Courier" printed above. We thought we had another poet's effort to describe what nobody knows anything about; but no, it was the familiar poem by Mrs. C. F. Alexander, word for word. That word "For the Baptist Courier" misled us; such an expression usually means that what follows was written expressly for the paper publishing it.

—In a late issue of *Our Continent* Prof. D. S. Jordan gives a thrilling account of his ascent of the Matterhorn with a party quite large for that perilous journey. The Matterhorn is not so high as some other peaks of the Alps, as Mont Blanc, but it is the most perpendicular mountain in Europe. Our head was not many degrees from swimming as we read of his standing on the summit—a platform two feet wide and twenty feet long—in the forming snow 14,835 feet above the sea, with no part of the earth visible but the narrow strip on which he stood.

—The spiritual birth of one of Frances Ridley Havergal's finest poems, "Take my Life," is described as follows by this consecrated writer in one of her letters to a friend: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for; some converted, but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord give me all in the house!' And he just did! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration; and these little couplets formed themselves,

and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, 'Ever, Only, All for Thee.'"—*Index.*

ANYTHING is interesting connected with the greatest man of American letters. Mr. Emerson was averse especially in his later years to having his portrait taken in any way. An excellent photograph was, however, obtained by a little stratagem. His friend Dr. W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia, was visiting, and met Samuel Bradford, treasurer of the Reading Railroad Company, the three having been school-fellows in boyhood. It was suggested that the three be photographed in a group, and after some persuasion Mr. Emerson's scruples were overcome. The trio repaired to Gutekunst's, and while in position the shrewd artist levelled an extra camera at Mr. Emerson, and succeeded in getting a very good picture without the philosopher's knowing anything about it. Some time after copies of the photogragh were sent to Mr. Emerson, who did not find the least fault with the *ruse* which gave his friends a correct likeness of him as he appeared in his later life.

—MR. FRANK VINCENT, Jr., has just received an autograph letter from H. M. Norodom I., King of Cambodia, bestowing on him the decoration of the Royal Order of Cambodia, in token of his appreciation of Mr. Vincent's well-known book, *The Land of the White Elephant.* "We have had its contents read to us," says his Cambodian Majesty, "and found your voyages and description of the different countries through which you have travelled very interesting. Your description of Our Kingdom and of our manners and customs is quite exact. We thank you for your kind consideration." The letter, which is written in English, concludes with a cordial invitation for the author to return to Cambodia: "We shall be very happy to see you once more, and will do all in our power to aid and facilitate your voyages in Our Kingdom." The paper bears the royal arms stamped in high relief, the envelope the great seal of the kingdom in beautifully embossed gilt-work.

—AFTER chronicling almost daily the names of eminent Englishmen who had joined the Longfellow Memorial Committee, we record to-day the meeting which has decided to set the poet's bust in Westminster Abbey. Men of all professions have been chosen to places in the executive body, where archbishops foregather with editors of society journals, philologists with political economists, statesmen with artists, the author of "Elaine" with the author of "Breakfast in Bed," the founder of the Rugby colony with the youthful husband of a benevolent baroness. Thus the movement has been lifted from the purely literary sphere, and the tribute is the tribute of an entire people. Indeed, the only attempts to belittle it have come from obscure men of letters, from petty verse-mongers like Mr. Coventry Patmore, whose still small voice has long been hushed, while Longfellow's note still sounds as clear as when it first was heard in the poetic choir.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—THE publisher of the *Literary News* recently offered prizes for the six most striking and characteristic sentences from Emerson's writings,

those four persons whose sentences were the most frequently quoted by all the competitors to have a prize. There were forty-nine competitors. The highest number of votes given to the same sentence was twenty-four. The following seven sentences received from twenty-four to eleven votes each in their order:

1. "Character is higher than intellect. * * A great soul will be strong to live as well as to think."—*The American Scholar.*

26. "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."—*On Lincoln.*

43. "The fountain of beauty is the heart, and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber." *Society and Solitude.*

48. "The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it."—*Essay on Domestic Life.*

10. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiam."—*Essay on Circles.*

7. "There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us."—*Essay on Behavior.*

54. "The finest and noblest ground on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed."—*Essay on the Superlative.*

—THE publication of a series of original biographical handbooks, entitled "Eminent Women," is announced. They will be written entirely by women, and we predict that this will be one of the most interesting series of books of the season. The first volumes include "George Eliot," "Emily Bronte," "George Sand," "Mary Lamb," and "Maria Edgeworth."

—WE quote from the *Critic:* "St. Nicholas is at the head of all periodicals designed for juvenile readers. Whether in letter-press or illustrations, it is unapproached by anything of the kind in existence."

—"JOHN RANDOLPH" by Henry Adams, the new volume in the *American Statesmen* series is out. The author has little sympathy with Randolph's character, and although he leaves him a picturesque figure in American politics, strips him of every thread of fictitious grandeur.

—VERY little is known of the poetry of Dickens beyond a song or two that occurs in the "Pickwick papers." He was author, however, of several poems, mostly humorous. Some consider one or two of his serious pieces the best. We give below one of his short poems, "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," one of the best things of its kind in the language.

The child and the old man sat alone
In the quiet, peaceful shade
Of the old green boughs, that had richly grown
In the deep thick forest glade.
It was a soft and pleasant sound,
That rustling of the oak,
And the gentle breeze played lightly round
As thus the fair boy spoke:—

"Dear father, what can honor be,
Of which I hear men rave?
Field, cell and cloister, land and sea,
The tempest and the grave,
It lives in all, 'tis sought in each,
'Tis never heard or seen.
Now tell me, father, I beseech,
What can this honor mean?"

It is a name—a name, my child—
It lived in other days,
When men were rude, their passions wild,
Their sport, thick battle frays;
When in armor bright the warrior bold
Knelt to his lady's eyes—
Beneath the abbey pavement old
That warrior's dust now lies.

The iron hearts of that old day
Have mouldered in the grave,
And chivalry has passed away
With knights so true and brave;
The honor which to them was life
Throbs in no bosom now—
It only gilds the gambler's strife
Or decks the worthless vow.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—Unless it takes more mental faculty to construe a Universe than to cause it, to read the Book of Nature than to write it, we must more than ever look upon its sublime face as the living appeal of Thought to Thought. —*Martineau.*

—Colored Stars.—It is a fact by no means new, but on that account hardly less interesting, that some of the stars are marked by colors that may be easily distinguished with a powerful telescope. Sir John Herschel describes a group of 110 stars near Kappa of the Southern Cross, the principal ones of which, scarcely of the eighth magnitude, exhibit the greatest diversity of colors. Two are red, two are green, one is bluish-white, and three others are pale blue. He declares that, when viewed through a telescope of sufficient power to reveal the colors, the group is an object extremely brilliant and beautiful, the individual stars having the aspect of exquisite jewels.

—A Growing Youth.—Jean Condoist has been brought to Paris as a medical curiosity from the Haute Caône. According to a medical contributor to a Parisian contemporary, this youth, aged 19, took a start on the 17th of May, 1881, being then six feet three inches high, and found one morning that he had grown an inch. Every week since then he has registered himself, and on the 14th of September this human beanstalk had gained nearly five inches; he grew five inches more before the 20th of January, 1882, and seven more before March 15, and he now stands 7 feet 10 inches. All this has been accompanied by great pains in the back, and he stoops considerably; but since last June, it is his legs only that have grown, and his feet are already twenty-four inches long.—*London Pall Mall Gazette.*

—The Children and Science.—In school the children are so much taken up with the three R's that the development of the observing faculty is all but entirely neglected. To reserve the fascinating study of science for mature years entirely is unreasonable. It was in Switzerland that the idea of a Natural Science Association for children was first conceived; but America has not been backward to follow the example, as the Agassiz Association shows. The growth of this organization may be seen in the rapid growth of the *St. Nicholas* branch, which was begun in November, 1880, and now numbers 336 chapters and 3,816 members. Each issue of that magazine contains numerous reports of the work done in the chapters in the observation and collection of flowers, minerals, insects, etc. The advantages of such an association are obvious. The habit of keen and accurate observation is cultivated, a fund of useful facts is accumulated, and withal is secured the healthful amusement of the children—"a happy combination of amusement and instruction, without the usual aimlessness of the one and the irksomeness of the other."

—THE first purely scientific periodical published in America was established by Dr. Archibald Bruce. It bore the name, "American Mineralogical Journal," and the first number was published in 1810. It was well received at home and abroad; but after a struggle of several years, it was given up on the publication of the fourth number. It is thought that, but for the failing health of its founder, it would have continued longer.

—THE TRUE HOME OF THE HORSE. —When a student in Germany some twelve [now seventeen] years ago, I heard a world-renowned professor of zoölogy gravely inform his pupils that the horse was a gift of the Old World to the New, and was entirely unknown in America until introduced by the Spaniards. After the lecture, I asked him whether no earlier remains of horses had been found on this continent, and was told in reply that the reports to that effect were too unsatisfactory to be presented as facts in science. The remark led me, on my return, to examine the subject myself, and I have since unearthed, with my own hands, not less than thirty distinct species of the horse tribe, in the tertiary deposits of the West alone; and it is now, I believe, generally admitted that America is, after all, the true home of the horse.—*Prof. O. C. Marsh.*

—A GLACIER ON SALE.—The enormous glacier Fonor Svartisen, on the Senjen Island in Norway, which is the northernmost of its kind in Europe, will shortly, says *Nature*, be made the object of a remarkable enterprise. It appears that a number of speculative merchants in Bergen have obtained the right of cutting block ice for export from its surface. Some blocks have already arrived at the latter place, and as the quality of the ice has been found to be good, large shipments may be expected. The glacier is about 120 square miles, and as the distance from its border to the sea is only a couple of miles, the ice may be obtained very cheaply. A similar attempt to utilize the glacier Folgefonden was made some years ago, but failed, owing to the blocks in their downward course repeatedly breaking through the wooden bore or conductor in which they were slid down to the sea.—*Scientific American.*

—CORAL ANIMALS.—It is imagined by many persons that polyps are mechanical workers, and that, as the rock mason, they heap particles on particles with persevering industry until by their united labors the coral island or reef rises above the waves. They are spoken of as the minute toilers of the sea, and are supposed to construct each coral as bees build the honey-comb, or a colony of ants rear the ant-hill. The truth of the matter, however, is, that a polyp forms a structure of stone called coral, just as the higher animals form bone. The process in both cases is nothing more nor less than a simple animal secretion. Coral-making, therefore, is no more the result of labor than bone-making. Nor is the coral a collection of cells into which the little animals may retreat for safety any more than a man's skeleton is his house. Every part of the stony structure in most reef-making species is enclosed within the polyp, where it is secreted.

—A WHALE ON DRY LAND.—About the middle of last April a whale, sixty-two feet long and fifty-two tons in weight, was captured on the coast of Massachusetts, and has since that time been undergoing the process of embalming at Boston, with a view to a tour through the United States and Canada. There were used in the process of embalming 3,200 pounds of arsenic, 20 barrels of plaster, and 80 barrels of sawdust, besides several thousand pounds of other materials of a preservative nature. The exhibition of this preserved monster of the deep in far inland districts will be no insignificant instance of the far-reaching triumphs of modern science.

—SEA-SERPENTS.—Dr. Andrew Wilson's *Facts and Fictions of Zoology* contains an instructive essay on "The Sea-Serpents of Science." It is the more noteworthy because scientific people in general affect to discredit every sea-serpent story as the offspring of an excited imagination. We give the summary of his arguments in his own words: "Firstly, many of the tales of sea-serpents are amply verified, when judged by the ordinary rules of evidence; this conclusion being especially supported by the want of any *prima facie* reason for prevarication. Secondly, laying aside appearances which can be proved to be deceptive and to be caused by inanimate objects or by unusual attitudes on the part of familiar animals, there remains a body of evidence only to be explained on the hypothesis that certain gigantic marine animals, at present unfamiliar or unknown to science, do certainly exist. Thirdly, the existence of such animals is a fact perfectly consistent with scientific opinion and knowledge, and is most readily explained by recognizing the fact of the occasional development of gigantic members of groups of marine animals already familiar to the naturalist."

—THE PLAKAT.—He is only a little fish from Siam, but, like some other little animals, compels attention by the force of his character. Perhaps there never was such a creature to fight, unless it be the English Stickleback, whose belligerent propensities and warning colors forcibly bring him to mind. Indeed, so aggressive is he that the entertainment he affords has become in Siam a national pastime. The fishes are trained for the arena to go through regular battles. License to exhibit them brings no little revenue to the government every year. When one is alone and quiet there is about him nothing striking in form or color; but let another be brought, and at once the fins are raised, the body shines with metalic lustre, and the projecting gill membrane adds grotesqueness to his general appearance. The battle is invariably kept up until one is killed or put to flight. When the heat of the conflict is past, he loses his dazzling and beautiful colors, and simmers down into the mass of his undistinguished kin.

"THE TOAD, UGLY AND VENOMOUS."—In olden times the toad was considered the very compendium of poison. It is related that two persons actually died from eating the leaf of a sage bush under which a toad had his home. Now, this is not quite true; nor yet is the opposite true. The toad is "venomous" as Shakspeare

declares; but doubtless the great poet's notion was an exaggerated one. In a recent issue of *Knowledge*, Arthur Stradling in answer to the question Are toads poisonous? says yes, but not in the way that is implied by the general acceptation of that term. If it is supposed that the bite of the toad is venomous, there could hardly be a greater mistake; for it cannot be said to bite at all, inasmuch as it has no teeth. But the glands in its skin secret a milky fluid which is a corrosive, or in some species a narcotic, poison. Except, however, in the case of small animals this acrid fluid has little more effect than local irritation. The secretion becomes profuse when the batrachian is angry. On a strong and healthy skin it produces no effect, but on a tender or abraded skin will cause extensive inflamation and erysipelas. But for this secretion, the poor toad would be an easy victim to his many enemies. When a cat in the search for frogs picks up by mistake a toad, she spits and foams at the mouth and is glad to release him. Snakes have been known after swallowing a toad immediately to reject him; and they not unfrequently die as the result of their undiscriminating hunger.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Eu. Sr. Editor.

—Bicycles!—Keep a lookout in front, or you are in danger of colliding with one at almost any moment.

—It is much to be regretted that three of our students, Messrs. Redfearn, R., Pope and Moore, have been, by reason of ill health, forced to retire from college for the present.

—We expect to have several bound copies of the first volume of the Student at an early day. We have not yet succeeded in getting the requisite number of complete sets. Some of the issues are very limited, but we think we can shortly get enough for the end in view.

—Newell, the itinerant photographer, has again spread canvass in the village. We are informed by one of a "seraphic trio" that his lenses were shattered in the effort to photograph the group. He finally succeeded in getting the "heavenly expression" desired, and is again in photographing trim.

—We learn in a circumlocutory manner that one of the Editors and his chum took a foot-stroll for recreation out to the Falls and back a few nights ago, a distance of over fourteen miles, and that too after the close of regular church services. Wonder what they wanted to walk away out there for? Oh, Recreation! how many potato patches are mutilated in thy name!

—The University (Penn.) Magazine closes thus a sensibly written piece of advice to "preps":

"But *one* point, *always*, observe! Never fail to take off your hat to the Senior. Always bow down before him, call him Sir, and lend him money when he asks for it. Maybe in the far-off future, for "the mills of the

gods grind slowly,' you will become Seniors yourselves! Seniors! Reverenced by the Freshmen, obeyed by the Sophomores, envied by the Juniors, and intensely admired by themselves."

—OUR friends who kindly aided us in enlarging our subscription list during Fair week, will please accept thanks for their efforts in behalf of the STUDENT. The premium of five dollars offered to the student obtaining the largest number of subscribers during that week has been awarded to Mr. W. S. Olive. We earnestly request our friends to aid us in extending our circulation.

"WHY doesn't the STUDENT come? It has been behindhand ever since this new corps of editors have had it in charge," says some kind reader, and perhaps thinks it a lazy corps. We assure you we are doing our best to gain the time lost in changing managers, and we had well nigh accomplished this in this issue, when the printers began to trifle with us in a manner really provoking. Bear with us and the printers. We are still determined to issue our journal on the first of the month.

—THE quarterly examinations are upon us. The studious young Cyrus is now kindly requested by his professor to make a parade of the army of facts he has been gathering and arranging in the various fields of study during the past quarter. Fellow students, one and all, you have our sympathies. May the Argus-eyed professor in surveying the vast collection of paper forces find, as did the Cilician queen, a brilliancy and tact that shall be wonderfully well pleasing.

—THE Seniors had to have *something* to distinguish them from the common herd, and have accordingly selected "beavers" for that purpose. When you behold for the first time his dignity standing under this new appurtenance of Seniority, it is simply a matter of impossibility to suppress the remark, "They suit a-*s well* as I expected." The Juniors have simmered down to a normal temperature after getting the regular Oxford college cap, having a ginger-cake, diamond-shaped, covered-shingle, large-as-a-slate sort of brim attached to the *top* of the crown. Hope the mania for badges of distinction has now subsided for a time at least.

—TWO of our wood-nymphs report finding Maj. Coon's "beaver" in a fearful plight *on the ground* under "the hawthorn in the dale." It was faithfully discharging its duty for its own end of his Seniorship, while the other end was kicking vigorously about in the matted boughs overhead, overfoot rather with him. It appears that "just to please the girls" he had endeavored to climb that haw-tree and, losing his hold, was thus forced to assume rather hastily this inverted attitude, as his feet obstinately refused to take part in any such an informal descent. Hope the Maj. wont try to show off again till he becomes more athletic.

—REV. M. J. WILLOUGHBY, formerly a student here, was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry by the church at this place Sunday evening, Nov. 12. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. W. B. Royall from Isaiah 6: 8, and the

prayer made by Rev. Wm. Royall. Rev. Jas. S. Purefoy delivered the charge. The Bible was presented by Rev. G. P. Bostick. The chairman and other members of the examinating presbytery state that Bro. W. gave, in every respect, the most satisfactory evidences of being really called to the great and responsible work of preaching the gospel. May this young servant be endowed with great power, and his labors be blessed with abundant fruitfulness.

—Cows will be allowed to remain in the campus for the sake of grazing it. Students will not take this failure to exclude *all* cattle as an intention to disfigure our beautiful grass plots. The laws for protecting them from abuse are still in force; and when a student unmercifully tramples upon the grass (as we have seen some do) simply because he thinks there is no law to fine him for it, he certainly deserves to be excluded with the other noxious animals. Three calves grazing one plot and two students wantonly promenading on another, how many calves in all? Answer, three and two equal fi—, but ask Prof. Mills about it.

—To Impatient Young Men.—Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window and he'll fall on his feet, and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tated a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. Eighteenpence has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carriage. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky high, he would drop down into a good place. A hard working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but lose it.—*Albany Jonrnal.*

—"Wedding Bells" was the happy chorus that floated past us on the night of the 8th inst. The sweet and joyous strains came from Dr. Montague's parlor. It was filled with a number of guests who greatly enjoyed a pleasant reception given in honor of the approaching marriage of his daughter. The reception was spoken of, by those present, in the most complimentary terms. On this occasion, in very truth, "care hid its gloomy head," and the "wee sma hours" came all too soon. On the following morning precisely at nine o'clock, by Rev. Dr. J. D. Hufham, Mr. James H. Lawrence, of Scotland Neck, was united in marriage to Miss Minnie Montague, the well known and highly accomplished daughter of Dr. H. W. Montague.

The following were the attendants: Miss Zollie Montague, of Wake Forest, and Mr. W. H. Ragsdale, of Scotland Neck; Miss Mary Montague and Mr. E. Hilliard, of Wake Forest; Miss Mary Polk, of Raleigh, and Mr. Lee Lawrence, of Norfolk, Va.; Miss Mary Strickland and Mr. L. Y. Montague, of Wake Forest; Miss Emma Gunter, of Durham, and Mr. B. F. Montague, of Raleigh; Miss Lydia Walters and Mr. Marion Purefoy, of Wake Forest. The bridal couple immediately took the

train for their home in Scotland Neck, and were accompanied as far as Weldon by the Misses Montague and Misses Polk and Strickland and Messrs Hilliard, Purefoy and R. L. Brewer. A number of the bridegroom's friends from Scotland Neck met the party there; all enjoyed a pleasant repast, and the happy pair, with the best wishes and warm congratulations of many admiring friends, kept on to their home. The remainder of the party returned to Wake Forest on the evening train, looking as if there had been "a feast of good things and a *flow of soul*."

The occasion was one of rare pleasure and will doubtless for years to come give pleasant recollections to all who participated. We hope to chronicle a similar occasion in our next number.

SENIOR SPEAKING.—This occasion comes unbidden. The class of '83 on the 27th ult., made their *debut*, as their predecessors have done, more from respect to custom or to the dictum of "powers that be," than from any choice of their own. Want of space will not permit any adequate report of their speeches, even if our readers were patient enough to take, second-handed, what was not perfect at first; but a short critical notice of each speaker may profit, if it do not please.

Ed. S. Alderman, first speaker, with his subject "Sentimentalism in Æstheticism," purposed to mark the distinction between genuine and spurious æstheticism and to incite a disgust for the false and a taste for the true. In this he succeeded in winning the interest of his audience. The speech was well studied, and not without some originality. Want of continuity in delivery (only a temporary fault) caused well connected matter to appear as fragmentary.

C. G. Jones had "Something to live for," and by agreeable and earnest delivery, pursuaded his audience that they also would do well to have such a motto. His speech wanted originality, and would have been different had he not read, with too tenacious a memory, "Royal Path of Life," and some pithy parts of "Lucile."

G. P. Bostick wants everybody to "Have a Purpose in Life." A laudable wish; and right well did he show the desirableness of such a thing. The style and matter of his composition were unduly influenced by the work referred to above—a most tempting and fatal book in the hands of beginners with good memory. More thinking would improve this gentleman's fluent speech.

L. L. Jenkins greatly denounces "Fogyism" in its more incorrigible forms. It was an affected effort to amuse by fitting together disjointed materials, that showed too much puerility. His manner was quite good, and the speaker deserves to be commended for handling what he is supposed to understand.

W. R. Walters, subject "Prescience." Yes! but indistinct enuncia tion prevented us from following him through "the shadows of coming events." The armor, *we* think, was rather heavy for a young soldier; but those who heard the speaker give him credit for having a speech of considerable excellence, being both logical and

well written. More prescience will lead the gentleman to exercise his gift for original speculation with the more visible and comprehensible.

H. P. Markham, with "Victory" for his theme and aim, lessened his personal victory by skirmishing too much on old battle grounds. Candor compels us to say that, while it was well put together, the speech was little more than a recitation of commonplace historical matter.

Thos. Dixon, with his thirst for innovation, theorized on the old proverb, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Despite an affected voice in the beginning, he gave another evidence of his magnetic power over an audience, and set the youthful ones, twitching under the triumphant belief that corporal punishment was wrong, in such a glee as only another use of the flagellating rod can allay. His idea was quite original, and put with pathos and humor.

G. C. Briggs, in answer to the question, "Who shall govern America?" had a well conceived idea of the subtle influence and tendencies of Roman Catholicism, and showed wisdom in treating such a subject at the present time. But his thought was entirely too heavily freighted with language. His manner was good.

H. B. Folk, in a natural manner and racy style, showed us new features on "The Human Face Divine." With close study and keen insight, he verified the truism that "It is not the finding of a thing, but the making something of it after it is found, that is of consequence." His speech was in one instance marred by indelicate humor, yet contained some beautiful sentiment. He were a cynic who would not like that effort.

In so candid a criticism we would not be understood as intimating that the present class is in any way inferior. On the contrary, we believe that in ability and scholarship it compares favorably with any class that has gone out from the College. It possesses versatility of talent, and some promises of rare distinction. To all, whether crowned or uncrowned, in victory or defeat, we say, Come again!

We should say that three of the class, much to their own gratification, and doubtless to that of the audience, were excused from speaking.

—A monotonous thing indeed must have been the "spice of life" at our College fifty years ago. How great an abundance there was of that commodity *in and about the college* in its earlier days way be judged from the following letter published in the *Biblical Recorder* of April 1, 1835:

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE,
March 14th, 1835.

Brother Meredith:—Taking it for granted that you would be pleased to learn some of the particulars of our operations here, I have taken it upon myself to give you a brief detail of our internal movements and I might say, eternal movements; for never was a set of fellows kept so constantly on the go. I will begin at the dawn of day, when the loud peals of the bell arouse us from our sweet repose. We are allowed about fifteen minutes to dress ourselves and wash, when the bell summons us to prayers. At this second sound of the bell, the whole plantation seems alive with moving bodies; a stream of students is seen

pouring in from every direction, some, while on the way adjusting the deficiences in their dress, which they had not time fully to arrange while in their rooms, some with vests wrong side out, some with eyes half open, and all in haste to reach the chapel in time to answer to their names. Prayers being over, just as the sun raises his head from behind the distant forest, the Virgil class, to which I belong, commences recitation. Other classes are reciting at the same time. At half past seven the bell rings for breakfast; a few minutes after which study hours commence. Every one is now kept at the top of his speed; some in reciting, and others preparing for recitation, until twelve o'clock, when the bell announces the dinner hour; and almost immediately after this we start on the same mental race. This is kept up through all the classes until 3 o'clock, when the bell rings long and loud for the toils of the field. While the bell is ringing, the students assemble in the grove before the dwelling house; some with axes, some with grubbing hoes, some with weeding hoes, and some empty-handed, all in a thick crowd. You must now imagine that you see Mr. Wait in one place, Mr. Armstrong in another, and Mr. Dockery in another. Mr. Dockery, though a student, frequently takes the lead of one company. Now the roll is called, when as the names are called off, the students take their appropriate stations around their respective leaders, axes with axes, hoes with hoes, and then we start, each one following his chief. Those with axes make for the woods, where they fell the sturdy oaks and divide them into rails; the grubbers take to the field, and sweat with heavy blows over the roots and shrubs that have been encroaching upon the clear land. Those with weeding hoes find much variety in their employment; sometimes they cut down cornstalks, sometimes they rake up leaves, and now you may see them in the barn yard piling up manure. We students engage in everything here that an honest farmer is not ashamed to do. If we should draw back from anything here that is called work we should feel that we had disgraced ourselves. Those who are empty-handed make up the fence and harden their shoulders under heavy rails. The fact is we are always busy—always ready for recitation and always ready for work. We are cheerful and happy,—merry in a joke, and hard to beat in a hearty laugh. We are sometimes tired when we quit work, but never so bad off that we cannot outstrip any common fellow when the supper bell rings. I am attached to the mauling corps, and know but little about the other companies. Mr. Wait leads out our company, when we reach the woods our coats are laid off, and we set to with a good will and hard blows. Our chief sets the example,—

"Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
Hortatur socios, paribusque accingitur armis."

Blistered hands we consider here as scars of honor, and we show them with as much pride as Marius exhibited his scars to the wondering multitude. That you may form some idea of our executions, I will state that two of our corps yesterday mauled one hundred and twenty-seven rails in two hours and a half, and that the fence corps led on by Mr. Armstrong, in two eve-

nings made a fence and staked it, near half a mile in length, and most of the rails were carried on the shoulders at least three hundred yards. You now see that we are not afraid of work—hard work. A little before sunset the bell calls us from the field, we enter the chapel for prayers, and immediately after take supper. We now have about half an hour for amusement, when the bell again calls to study. There is no place like Wake Forest at night. The stillness of the grave-yard possesses the whole outdoor establishment. It is now night—the pale face moon is shining beautifully, and all without is absolute solitude,—save when a solitary student is heard winding his way with a pitcher in his hand to the well —soon again all is silence. O what a place for meditation!—how calm, how still, nothing but the gentle breeze stealing among the dead leaves as they hang upon the trees. But hark! there sound the deep notes of the bell,—'tis nine o'clock. Now listen—how soft and melodious are the tones of those flutes—how beautifully do they harmonize with those of the violin,—the sharp hissing sounds are from the dulcimer. Moonlight and music!—but enough. There's no place like Wake Forest! Good night.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips has made arrangements for permanent residence in Reidsville. He will have charge of churches in the region adjacent.

—'80. And at last the news has come that Mr. W. B. Waff has married one of the young ladies of Winston. The important event occurred on the 21st inst. Shameful that he did not let us know a word of it. Our kindest wishes attend him at every turn.

—'80. H. Montague, Esq., was lately granted a letter of dismission from the Wake Forest Baptist church to join that at Wadesboro, N. C., where he has determined to open his office. He is a member of the special committee appointed at last Commencement on the interests of the Alumni Association. We hope to hear from him on this matter in our next issue.

—'56. We clip from the Charleston *News and Courier* of Oct. 31st the following:

"The Rev. L. H. Shuck, D. D., yesterday closed his labors with the First Baptist Church of this city. His pastorate, which began in 1869, extended through a period of thirteen years, and was the longest this church has had since the days of the Rev. Richard Furman, D. D., who died in 1825. Mr. Shuck has accepted the full charge of the Seamen's Bethel, under the patronage of the Port Society as successor to the late Rev. W. B. Yates, whose assistant he had been for some time. This position is one of arduous labor and serious responsibility, and as the Port Society has had ample opportunity to judge of Mr. Shuck's zeal and efficiency, his selection is unquestionably a great compliment."

—'75. The class of '75 will have two representatives in the next Legislature—Mr. H. R. Scott in the Senate for

Rockingham county, and Mr. J. Y. Phillips in the House for Stokes. This is Mr. Scott's second term.

—'78. Of course Mr. W. E. Daniel did not expect election in Halifax, which gives so large a Republican majority. His nomination was, however, a compliment deserved, and will probably increase his business.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett, Esq., has law offices in Elizabeth City and Camden C. H. Though county-seats, they are only three or four miles distant. He is superintendent of public schools in Camden county. From a friend lately visiting in that section, we learn that he is doing a good business.

—'52. Dr. John Mitchell, known and respected throughout North Carolina as "the beloved disciple," has accepted the pastorate of the church at Asheville, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. A. C. Dixon. He will take charge in January. He was pastor of the same church during the years 1875–'79. A member of the church a portion of time tells us that "all denominations loved him," and that no objection to him was ever heard except the doubtful one on the part of other pastors that he paid freely friendly visits to the members of their congregations. He is still unmarried, but is said to enjoy being teased and talking about sweethearts.

—'70. Rev. G. W. Greene, Principal of Moravian Falls Academy, N. C., a full graduate of Wake Forest College and also of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, is pastor of three Baptist churches and has charge of over one hundred scholars. He is one of the best laborers the Seminary has sent out.—*Religious Herald.*

—NOWHERE can it be seen more clearly how indispensable to the Baptists Wake Forest College is, than in their public meetings throughout the State. The men prominent as workers and speakers are all but invariably Wake Forest alumni. Take them away, and imagine the blank. We could not expect it to be otherwise. No boasting this, but the simple record of a fact for which the denomination at large is profoundly grateful. The rapid growth and development of the denomination necessitates constant and large additions to this working force. The additions are to come out of the individual churches; and one of the special duties of every pastor is to find out and encourage the young men in his churches who ought to be in the College.

Plows and Plow Castings,

SWEEPS AND HALF SWEEPS,

ADAPTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF

Corn, Cotton and Tobacco.

FIRST-CLASS WORK at Reasonable Prices.

W. B. DUNN,

Wake Forest College, N. C.

4—12m

Table of Contents.

DECEMBER, 1882.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		Page.
War and the LateR evolution.	Æschylus.	146
Seeing the Dark Side,	B. L. Ank.	148
Lights and Shadows in "Land of the Sky,"	O. S. Borne.	157
A Vile Spectre,	Novice.	164

EDITORIAL.

Halcyon Days,	W. F. M.	167
Educational,		169
Literary Gossip,		172
Science Notes,		175
In and About the College,		179
Wake Forest Alumni,		182

WORTH REPEATING.

Education Indispensable	T. H. Huxley.	185
In the Forest,	S. Reid.	186
Life,	Mrs. Barbauld.	187
Good Company,	Dr. Chas. Mackay.	187
Deserted.	Good Words.	188
Memory,	James A. Garfield.	189
Scraps,		190

LISTEN!

We thank our friends, and the public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us the past season, and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

OUR FALL STOCK

has been selected with great care, and we only ask you to examine it as we feel sure you will be pleased.

Students will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Miles & Zeigler's celebrated shoes in all lines a specialty. Remember our motto:

"The Best Goods for the Least Possible Prices."

We deliver goods to any part of town free of charge.

CALL EARLY.

Very respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Shelby Female College.

Session begins September 20th, 1882, and closes June 21st, 1883.

Board, washing, fuel, etc.. and tuition in College Class, Fall Term, five scholastic months, to January 31st, 1883..... $87 50
The same in Preparatory Classes, to January 31st, 1883..... 82 50
The same in Primary Classes..... 75 00

Boarders furnish one pair of sheets, one pair pillow-slips, toilet soaps, table napkins and two bags for soiled clothes

☞ Without special contract, payments required in September. Deposits must be made for purchase of books, sheet-music and art materials.

RATES OF TUITION AND TERMS FOR DAY PUPILS.

Fall Term, Five Scholastic Months, to January 31st, 1883.

Primary Department, $12 50; Preparatory, $20; College, $25. Incidentals, to be paid with first month's tuition, $1.

For particulars be sure to apply for circular

R. D. MALLARY, President,
SHELBY, N. C.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,

Steam

PRINTERS, BINDERS

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

RALIEGH, N. C.

We have just received a lot of new type and are now prepared to print

SCHOOL CATALOGUES,

REPORTS, CIRCULARS, &c.,

In the best style at low rates.

A FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS at $1 per 100.

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF PRINTING MATERIAL IN THE STATE.

If you wish anything in the way of Printing, Binding or Blank Books, address,

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
Cor. Salisbury & Hargett Sts.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

A TRIP ABROAD;

OR

A Summer Vacation in Europe.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

BY JOHN E. RAY, A. M.

This highly interesting volume of over 200 pages, with a number of rich illustrations of places and customs in Europe, is now ready, and is to be had at the following remarkably low figures:

Bound in Paper, 50 Cents.
Bound in Cloth, - $1 00

Mailed to any address upon receipt of the price, and 10 cents for postage.

Address all orders to

JOHN E. RAY,
4—3m Raleigh, N. C.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

DECEMBER, 1882.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 4.

EDITORS:

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR.....W. F. MARSHALL.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M. AUSTIN.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

WAR, AND THE LATE REVOLUTION.

That history repeats itself is manifest on taking a retrospective glance. Since the Christian Era, scarcely can we find a decade undisturbed by the clash of the sabre or the whistle of the bullet, the messenger of death.

It is notable that wars of modern times are of shorter duration than those of ancient days. And why? Because the study of instruments and methods for the slaughter of man has been as much the work of science as the study of the planets, or of the science of medicine for the preservation of life. The siege of ancient Troy, which lasted ten years, would to-day, as in the case of the recent bombardment of Alexandria, be terminated in so many weeks; i. e., ten. Ironclads, equipped with hundred-pounders, would demolish a Troy or Alexandria more speedily than hundreds of wooden horses gorged with heroes.

When then we consider what vast mischief the inventors of gunpowder, of improved guns and other instruments of war have entailed upon the world, we are inclined to question whether it would not have been better for us had they never been born, although some would have us believe that improvement in the arts of war has lessened the horrors. And now, when civilization would seem almost to have reached its acme, another war must become the subject for the historian's pen. The strife between England and Egypt, which was active for about two months, has lately ended.

England, like ancient Rome, has her finger in nearly every pie. Her treatment of Ireland has been like that of the Patricians to the Plebeians, in the embryonic state of Rome; or, like that of "a big bull-dog to a little cur." And now we find that iron hand trying to yoke Egypt.

Let us trace the cause, course, and result of the late Egyptian revolution. Egypt is a dependency of Turkey. In 1863, Ismail Pascha became governor general; but with a greed like unto that of our monster third-term aspirant, he conceived the design of making himself king. He gained the sanction of the Sultan, with

the stipulation that he would increase Egypt's tribute to Turkey, which became an extortionate sum. In addition, on assuming kingly functions, he expended enormous sums of money on unproductive public works, on his palaces and on his harem. To meet these obligations, he had not only to gouge deeper into the treasury, but was forced to borrow money at a high rate of interest from England and France.

Then were planted the seeds which were to grow the thorns to stick into Egypt's side, and ultimately to ripen into an open rupture. Of course heavier taxes were imposed on the people, who were already writhing under the weight of the oppressor's heel. What wonder is it, then, that these evils, like bad blood in the system, should fester into a common sore?

In the course of time, Ismail being unable to meet the payments due the English and French bondholders, controllers were sent from England and France, into whose hands fell the purse-strings of the Egyptian government. The old saying is, "Money rules the world;" and again, "Wealth brings power." As the civil service fell into the hands of the English and French controllers, by degrees the government offices were all usurped by the Europeans; and even the minor positions, for which they were well salaried.

Thus the tide of affairs flows on for some years, the king revelling in his harem, while foreigners, fleecing the people by all the intrigues peculiar to government officials, multiply and grow fat. At last, a short time ago, death claimed Ismail Pascha, and his son, the present Khedive, assumed his place.

Now the curtain rises on a stage which discovers new characters and new scenes more decisive. Just here, we must keep in mind that Egypt had been, as a dependency of Turkey, governed by Turkish rulers, while the population are Arabians. Well might our sympathies be enlisted for a people thus shackled. Can we wonder that they chafed under the harness? Their condition calls to our mind the days when the Israelites were held in bondage, in that same land, to the black-hearted Pharaoh. But I must not digress.

There now appears on the stage a man who dreams of becoming a second Moses; a man of comparative ability, an adroit statesman, and a soldier of strong calibre. Arabi Pascha is a self-made man, and by sheer force of merit, has won his way into the hearts of the people, and to the command of the army. Fired with patriotic feelings, akin to those which throbbed in the breast of our Washington when fighting for the independence of the colonies, Arabi conceived the dazzling project of unyoking Egypt from foreign sway. His first move was a petition against the Turkish officers; and other demands followed. Upon the refusal of these demands, the Khedive's palace was surrounded by the army, and he was forced to yield.

Arabi then, dismissing the ministers of the Khedive's ring, formed a new cabinet, making himself minister of war. He convoked the "Assembly of Notables," composed of the leading men of the various provinces, but only

such as he thought favorable to the design of expelling the English and French controllers. Meanwhile, England and France are looking on with anxious eyes. But they take no decisive steps as yet.

The next important event, and the one which hastened the crisis, was the discovery of an alleged conspiracy, in the month of April last, among the Circassian officers in the army, against Arabi. Forty of conspirators were apprehended and tried by a court-martial of his friends, who sentenced them to banishment into extreme Soudan, "where the climate is so unhealthy that few exiles ever return."

Upon the refusal of the Khedive to have this sentence executed in full, Arabi, seconded by the army, "the flower of Egypt," threatened to depose him. Now England and France strut out upon the arena and prepare to sustain the Khedive. They even handed over an ultimatum to the Khedive, ordering the banishment of Arabi himself. The feelings of the people growing warm, are fanned into a flame by Arabi. On June the 11th, Arabi, with the army, denounced the government with its officers, and declared themselves enemies to fight to the bitter end. If they conquered they hoped to establish a government "of the people, for the people, and by the people"; or, as was their cry, "Egypt for the Egyptians."

Some tribes and soldiers thirsty beyond restraint for revenge, on that same day massacred a large number of Europeans. Arabi proceeded to have the forts fortified. After a short time a dozen English ironclads anchored at a respectful distance off the forts and volleyed their bombshells with deadly fire, dismantling all the forts.

The war has begun in earnest. The cloud, which in January seemed no larger than a man's hand, has made up into a storm which now thunders with all its fury upon Alexandria, and the city is nearly levelled in ruins.

Where is France at this juncture? We would expect to hear the peal of her cannon too. No, she has grown lukewarm and withdrawn, leaving it all to England. "Her conduct on this occasion is like the boy who incited another to join in fighting a common enemy, and when the fight came on, ran behind the first fence and cried: "Go in, and thrash 'em sound, Bill; I'm watchin' yer." With this, the principal maritime engagement, and several others on Egyptian soil, the forces of Arabi are growing disheartened.

On the night of September the 12th, Arabi intrenched himself at Tel-el-Kebir, where he raised earthworks mounted with guns and surrounded with deep trenches. At Sir Carnet Wolseley's order the British forces, six miles away, broke camp and silently marched with solemn tread to the scene of bivouac of Arabi's troops. The runaway Egyptians, locked in slumber, were utterly routed.

With this decisive victory, the war practically ended. It may appear to some that the Egyptian affairs, on that morning of defeat, were swamped. But many think that on that morning the sun rose to brighten a day which would be the dawn of their prosperity.

Arabi Pascha escaped, but in course of time surrendered himself. He is

now held, with other officers of his army, for trial as leaders of a rebellion. His is a lost cause, and we can no more censure his conduct than we can the late Irish uprisings against the landlords, or the rebellion of the Confederates in '61. Some writers give disparaging accounts of him and his course, while others sympathize with him. But taking an impartial view of the condition of the people, of all their grievances and their relation to foreign powers, who could condemn a spirit, with the colossal will, for undertaking to lead these people into a state of independence? Arabi has been denominated the Parnell of Egypt. These two men can well shake hands over their condition with respect to England, and over the blasting of their hopes and dreams.

The saying uttered by our martyred Garfield, "After the battle of arms comes the battle of history," finds a place here; and since "to the victor belong the spoils," the question now arises, What will England do with her new spoils? The following comes across the water: "In England a disposition prevails to reap the fruits of the victory she won unaided, and to assume the suzerainty of the country with the control of the Suez Canal, and the right to garrison the two entrances, and Ishmailia, the half-way station. It may be, however, that the antagonism of Russia and France will result in Egypt being made independent under a joint guarantee, as was done in the case of Belgium."

The opinion is given that this crisis in Egypt "is, in all probability, a link in the step of God's providence to carry out the restoration of the Jewish nationality," "and that the power lay much in England's hands to further this restoration; so she is admonished to see her place on the page of prophecy."

As a severe storm in March often wipes out the cold tracks of winter and introduces spring, so may we hope that spring is dawning upon this hoary and reverend land, to whose inhabitants sweet freedom and advanced civilization are strangers.

SEEING THE DARK SIDE.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."—*As you like it.*

Midnight on a steamboat plying the Mississippi River. The moon is shining brilliantly, and casts weird, sombre shadows through the foliage along the banks. Save the constant puffing of the steamer, and the plashing of the water, as she holds on her course, all is still, and the night-hush rests in deep, mysterious silence on the midnight air. But in the moonlight the figures of a man and woman may be discerned, as they are walking slowly on the deck. The moon hides her face behind a cloud, as though she has some premonition of the horrible scene about to ensue, and wishes to avoid it. Turning suddenly, the man gives the woman by his side a vigorous push, that sends her headlong into the black depths of the river below. There

is a shriek, and a heart-rending cry, as the treacherous waters close over her, and the boat speeds on her way as if no foul crime has polluted her deck. The deed is done at midnight, secure from human gaze, and the river tells no tales.

* * * * * *

One spring afternoon, two young men were sauntering down the street in one of the large cities of a Gulf State. Their dress and general appearance indicated that they belonged to the better class of society; and their slow, careless gait betokened the fact that they were gentlemen of leisure. Robert Orden and Charles Weston were bosom friends, had recently graduated together from a prominent institution of learning in the North, and the intimacy begun in boyhood had continued all through their college course. But like too many other youths of their class, they had never looked for a moment beyond the day of graduation. That was the acme of their expectations. This acme had finally been reached, and they began to realize the fact that they had only entered upon their career. But what should they do? Every occupation presented disadvantages. They concluded to wait for some pleasant employment to "turn up," imitating the example of the worthy Micawber. Meanwhile, they would have an easy time, and see the bright side of life. They had plenty of money, for Charles Weston's parents were extremely wealthy, and Robert Orden was in possession of the little sum of $20,000, left him at his father's death.

As they were thus strolling along, a seedy-looking individual approached them, and in the usual manner of a tramp, asked them for some money. They sent him on his way rejoicing over the prospect of a good supper and a comfortable resting-place; and having nothing of particular interest to claim their attention at the time, the tramp furnished them a theme for conversation.

After they had commented on the hard lot of tramps, and had expressed a curiosity to know how so many of them obtained a subsistence, Robert amazed his companion by abruptly remarking: "Say, Charlie, seeing that tramp has suggested a new train of thought to me, and I have just about made up my mind to try that sort of a life awhile for myself."

"Why, Bob," said his friend, "have your senses departed from you? Do you really mean what you say?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I? I have plenty of money for the present, and no one but myself to look out for. And besides, I am longing for a bit of adventure. This dull, prosy way of spending my time doesn't suit my fancy."

"I'll bet you $1,000 you wouldn't try it."

"Agreed, by Jove!" exclaimed Robert."

"Well, I am not the one to back out, so that's the bargain. What shall be the terms of the wager?"

"For me to leave here to-morrow morning at 10, without any money, or anything of the kind, and reach New York the best way I can in four weeks exactly. We can leave our checks for the amount with some third party, and then I am ready to be off. But come, the more I think about it, the more

eager I am to start. Do you like the conditions?"

"Oh yes," said Charles; and so the matter was settled.

The next morning, promptly at the time agreed upon, they, together with a few other friends, assembled at the City Hall, whence the start was to be made. These friends had been told of Robert's foolish freak, as they deemed it, and had endeavored to persuade him to abandon his design, but he was firm. He was fascinated with the novelty of the undertaking. So, with nothing save the clothes he wore, he started on his long tramp. It was with some misgivings that Robert's friends said "Good-bye," for they knew the perilous nature of the enterprise, but his cheerful flow of spirits gave them reassurance.

Let us now leave them, and turn our attention to Robert Orden, as he wends his way along the crowded streets of the city. Although he had been very hopeful as he parted from his friends, his spirits began to sink, as he realized more fully the long tramp before him. But he reasoned that it was foolish for him to entertain such thoughts. Suppose he should win, he would be $1,000 the richer, and the experience gained in the meantime would be invaluable to him, and he yearned for adventure. He had mingled only with the gay and wealthy; now he wished to see the darker side of the picture, to learn how the friendless and poor dragged out their existence. If he should fail to reach New York in four weeks, he would still have the benefit of the experience and adventure; and, besides, he cared very little about the money.

After a short time, he began to feel hungry, and started into a shop to purchase some fruits, when he suddenly recollected the painful fact that he had no money. This was the first unpleasant occurrence. As he walked along the street, he fancied the hurrying throng looked at him and saw he was a *tramp*. He quickened his pace, however, and determined to go without any dinner for that day, as he could not beg, though he knew this must soon be done. But his sensitive nature shrank from this, as one shrinks from something unpleasant, though knowing that it is inevitable.

All the afternoon he trudged along, often on the point of giving up, but he nerved himself, and went forward. Towards dark he found himself near a small village, foot-sore and weary, and determined to ask for some supper, for the imperative demands of nature were about to overcome his sensitiveness. He sauntered up to a small cottage, and his knock at the door was answered by a neat-looking woman. Though it cost him an effort to conquer his pride, he asked for something to eat in a very pleasant tone. The woman looked at him in utter surprise, evidently wondering how one of his appearance could be a tramp, but she said: "Very sorry we can't help you, but it is a custom of ours never to encourage tramps. So good-morning;" and she shut the door in his face.

Poor Robert! As he walked away, an overwhelming sense of desolation came over him. He then realized for the first time his insignificance, for heretofore he had thought of himself as an important factor in the world.

But now these dreams were rudely dispelled. And Robert Orden is only the type of a wide-spread class of people. For a young man to realize that this earth would move along as serenely without his presence, as it does with him, let him mingle with all classes of people. Just put your finger in the ocean; withdraw it, and look for the hole. The world of living, moving men around you is the ocean, the hole is yourself.

But Robert was too hungry to theorize long in this style, so he determined to try another house, and was successful this time.

He knew that sooner or later he would have to become accustomed to hardships: he found a barn, and slept that night in the hay as sweetly as ever before.

The next morning he procured breakfast in another part of the village, and the kind woman of the house, doubtless pitying the forlorn condition of the young tramp, gave him, in addition, enough food for his next meal. For this Robert thanked her cordially, and started off with lighter spirits.

But here was one day gone, and only twenty-five miles left behind. New York could not be reached in four weeks at that rate; so he determined to try to get a ride on some train. Taking the railroad track, he walked along, hoping that a northbound train would pass that way very soon. After a walk of two hours, he reached a water-tank, and decided to wait there. He soon heard in the distance the rumbling of wheels, then a whistle, and with a rush and a roar, a heavily loaded freight train drew up to the tank. This was his opportunity. He saw no empty car, but determined to wait until the train started, then seize hold of the iron ladder at the end of a car, and stay there to prevent detection. In a short time the engine began to puff and pull the heavy train along, and Robert jumped to the ladder, and holding on the best he could, managed to secure a comfortable position. "Better than walking," thought he, as the train whirled along past farms, over rivers, and through forests. Once his foot slipped, and down, down, under the crushing wheels he fancied he was falling; but making a superhuman effort, he caught one of the lowest rounds of the ladder, and was saved, shuddering at the thought of the horrible death to whieh he had been so near. Ah, how many a poor fellow comes to his death under the cruel wheels! A slip and a shriek! the train rushes on, crushing to jelly a human form, and the soul of the tramp is ushered into the presence of its Maker. Some one finds a mangled corpse; a farce in the way of an inquest is held, and the body of the tramp is laid under the sod, unknelled, unsung, and ofttimes uncoffined.

But Robert was aroused from this revery by the sudden stopping of the train at a small station. A big, burly brakeman came by, and seeing him, proceeded to pull him down, and was about to administer a kicking, when the conductor came up and ordered the brakeman to release him. Robert felt profoundly grateful to the conductor, but longed for the strength and a good opportunity to thrash the brakeman. Soon the train moved off,

and he was left to himself. It being now near nightfall, he concluded to try to get some supper, and a good barn where he might sleep for the night. He was fortunate enough in getting some cold food, and while wandering around, spied a fire near the railroad track, and proceeded in that direction, in the hope of finding a resting place. He was gratified at seeing some men around the fire, whom he at once recognized as tramps. Hitherto, Robert had held himself aloof from the members of the fraternity whom he had encountered, but he was beginning to feel less and less aversion to them, and now walked up to the group of men without any hesitation. They received him with cordiality, and invited him to partake of their supper, and though he had already eaten, the cool night air whetted his appetite, and he partook of the humble fare with a relish. His companions asked him various questions, and looked at him with evident curiosity, for his appearance was better than that of the members of their order whom they usually saw. Robert concealed the reason of his being a tramp, but told them he was on his way to New York.

"Why, I'm on my way North, too," said a man in the group. "Suppose we go along together; I might help you some, too, for you don't look like one who had been on the path long."

Robert thanked him for his kind offer, and accepted it. He confessed that this was a new experience for him, but volunteered no more information.

In the morning he became better acquainted with his new friends, but after breakfast they separated, Robert and the man already mentioned going together. There was something under the rough exterior of the tramp that peculiarly interested Robert Orden, and he felt drawn to him. This tie was strengthened when the tramp told the story of his life—of a happy home and a loving mother. He said he received a collegiate education, and had then secured an excellent situation in a bank; the affections of a loving girl had been plighted to him, and with pride and joy he had looked forward to the day when she would be his bride. But the demon of gambling had entered his soul, and one night, in a moment of desperation, he staked some of his employer's money at the gaming-table, after losing all of his own. This, too, was lost, and detection and ruin stared him in the face, for to replace the money was impossible. He was convicted of theft and sentenced to State's prison. This blow almost killed his widowed mother, and in his dark hour of despair, she alone was faithful, for the maiden who had so fondly trusted him, now spurned him with contempt. As he spoke of his mother, the tears suffused his eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion. She died while he was in prison, and when his sentence expired, he dreaded to return to his old home, of which so many bitter memories haunted him; and friendless and lone, he adopted this nomadic life, and for three years had been an outcast on the face of the earth.

"But," said the man, who had given his name as Alfred Hixford, "the recollection of my mother is ever present with me, and as soon as I can, I

intend to give up this wandering life, and engage in some useful occupation. If the spirits of loved ones who have died watch over us who are on earth, as I believe they do, my mother's spirit is grieved at my shiftless way of living."

For several days they made their way along together, riding in cars whenever they could; at other times walking, the attachment between them growing stronger by association. Robert felt that Hixford's story of his life was true, for there was about him that influence which always accompanies sincerity. He grew more and more into sympathy with the unfortunate man, and under the threadbare garments of the tramp, he discovered a true and noble heart.

Hixford then proposed that they should leave the railroad and go across the country, for the train officers were becoming very strict and vigilant, and it was almost impossible to get a ride. He said that they would reach another railroad about a hundred miles distant. They were now in the mountains, and the people in the farm-houses which they passed being very kind, there was little difficulty in obtaining food and shelter. The mountaineers were evidently more unused to the sight of tramps than most of those with whom our travellers had dealt. Robert had now become accustomed to walking, and with very little fatigue could walk a long distance in a day. He was getting on famously; for only a week of his time had expired, and he congratulated himself that he would reach New York before the appointed time, and win the wager.

As they were walking along the mountain road one day, an uncouth-looking person, riding a fine bay horse, met them, and of him they inquired the direction to a village, which Hixford said was not far distant. The information was given, and the man then ventured some further remarks, and finally said: "Ye look tired. Don't ye want ter buy a hoss? Mine is a likely creetur, but I need the money, and I'd let ye have 'im cheap." Either would have been glad to buy the horse at the low price at which he was offered, but neither had any money. Finally, Hixford said he had a watch, which he had carried with him for some time, and though he was loth to part with it, he offered it to the man in exchange for the horse. This offer was readily accepted, and dismounting, the man took the watch and transferred the horse to our travellers.

"Now," said Hixford, "we will sell the horse in the village, and perhaps get enough money to carry us both to New York in proper style."

Towards nightfall they reached a farm-house, and Hixford proposed that Robert should stop there and get supper, and, if possible, lodging, while he would go on to the village and sell the horse, and that Robert should join him there the next morning. The generous farmer gave Robert a good supper, and also a place to sleep; and when Robert was about to be off the next morning, told him to wait and take breakfast with the family, and he would then carry him as far as the village in his wagon. The good-hearted housewife gave him a warm breakfast, and Robert thought he had never

tasted so delicious food as she set before him.

As they drove into the village, the shouts of men could be heard, and on approaching nearer they saw a crowd gathered, evidently under intense excitement. Soon they perceived the cause of it all, for a man in the crowd ascended a tree, threw a rope over a large limb, and quicker than the time it takes to describe it, a hundred strong hands seized hold of one end, and at the other a human form was dangling in mid air! Robert and his companion were horror-stricken, but imagine the emotions of the former when he came near enongh to recognize the murdered man as his friend Hixford! The explanation of his sad fate was easily made. A horse had been stolen from a neighboring farmer, and the horse which Hixford had offered for sale in the village was recognized as the one. He was a stranger, and circumstantial evidence was against him. In all the calendar of crime, Judge Lynch recognizes no blacker one than horse-stealing, and the doom of the luckless man was sealed as soon as the horse was recognized. His earnest assertions of his innocence, and the protestations of a few of the calmer men in the settlement were useless. When revenge and blind fury sway the minds of the mob, reason is of no avail. Thus the life of an innocent man was sacrificed to the passions of a mob, and the spirit of Alfred Hixford took its flight, let us hope, to join that of his gentle mother. His body was rudely cut down, and thrust into a shallow grave, and there, on the bleak hills, he "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

As the tiger's thirst for blood is inflamed by the tasting of one drop, so the insatiate fury of the mob could not be appeased by the sacrifice of one life. Report had said that two men had been seen with the horse. Here was another stranger. Robert was roughly dragged from the wagon, and before the farmer could say anything, the rope was around his neck, and soon, instead of one, there would have been two corpses hanging from that tree. But the farmer was the most influential man in the settlement, and when his voice was heard, the fury of the mob was checked. He told them that Robert was innocent, and ordered them to release him. Sullenly they obeyed. But for the farmer's timely interference, there would have been another neglected grave on that bleak hillside. But the kind farmer told Robert that it was not safe for him to remain; so he started off, after bidding his benefactor farewell with heart-felt gratitude. As he passed out of the village, he took a last, lingering look at the body of his friend, and could not restrain the tears as he thought of this sad end of a sad life.

He trudged along with a heavy heart, for the events of the morning had deeply affected him. What changes had he passed through during the short time since he commenced his tramp! That careless indifference had now disappeared; now he could sympathize with the poor and friendless in their miseries, for he had seen something of the dark side of human life.

As night came on, he found himself alone on a mountain road, without food or shelter; and, in his despair, he almost wished he had shared the fate

of his friend. Cheerless and supperless, he slept that night by the roadside, a stone for his pillow, and the open sky for a covering; but the next morning he found a house, and was given a good breakfast.

On the second day he reached the railroad, and boarded the first northbound freight train. Finding a boxcar partially filled with bars of iron, he clambered into that to escape detection; and as the train moved along, being exhausted, he fell asleep. How long he slept, he knew not. A sense of pressure upon his chest awakened him, and he realized his situation. He had gone to sleep in the rear part of the car, and while the train was ascending a steep grade, the heavy iron had moved towards him. He strove to release himself, but could not, for the iron already held him fast. The pressure grew more intense. He could hear the engine slowly toiling up the long mountain grade. Would it never reach the top? Harder and harder pressed the ponderous mass, and he knew he was being crushed to death; and death in such a form! Sharp pains began to shoot along his quivering nerves; his brain grew sick and dizzy; a horrible blackness overspread everything; he fainted, and knew no more. But the train was by this time at the top of the grade, and the weighty iron moved toward the front end of the car, and released Robert; none too soon, however, for in a short time he would have been past help. When the crushing pressure was relieved, he regained consciousness, and as soon as possible freed himself from his perilous position, though much bruised by the weight of the iron upon him.

No special incident occurred for two days longer, and at the end of that time he found himself in a busy, bustling city. Forlorn and weary, he wended his way to the depot of one of the railroads leading out of the city, in the hope of finding a way to ride. Among the throng waiting for the passenger train, almost due, he noticed especially a lovely young woman, accompanied by a man of handsome appearance, but in whose eyes there lurked a treacherous gleam. Robert wondered why he noticed these two persons so particularly. Though he could not account for his interest in them, he found himself looking at them when he could do so without being observed. In the crowd he noticed a boy dressed in tattered clothes, who also seemed to be watching the couple with the keen eye of a hawk. Soon the train rolled up to the depot. There was a rush, and Robert noticed the lady and her escort going on board with the throng. But just as she was ascending the steps, a small package rolled from her hand and fell to the platform. In an instant Robert had picked it up, and restored it to the owner with a graceful bow. She smiled, and spoke her thanks. Robert thought he had never heard such a voice from human lips. The train rolled off, carrying her with it, and he was left alone to his thoughts. But that face was photographed upon his memory. He tried to forget her; for why should he be thinking about a stranger, whom he expected never to see again, even if she did have a sweet face? But the more he tried to shake off this feeling, the more it clung to him, and despite all his efforts, visions

of that lovely face floated before him.

Turning around, he saw the boy whom he had noticed in the throng a short time before. A few casual remarks on either side led to a conversation, in the course of which Robert found out that the boy's name was Jack, and that he was a tramp, on his way to New York. Jack said he was at the depot in hopes of stealing a ride on a freight train. When Robert told him his destination, the boy suggested that they should go along together; "for," said he, "you will find that I know more about tramping than you think, though I do look young."

Robert wondered what had led one apparently so youthful to adopt the vagabond's life. He perceived a gentleness in him altogether foreign to the average tramp, and this gentleness soon won Robert to him.

In a short time they succeeded in boarding a north-bound freight train, and the boy proved to be quite an adept at escaping the notice of the train officers.

"Tell me, Jack," said Robert, after they were comfortably settled in an empty car, and were being carried along at a rapid rate, "how long are you going to stay in New York, and where did you come from last?"

"I'll stay there as long as I can get anything to eat, I reckon, and then I'll move on somewhere else. I've been down South lately."

"But why are you going as far as New York without stopping on the way?"

"Oh, that's a good place," was the off-hand reply.

"Where do you spend most of your time?"

"'Most anywhere. Just wherever it suits me best."

"Do you like the tramp life, Jack? Don't you intend to give it up some time?" asked Robert.

"I don't like it very much. Maybe I'll quit it some time, but not now;" and Robert thought he could detect a change in the boy's countenance.

"Jack," Robert said, after a moment's pause, "you saw that lovely young lady and the man with her in the station a short time ago. Do you know anything about them, or where they are going now?"

"Yes, I saw them. They are going to New York. I know something about them, for I've often seen them both before. But there is something very sad to me connected with every thought of them, and I know you will spare my feelings, and not insist on my telling you about them."

Robert's delicacy prevented his making any more inquiries, though his curiosity was greatly increased now, and he felt a greater desire than ever to know something of this girl, whose image was so indelibly fixed upon his mind. Evidently, there was some mystery connected with the girl and the man; for what had caused the tremor in the boy's voice, and the shade of sadness on his face, as he spoke of them?

"But," continued Jack, "some day I will tell you all about them, and then you will understand"—

That sentence was never finished. Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when there was a sudden shock and a crash, and then the terri-

ble truth flashed upon them—there had been a collision. The freight on which they were had been run into by a passenger train. Robert found himself pinned under the heavy debris, unable to move. His strenuous efforts availed nothing. He looked around for Jack, but could not see him. Helpless, and with a deadening pain, he was doomed to lie still, and hear the agonizing screams of mothers and wives, and the piteous moans of the wounded and dying. Soon little tongues of flame began to burst forth from the wreck, and he knew the debris was on fire. The flames grew larger and came nearer to him. Horror of horrors! Roasted alive! To lie still, unable to move, and let the flames devour him! With almost superhuman effort, Robert attempted to free himself again, but in vain; for the heavy timber held him fast. Nearer and nearer crept the flames, until he could feel their hot breath fan his face. Can nothing save him? Nature could endure the terrible strain no longer, and he swooned away.

(*To be continued.*)

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN "LAND OF THE SKY."

Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated ease can never hope to share.—BYRON.

"The author," says James Russell Lowell, "should consider how largely the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand." This remark contains wisdom with respect to description of natural scenery, as well as the more doubtful work of metaphysical speculation. Heeding this caution, I should leave untouched a score of the most attractive places in the sky-land scenery of our State, becoming so interesting to the Southern people; for it were presumption in me to add another pen-stroke to such natural beauties as have already been drawn by more skilful hands. For attempting the present sketch, however, I offer no apology, and would claim the novelty of the objects with which it has to deal, for the most part, as my chief recommendation.

A party of ladies and gentlemen, some from rural quietude and some from the bustling town, we went through the county of Haywood and up the eastern branch of Pigeon River a number of miles, and made our rendezvous at Rock House Farm, which connects the upper extremity of the beautiful Pigeon Valley with the wild mountains that surround the river's source. The estate embraces some four thousand acres lying in the valley and skirting the mountain sides. The residence is a plain log cottage, tenanted by rude, unlettered occupants, but not without manifest traits of human kindness. The farm takes its name from Rock House, a huge, projecting rock somewhat house-like, which stands near the roadside, and offers the hunter and sportsman shelter from storm and rain.

After a night's repose, one party that was intent on sight-seeing, as well

as on angling for the famous trout, decided to go the first day to Shining Rock, on the mountain top some six miles away. A narrow pathway made by stock rangers leads up the ascent, and is bordered by ferns so beautiful and luxuriant as to lend unwonted charms to pedestrian travel. The soil, fertile as the valley of the Mississippi, sustains a growth of forest trees as fine as can be found in the Southern States. One notable poplar that was hollow had fallen. I went into the trunk and stood erect in the cavity, leaving still, I suppose, a foot of the hull both above and below me.

Climbing the mountain for six long miles, with but few places where one could find safe repose, was a Herculean task. Honor to the heroism of ladies who make the attempt! Those who have made the ascent have cause for self-congratulation; for only a few of their sex have performed that exploit during the last century. An occasional look down into the gorge below and eastward toward the majestic Pisgah gave inspiration for renewed strides upward. We had made about two miles up Roland's Ridge when we came to Maple Spring, with its cold and sparkling water gurgling out from beneath a stately tree whose name it bore, and shaded by overhanging boughs. One of the party, a bright-faced, blue-eyed maiden, here remarked with no little *naivete*, that she seemed to be getting blind from fatigue. A fit place it was for nymph and naiad; and it was not unnatural that Cupid, too, should lurk there on such an occasion, and seek to exert his blinding influences upon more than one victim.

Under the guiding of our *cicerone* we at length reached Old Butte, on whose treeless and grass-covered summit a sumptuous dinner was spread; but for our eyes nature had provided a greater feast. From the ridge-like top there projects out over a deep chasm below a huge and rugged mass of sandstone that gives the scene a striking resemblance to the well-known Cæsar's Head. The general view is incomparably grand. A short distance away stands, like a sentinel, the conical-shaped Cold Mountain, and on the opposite side the great Pigeon Balsam, that darkens the very atmosphere with its ebon-like forest of firs. Toward the northeast rises the cloud-capped Pisgah in superlative dignity, and still further on in the hazy distance the imperial Black, glorying in his pre-eminence and dominion. Far in the east is seen the Blue Ridge, dimly marking the line between heaven and earth. Across a miniature world of mountains, in the northwest, rises the Great Smoky Range, that draws the boundary of the State. From here, also, some three miles away, we see the Devil's Looking-Glass, a massive, perpendicular slab of gray granite, over which pours a thin sheet of water that makes the reflection like a mirror. An uncongenial place, one would think this, for old Satan to see himself, a place where the glory and majesty of the Almighty are seen, where everything, dipped in the empyrean, looks more celestial than earthly. It seems that his Satanic Majesty would blush to see himself amid such glory, and flee as he did from the celestial mount after his defeat. But, alas! he sometimes sees

himself in the most etherial places and looks at his image in mirrors that were thought to reflect only the impersonation of Beauty and Innocence. To the right, and a little beyond this, is St. John's Rock, a grand perpendicular precipice which makes a real Tarpeian Rock. This would be a fit place for Satan, after getting a glimpse of his ugliness in the Looking-Glass, to leap off into the eternal abyss. To the left of St. John's Rock a few yards a white looking shaft projects upward like a monument. It seems a kind of mausoleum erected by nature over the Tarpeian slain that were supposed to have been victimized in earlier periods of geological formation. The sublimity of this scene was intensified and rendered unutterable from the circumstance that, just as we saw it, on the mountain top was settling a dark cloud, below which the sun was shining in full lustre upon the rock. No poet's pen or painter's brush could give any adequate description of the enrapturing scene. Nor could one look on such magnificence without feeling

> —"the wild blood start
> In its mystic vein."

From this place we proceeded down a gentle slope and over a beautiful plateau, sparsely set with trees and covered with a luxuriant grass of very fine texture, some twelve inches high, till we reached a thickly grown forest of firs. Though mid-day, it was like passing through the shades of approaching night. The darkened atmosphere produced a sense of gloom. An exquisitely tender touch of melancholy put the spirit of man in communion with nature. Not a bird note or any other sound waved in the air. Now and then was seen an occasional sign where old bruin had left his impress. Everything was fringed and tapestried and overspread with moss, till our walking was like gentle footsteps on velvet carpeting. Such utter profusion of moss, in texture, variety, and different shades of color, I never saw before. More than half a dozen species were observed, varying in color from that of the darkest green to that of the dusty miller, and in kind from the softest plush to long, vine-like specimens. I saw a young lady gather a piece a yard long, the same size from one end to the other, having smaller branches shooting out at every few inches, and make it into a beautiful wreath around her neck and shoulders. Old logs that have lain for half a century are literally covered up with moss; tree-roots above ground are wrapped in the same drapery, till they make a scene more picturesque than imagination can weave. We had not gone far in this forest of firs and moss-covered region till we came to Balsam Spring, with its ice-cold water filling an elliptical basin four by six feet and eighteen inches deep. The Spring, too, is imbedded in moss; the bottom is inlaid and the sides most elegantly fringed. This entire region is encrusted with a heavy layer of humus a foot deep, that would enrich many sandy acres of the East.

Hence we continue to our destination and ultimate height, reaching it through a pathway overarched with laurel—that fit emblem of glory—which compels us to bow meekly to

dame Nature. From the shades of such a clustering growth of rhododendra we emerge into the sun-light on the naked summit, and see Shining Rock gleaming in the distance. How resplendent in glory! It were no more possible to picture the scene than to paint the sunbeams themselves. We approach and look on a sight of which our imagination had formed only a faint conception. Shining Rock on the very summit of the mountain by the same name, is a massive ledge of quartz, of marble whiteness, inclining to the west and overlooking the immense gorge through which flows the head-water of the western branch of Pigeon. A gigantic ledge of white flint untouched by forest trees of any kind, lying in sublime isolation some six thousand feet in elevation, now glittering in the sun beams, and now brushed by a fleecy cloud, presents a spectacle unrivalled in earthly splendor. Lost in rapture, one imagines himself standing on a spur of the Appenines, in the midst of the marble mines of Carrara, where the quarryman goes up hundreds and thousands of feet into the sky after material for statuary and palaces. The main ledge is broken and separated into three great masses. The whole rock is more or less shattered by lightning strokes, till great blocks are broken off and rolled down into the chasm below. When broken the surface is flecked and shows a beautiful metallic lustre. Much of the rock has seams in it, through which electric currents passed long before the red man's arrow was pointed with the broken fragments. It has stood the battling of the elements for ages, and will still endure till the last trump of the archangel shall sound.

The most interesting feature is the Monumental House, a real "poem in stone," which forms part of the highest one of the three great stone blocks. In architectural likeness it is fashioned somewhat on the Hudson River villa style. The south side is some thirty feet in perpendicular height, and about the same in length, cut smooth as if it had been done with the chisel. The front shows the outlines of a house in admirable distinctness. A handsome balcony, with solid balustrade at one end, adorns the front. A well balanced observatory rises over the centre, near which and a little below projects up a plain-cut chimney-flue. Just back of the main body of the house stand two large square blocks, like rooms separated from the main one, and from each other by straight narrow corridors deftly made. These have one side in line with the main structure. The whole design and finish show Nature to be no mean architect, and she may have constructed this as a residence for some sylvan race prior to the advent of man.

From the fact that few observers had hitherto visited this place, the present writer was first to discover and give "local habitation and a name" to Monumental House, and it is to be supposed that for other eyes there yet hide undetected beauties. Though it was under a mid-summer sun, yet the surface of the rock remained cold as an iceberg. And as I sat on a little open veranda of this unique edifice and held an umbrella over one whose flushed cheek keeps my heart warm yet, her eyes grew more lustrous as

she glanced at me and then, pointing a few yards away to a flat, moss-coated rock, shaded by a beautiful balsam, said: "I can imagine that I see there a pretty maiden sitting in careless mood, whiling away the hour reading fairy-tales."

Viewed under different aspects, this rocky scene affords perpetual delight. In some places the surface of the rock is encrusted with a slight coating of weather stain, through which hundreds of small spots still remain white, and at a short distance present the appearance of a sprinkle of snow-flakes on a brown soil. Sated with beauty of her form and with love for Nature's self, we began the long descent, which added little novelty to what we had seen, but was made more romantic by the occasion of a heavy rain-storm that did violence to the poetic fires that were enkindled, and sent us saturated to our shelter.

To rise early is no part of my creed. Not all the witchery that can be wrought by poetry itself into the most transcendent sun-rise could tempt me up to see it. But yielding the point for once only (I hope no one in the future will call this into plea as a precedent), I arose and joined the party betimes on the next morning, for a full day's service in another sport. As if displeased by the irreverence of thrusting ourselves into her presence at such an unexpected hour, the morning looked on us with a disdainful frown. The entire valley was wrapped in heavy fog. But it was pleasing, even thus soon, to stand by the river, voicing "music of many waters," and see the gray mist rise from the surface and float away from the approaching sun; or to scare from his secret covert the wild bird that rose with the mist and shook from his crest the early dew.

Fishing tackle all arranged, we sallied out to test the whims of fortune in what still to our untried hopes had the greatest fascination—angling for mountain trout. "A good place to fish" is what we sought. But some one interrupted to quote Mark Twain as saying, that you can find a good place *to fish* anywhere, but the secret lies in finding a good place *to catch 'em*. Such a place is Crawford's Creek, a leaping, laughing streamlet that pours its waters down, down over a hundred cascades, to join the on-rushing current of the river; and thither we went. Along this stream we walked enchanted by sounds too musical to be wedded even to poetry. The entire alcove was filled with these reverberations, not loud and boisterous, but struck on more tuneful keys. Truly it is not the roar of Niagara, giving out continuous peals from one great central orchestra, that charms us most; but the commingling of varied notes—the gentle rill, the babbling cascade, the less pretentious cataract, all struck on different keys that blend into harmony—these fill the soul with a soothing, sweeter music. Such was the perpetual anthem whose strains filled the amphitheatre of nature, and by responsive effect set to music feelings of the human soul. Beside such a stream, shaded though it was by fir and spruce and birch, was no place for the lute-tones of lovers, though the heart were moved to rapturous inspirations; for musical as were the sounds from nature, they were not soft enough to

admit these under-tones of beguiling love.

Sound was not alone to charm. Varieties and delicacies of scenery were there to please the eye as well. Sauntering on we would pass shaded nooks where the surface of the stream was darkened by overhanging foliage, and then to sun-lit pools where shining pebbles gleamed at the bottom and wily troutlets performed their singular gyrations. Now we looked on the gentler flow of a pent-up rivulet, and now on the silvery spray of a dashing cascade. While the brook itself is the purest, most crystal-like water in which sun-beams were ever bent, yet the optical effect varies with the changes of light and shade.

To beguile from their limpid element the unwary fish was our chief object now. I should not call them unwary, either; for this unique specimen of swimming excitement is the shyest and most artful of the finny tribe, evading often the most cunning devices of the skilled angler. Its shyness is well known from the fact that it retires before the advances of civilization and lives only in the freshest streams undefiled by the use of man. Modelled in elegant shape, bedecked with rich colored settings and iridescent hues, it is no less a thing of beauty than an embodiment of the archness of its tribe. If you want to catch this fish, you need not go to the brook in a boisterous way and thrust in a big, rusty hook, swung to a heavy pole. A knowledge of its nature and habits will lead you to get a delicate line and tackle, with an artificial fly of fantastic colors attached, and dance this deceptive "bait" along on the surface; for this variety of fish, unlike many of its order, but very like some of the human kind, is caught immediately on the surface. The excitement of this sport is intense; and the physiognomist could find something to interest him as he watched the face light up with joy and anxiety when the playful trout darted for the fly, and then take on a subdued look of disappointment and self-accusation as the triumphant little trickster would escape. After getting into the "mysteries of the gentle craft," I doubt if old Izaak Walton himself, the "philosopher of the rod," ever found a keener sense of pleasure in plying his favorite sport than we.

The cunning required for catching this wily fish suggested very naturally that such devices might succeed better in taking in the shy of the human species. A certain youth in the party was set on fishing for the latter kind, and he was not insensible to such a hint from the trickery of other crafts. The impulse was quickened when he found himself alone with the shy maiden in a secluded spot that afforded a fit place for an angel to make love. She was indeed a Lilian, shy, yet sweetly tempting, and looked as if, to this moment, she

> "Had never felt the stir of nestled love,
> Her lips ne'er known the spasm of love's kiss."

Were it not for fear of marring the picture as it comes now before my mind, I would sketch it here to satisfy the curious. I may venture only to draw away the curtain and let the reader take a glimpse at them sitting together on a moss-covered rock, with boughs of spruce dangling about their heads and the limpid, babbling brook at their feet, singing as it went to lady-

like ferns that fringed its borders and looked at their own graceful forms in the glassy water; while above them the wheel of a picturesque old mill hummed an accompaniment to the melody of the stream. What was said—well, I am not authorized to report.

Our "angling days" and sight-seeing amid the handiwork of nature over, our party dispersed, retaining what we had seen as pictures on the walls of memory to hang till "the dome of thought and palace of the soul" shall crumble away. And if, as one supposes of Fra Angelico, the transcripts of his heavenly vision which covered the walls of his cell faded not from his inward eye when the emaciated body returned to dust, we may hope that in another state these pictures that so delighted us here shall reappear as immortal mementoes of that beauty which we were permitted to see here below.

FERNIHURST.

Coming from where Nature paraded herself in savage grandeur undisturbed by the mutilating hand of art, save only to meet the ruder wants of man, I went again to view the gentler scenes that make Fernihurst the queen picture of landscape beauty in "Land of the Sky." Twenty minutes' drive from Asheville will take you to a slight eminence, whence the eye may feast till satiate on Nature's lovelier form, and if willing to put away superficial habits, the spirit, enkindled by subtler fires, may enter into mysteries that conceal themselves from the vulgar gaze. Looking toward sunset from the front of a handsome brick residence, finished in Queen Anne style, the view encompassed is one full of intensest beauty. Stretching out from you as you stand under a summer's sun are green meadows grazed by lazy herds and traversed by careless windings of the placid French Broad, disguised in sleepy mood, before it awakes in passing the unmarked line where it becomes the Racing River.* The Swannanoa, like a serpent with silvered folds winding under clustering trees and interlacing vines, thus giving to the scene the additional feature of an artificially grown hedgerow, glides into the larger river with a graceful curve. Undulating surface waves backward from the eye till outlined more strongly in green-crested hillocks. Small mountains arise and grow less distinct as vision sweeps on to survey massive peaks and gigantic ledges, which make for a picture so exquisitely wrought a background of solemn and imposing grandeur.

As the expression of the human face changes with the moods of the mind, so Nature's charms vary under different aspects. I had seen this spot before, but not in such a dress as on the present occasion. Without wishing to seem gaudy, Nature had clothed herself in her most gorgeous apparel, as if to win the love and admiration of the beholder by beauty of spirit expressed more perfectly in beauty of form.

So sweet, so enchanting was the charm of beauty, too subtle to be understood, that no true lover could

*The upper part of the French Broad where the flow is gentle was called in the Cherokee tongue, *Agi-qua*, Sleeping Water; and the lower part, because of its impetuosity, was named *Tahke-ostee*, Racing Waters.

stand in its presence without being too deeply moved to repress his feelings, and yet too deeply impressed to utter the word that speaks the soul. If you would see and feel all the witchery of beauty that can be wrought into one picture by the mistress of enchantment, go to Fernihurst, as I did, when the evening sky was half obscured by clouds, and see the shadows fall on mountain slopes or shade the surface of the stream, while sunbeams, sent through broken windows of cloud, were like golden arrows shot obliquely over hill and green and dimpled waves. As the sun glided down to rest beyond the crest of isolated peaks and gave to their lengthened shadows a darker hue, through the gate-ways of the uneven range, it sent back a flood of glory gilding the valley with streams of pure gold. To contrast with the light of the valley and the blue of shaded mountains, white mists arose from below and lay like glaciers on the dimples of higher slopes. It were difficult to conceive another spot of earth combining all the elements of beauty in such rare perfection. And it were not possible to say whether the enchantment is due to clear blue sky or floating cloud; to shadows of loftier peaks or gilding sunbeams; to the lonely tree in verdant fields or stately forests growing dim in distance; to winding stream or undulating mead; to gentle hillocks or majestic peaks: but the interweaving of all, sustained in matchless repose, leaves no one to doubt the sweet, though mysterious, effect of tangible beauty on the intangible soul. The scene is one that needs only to be transferred to canvass by the pencil of a Turner to make it, in the utmost perfectibility, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

A VILE SPECTRE.

There is a little spectre lurking in every part of the inhabited globe. He is often seen, but seldom noticed. He assumes different sizes and aspects, usually seems pleasant and unassuming. His eyes are expressive, though somewhat downcast; and his voice is very soft and low, yet full of tenderness. He softly approaches the little child, and endeavors to ingratiate himself into its favor as soon as it reaches susceptibility.

This spirit always has an abundant supply of suggestions, which he proposes freely to any who will receive them; and he offers them, too, at a time when, to accept them, seems to be the best that can be done. When the child has broken a cup and is fearing the punishment of its mother, he is ready to suggest a falsehood; and when the mischievous boy has broken a glass, the spectre suggests some means of attributing the act to another. He does not stop with the child and boy. As the young man starts out in life, the spirit offers himself as a constant companion, promising to guide him and help him out of all difficulties. He tells him that he may take his dram, that he may leave false impressions, that he may gamble, that he may go with bad company, that he may keep late hours, that he may live

beyond his means. Now he becomes more daring: the young man is allowed to drink to the full, to stake his employer's money, to express his sentiments with oaths, to grasp the pistol and take the life of his comrade. Then this hideous spectre presents himself in his true character, showing the young man that for a companion he had chosen "a wolf in sheep's clothing." The young man is taken to prison, and there the monster leaves him, awaiting the day of his execution. Ah, young man! he can serve you no longer. When he first threw around you the wreath of flowers and promised to be your friend, little did you think that he was forging chains with which to drag your soul down to hell.

Neither does he slight the young lady. He offers himself as a very convenient, and even necessary companion for her also, promising her much innocent fun and amusement; for he knows very well how to deal with the finer sensibilities of her nature. He praises her beauty, the gracefulness of her form and movements, her waving hair and sparkling eyes, and he encourages her into all the amusements of the day. She must follow the fashions, regardless of whatever of pain, deformity, and suffering may be the consequence. She is privileged to coquet as much as she pleases, and when conscience would remind her that she is trifling with the most sacred gift of God, except the soul and salvation, and what a wreck she may make of some one's life, he whispers, "Only a little innocent fun." The lady enters again the circle of pleasure-seekers, forgetting the discarded lover who has fallen under the burden of a wounded spirit, and has resorted, perhaps, to the cup for temporary relief.

The first account we have of this spectre is recorded in the third chapter of Genesis. There, in the beautiful garden of Eden, he made his first appearance; since then he has travelled over the entire world, and now lives in all its parts. His range reaches from ocean to ocean, and from pole to pole; no place too cold or too hot for him, but wherever man goes the spectre goes. He seems to know everybody, and just when to make his approach.

But oh, the trouble he causes! He leads an individual into things for which his conscience lashes him without mercy; his mind is confused, his brow burns, and his heart throbs violently; his physical energy is exhausted, his spirits are worn out, and at last he lies beneath the sod, soon to be forgotten.

He enters the family circle, and where peace and harmony, love and congeniality were wont to dwell, he breaks up the harmony of husband and wife, separates father and son, mother and daughter, and destroys the love of brother and sister. Contentions arise from which come strifes and blows, and we see, instead of a peaceful, quiet, happy home, a lodging place for sorrow and misery.

He mingles with the society of a community and leaves there a trail of disaster, as plainly visible as blood upon snow. He reduces the strongest ties of friendship to enmity, makes the best of friends the bitterest of enemies, separates true lovers, scatters false reports, furnishes gossip for tattlers, and alienates neighbors.

He makes his way into our public institutions and exhibits his wicked qualities there. The effects of his influence may be plainly seen, and without close observation we know that these are his dwelling places.

He figures prominently also in the government of nations. Instead of a strict compliance with the laws, and loyalty to authority, the subjects are endeavoring to violate and evade the laws by every hook and crook. Promises have become of none effect, bonds and mortgages have to be used, and that with much care. Bolts and bars and locks are resorted to, and yet our country is filled with court-houses, prisons, and penitentiaries. Our citizens are divided into parties and factions, which are continually striving for the supremacy. Oh, for shame! that in our great free nation we should be bound by this vicious, meddlesome phantom.

Fellow-students, it will be expected of us to take the lead in the affairs of the communities in which we reside; and I have no doubt that many of you while reading the life of some great general have felt your hearts burn within you for a Rubicon to cross, or some Alpine cliffs to climb that your names might be written high upon the pinnacle of fame. If so, here is a foe. Arise, call upon your friends and neighbors to help you crush this monster; and if you shall lead an army against him and drive him forever from our shores, you will be a greater general than Cæsar or Hannibal.

Will you, then, dear readers, join the army for the overthrow of this atrocious spirit? If we cannot rid ourselves entirely of his degrading influence, we may, by united effort, so weaken it that coming generations will not have to suffer as we have.

And would you know the name of this vile spectre? Is it murder? Is it gambling? Is it thieving? Is it swearing? Is it drinking? Is it evil habit? No; none of these alone, but the prime originator of them all—DECEPTION.

EDITORIAL.

HALCYON DAYS.

Among the many beautiful fables related in old classic writ, it would, perhaps, be vain to search for one more pleasing or interesting just now than that touching story of the origin of what are called Halcyon Days.

The souls of Ceyx and Halcyone, young husband and wife, had melted into each other with all the fervency of wedded love. The beautiful girl felt that no man was so perfect, so handsome, so worthy of the purest affections of her youthful heart, as the husband propitious heaven had made her own; and she clung to him with the trust and devotion of truest womanhood. And Ceyx in return bestowed upon his faultless bride, the idol of his bosom, the warmest and most unwavering love of a noble manhood.

Thus confident and happy in each other's love, the course of their life is as smooth and peaceful as the surface of a mountain-guarded lake, where every ripple has been lulled to rest beneath its silvery coverlid of moonbeams. The gods look down upon them with smiles, and are proud to behold among their creatures such mutual and unblemished loyalty between man and wife. Now, Ceyx, while on a voyage across the sea, is shipwrecked in a ruthless storm, and his lifeless body washed ashore by the waves. Halcyone, finding the pale corpse, is wild with agony, and her heart breaks with grief that her beloved Ceyx is no more. Feeling that life has no further charms for her, she plunges headlong into the ocean to share the fate of her drowned husband. The gods, exceedingly moved by this touching deed and the sad fate of their loving pair, converted them both into birds, which, from this circumstance, take the name of Halcyons. The two weeks, then, in which these birds build their nests are called in memory of the devoted and hapless wife "halcyon days," during which the seas, *ut fama est*, restrain their high leaping billows, their roughness subsides into unbroken tranquility, and they observe these days as a period of rest in sacred remembrance of lamented Halcyone and her ill-starred husband. Through all the ages, the season in which stern ocean's surges cease to roll, has been known as halcyon days; so that in *halcyon* fancy finds a fascinating beauty that oftentimes renders it a happy substitute for the less romantic *peaceful*, or *quiet*.

We learn from naturalists that these birds build their nests during the seven days before and seven after the longest night and shortest day of the year; and so this present is the time of the halcyon days—the rest days, sporting days of the year. Since last the halcyon has built her nest, another spring has brought forth its songs and its flowers, another summer has come with its freight of fruits, another autumn has poured freely into the storehouses and granaries of man its treasures of plenty, and another winter finds us in the midst of unmeasured

blessings, both as individuals and as a nation.

The leaves have budded forth, have served the tree in its growth, have fulfilled their mission, and their work is done. Nature has now ceased from her year of toil. The winds of the summer tempest that rolled destruction and terror over land and sea, now give place to the light treading steeds of winter that so gently bear their snowflake burdens to the earth in weaving a spotless burial robe for the old year. The lightning's glare that plowed its way through night's liquid darkness, and with riving arrows shattered to the heart tall mountain oaks, will now find a meeker counterpart in the soft, soothing starbeams of a quiet winter's night. Loud roaring thunder-peal that burst from summer's storm, shaking old earth to the centre while its very heart fluttered in fright, is, at the bidding of nature's Master, hushed in these halcyon days, and soon over hill and vale will echo and re-echo in chorus gay cosey-wrapped maiden's merry laugh and sound of sleigh-bells ringing across the snow. We are now between the end of one year's work and the beginning of another—the time of retrospect and prospect.

If, on viewing the course of the past year, it be seen that success has in every way crowned our efforts; that plans have been well laid, well executed; that abundant fruits of our labors have been reaped; that every work has been fully done and every vow kept—then, indeed, these halcyon days are days for congratulation, rejoicing, thanksgiving, and rest. But if penitent and sorrowful, one sees that the waves of the sea just crossed are strewn with the wrecks of broken promises and unkept vows, that well laid plans have not been executed, that golden opportunities have been recklessly wasted, that the past year of his life is a failure—then these halcyon days are so many voices bidding him weep not for the past that comes not again, and warning him to profit by experience and make of it a golden capital to aid him in bettering the future. And if looking back, one find that many longed-for joys have eluded his anxious grasp, that sorrow has been his lot, that every honest effort in his noblest work has been counteracted, that the cruel strokes of misfortune have lashed the sea into fury and wrecked his highest purposes, and discovers at last all his brightest hopes and loftiest aspirations cast ashore by the blighting storm; then let not such a one despair, but take courage and strengthen his soul in these quiet days that tell us that God, who doeth all things well, smiles upon a holy zeal wedded to the execution of a noble purpose; and though upon the stormy sea of the past, both have been wrecked and lie broken upon its shores, He can convert them into a new zeal and a new purpose, stronger, nobler, better, that, halcyon-like, can with lusty, vigorous stroke, beat off from its pinions the heavy mists of the maddened sea and rise high above ocean's fury, where no cruel storm can dash and wreck, and no wild wave engulf.

EDUCATIONAL.

—"SHORTER COLLEGE (Female), Rome, Ga., opens with 135 pupils, and still they come."

—THE census returns show that the most illiterate population of the United States is that of New Mexico. Sixty per cent. are unable to read.

—SINCE 1865 the people of the North have sent in individual contributions over a million dollars a year for the aid of education in the South.

—THE Johns Hopkins University has the largest attendance this fall that has been known during its history. The new laboratory will be ready for use next term.

—OF the ten universities of Prussia Bonn is the youngest. In its present organization it dates back to 1818, when Frederick William III. signed the order for its location and opening.

—IT is calculated by experts in social science that education in any given community can eradicate 96 per cent. of pauperism and 50 per cent. of crime. Note in this the high interest yielded by public appropriations to the cause of education.

—THE lamented Jas. Thomas, jr., of Richmond, Va., who died a few weeks ago, was a worthy Baptist and a warm friend of education. He gave liberally to Richmond College, and frequently aided, though in a quiet way, worthy young men in their efforts to get an education.

—A few years ago the Commissioner of Education made some inquiries of large employers in the centres of labor as to the productiveness of laborers in all branches of industry. This is the general result of his investigation: The laborer with a common school education will, on the average, produce 25 per cent. more than the illiterate; with an academic education he will produce 50 per cent. more; and with a collegiate education, 100 per cent. more.

—NORTH CAROLINA makes a darker showing in illiteracy than any State or Territory in the Union, except New Mexico; and, according to census returns, it is growing still worse. Blushing over it is not what we want. Mind and heart, tongue and pen and purse must be concentrated in immediate and earnest work, or the stain and the night will linger still.

—IT is said that the money collected at the M. E. Conference in session at Raleigh, for the proposed Anglo-Chinese University, is probably the largest sum ever realized on any similar occasion in this State. It is believed that quite a number of poor ministers gave as much as one-fourth of their salaries. *One man gave his college medal.*

—HON. W. C. DEPAW makes an enormous offer to Asbury University at Greencastle, Ind., on condition that $100,000 be raised, 100 acres of land purchased, and three small colleges of the State be merged into the University. He has already given $50,000 to this institution, besides founding DePaw College at New Albany. Would not some "merging" greatly aid the cause of female education in our State?

—At their recent State Conference the Methodists of North Carolina raised in cash and pledges over $4,000 of the debt of Trinity College; the remaining $2,000 are to be raised by the churches.

—The Freshman Class at Brown University numbers 81. Prof. Harkness, of the Chair of Greek, has returned from a trip to England and Germany on an inspection tour among the universities.

—The Southern States have over five millions of children of school age, and raise annually for their education ten millions of dollars. The rest of the Union has ten millions of children of school age, and raises annually for their education sixty millions of dollars—three times as much for each child as the South.

—"There is said to be a great falling off in the number of students in the Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y. This is not to be wondered at. That school has, in taking pains to be non-sectarian, swung so far toward being non-religious, and has, through an influential portion of its faculty, done so much to encourage utter religious unbelief, that parents, knowing the value of religious restraints, if not of religious ideals and inspirations, gravely doubt the safety of sending their boys to such a place."—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

—In the year 1870 London allowed 200,000 children to be entirely without school facilities. Since that time, however, there has been a revolution on the subject of public schools, and now they are springing up in even the poorest quarters of the great city. The movement was not without influential and bitter opposition. The Church authorities resisted the establishment of any but Church schools, and the Tory leaders have never been in sympathy with popular education. But so marked has been the revolution that *The Spectator*, which has sided with the opposition, is forced to admit the improvement in London's elementary education, not only as regards the quality of the instruction given, but also the number of those who receive it.

—In the editorial department of the October *Century* is an article entitled "The Young South." The noteworthy thing about it is its suggestion that some of the surplus wealth of the North might be most profitably expended for the endowment of schools and colleges in the South for the whites as well as the blacks. This is a hopeful sign. Besides this, there are two remarks which are worthy of quotation in this place. 1. "Any one who will visit the Southern colleges and schools will find in them a generation of students, alert, vigorous, manly, and tremendously in earnest." 2. "A race of exceptional moral earnestness and mental vigor is now growing up in the South, and it is sure to be heard from. If the young fellows in Northern colleges expect to hold their own in the competition for leadership, they must devote less of their resources to base-ball and rowing and champagne suppers, and 'come down to business.'"

—The London School Board embraces within its sphere various duties that do not belong to our own boards. It has its industrial and its sewing

schools—it tried even a swimming school—its committees of examination and revision; its excellent officials and members, who are all highly cultivated and educated men. The zeal for education has spread over all England. Since 1870 $100,000,000, it was stated at the Social Science Congress recently, have been expended in building school-houses in England and Wales alone. The number of certificated teachers has risen from 12,027 to 33,562, the average attendance at the schools from 1,878,684 in 1870 to 4,389,633 in 1881. This progress in elementary education is unequalled in any other age or nation. Mr. Hastings, the president of the Social Science Congress, relates the growth of education in his own city of Worcester. In 1871, he says, there were at least one thousand children at Worcester "running wild in the streets," and who never entered a school. Now, he continues, there are not forty-three, and of these many were properly excused. This he thinks good progress. "But," he adds, "it lags behind what I saw in Boston when, ten years ago, I visited the United States." We trust Boston still retains its pre-eminence in educational affairs.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—PERHAPS no institution has tried the elective system more extensively than Cornell; and we are informed that the tendency is to decrease the elective and increase the regular system, as a result of trial. In a carefully guarded elective system during the Junior and Senior years, with such oversight of individuals as the Professors shall deem necessary, lies doubtless the safe mean between two extremes. For a college curriculum that is all license and no law, nothing said by Dr. Crosby could be too severe. One more quotation, on the subject of college athletics, is too good reading and sound sense to be lost:

"The only other mistake common to our colleges to which I will now refer is the fostering of boat-clubs and ball-clubs. That young men should in time of relaxation go out on the green and have a game of ball, or should go down to the river and have a row, is most natural and commendable, but that they should form clubs for training and spend months in the process, and have grand public contests before thousands all over the country, and attract the professional "rough" with their betting and drinking to the grand show, in all of which study is neglected and must be neglected, is an abomination of the first order. It is a shame that college presidents are actually promoters of this demoralizing system. It would seem as if those worthies thought that colleges were instituted to collect a crowd of young 'bloods' that they might have 'a high time.' No wonder so many young men cannot go to college, because all this high living is so costly. If they refuse to pay the class taxes for all sorts of foolery, they are shoved aside as mean fellows, and this ostracism very few can bear. It costs a student at Yale or Harvard from $1,200 to $2,000 a year if he is going to be in full *rapport* with his class. It becomes college trustees to see that these expensive habits, so inimical to all true study, are prohibited, and that Professors and students give heed to the important work for which the college

was created. What we want is a quadrennium of careful mental training in all the faculties of the mind, coupled with an introduction into the principles and relations of the various departments of knowledge, all of which is to be prescribed by the instructor and the studies diligently pursued without distraction from any external source, the student becoming so far master of the subjects studied that he can clearly state what he knows. In order to get back to this course of duty we must avoid following the guidance of two very worthless guides, the callow youth who are to be instructed, and the shallow newspapers that do not know the difference between a college and a circus."—*Examiner.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—HON. S. S. COX is the author of two companion books, *Arctic Sunbeams* and *Orient Sunbeams*, which are described as delightful books of travel.

—FOR entertainment combined with valuable information, there is, in our humble judgment, no better monthly than *The Eclectic.*

—*The Naval War of* 1812, by Theodore Roosevelt, is said to be about the only accurate account we have of what was actually done by our navy in 1812. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

—A book in which all North Carolinians must certainly be interested is in course of preparation. It is *Poets and Poetry of North Carolina.* Dr. E. W. Pugh, of Windsor, Bertie county, the author of "Cecil Afton," is the editor. He is aided by Mrs. M. B. Clark and Miss Cameron, but asks aid from any others who can furnish it.

—THE following lines are the highest English in the world. They are a led-pencil inscription written by some climber in a little hut built by the Swiss Alpen Club on the slope of Mt. Matterhorn:

"Little Mat Horner
Sat in a corner,
And vowed he wouldn't be climbed;
We tried it you know,
But found so much snow,
We very politely declined."

—ONE of the most desirable books recently published is Paul H. Hayne's complete works. It is elegantly bound, and altogether is one of the best books for a present we have seen. Margaret J. Preston furnishes a short biography, and no one could have been found better qualified to perform the task. We may be partial, for we feel that he is "our poet." Every Southron should have a copy. As a poet, we like him. As a man, he commands our highest respect. The Boston *Post* says of him, "Hayne is a songster of a southern grove, and he sings in his leafy bower, because he was attuned to sing. If his notes reach beyond his sylvan hall and fall upon ears without its walls and plaudits of approval come in return, he trills responsively a grateful melody and resumes his solo, as he would had no encore greeted him."

Few know the life story of Paul Hamilton Hayne. And we hope his labor may meet with substantial appreciation among his countrymen. D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, Mass., Publishers.

—Mr. George W. Cable, of New Orleans, who within a few years has achieved celebrity in literature, has been engaged to deliver a course of six lectures before the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, during the month of March next. The lectures will treat of the relations of literature to modern society.

—A bit of personal gossip from the correspondence of Miss Mitford, just published by the Harpers, gives an amusing version of a conversation between Jas. T. Fields and Carlyle concerning Washington: "So, sir, ye're an American," quoth the self-sufficient Scotchman. Mr. Fields assented. "Ah, that's a wretched nation of your ain. Its all wrong. It always has been wrong from the vera beginning. That grete mon of yours—George," (did any one under the sun ever dream of calling Washington *George* before?) "your grete mon George was a monstrous bore, and wants taking down a few hundred pegs." "Really, Mr. Carlyle," replied Mr. Fields, "you are the last man in the world from whom I should have expected such an observation. Look at your own book on Cromwell! What was Washington but Cromwell without his personal ambition and without his fanaticism?" "Eh, sir," responded Carlyle, "George had neither ambition nor religion, nor any good quality under the sun—George was just Oliver with all the juice squeezed out."

—Mr. J. T. Trowbridge tells this good story against himself: "The tax-collector called upon me last spring, and in course of conversation asked me what I did for a living. I said I wrote, and after having to explain to him that I was nither a bookkeeper nor a copyist, I told him I wrote books. 'Pshaw, now,' said he, 'I want to know! Wa-al, it's kind 'o curious, I never heard 'o that. Got any of 'em about yer?' I said I had some of them in the house, but didn't keep a very large supply on hand. 'Well, you can git 'em, I s'pose,' was the next remark. I said I could, and he gave me an order on the spot. 'Send me down the handsomest copy you've got.' said he, 'and I'll pay you for it. If we've got a man that kin write, I'll do my duty by him.'"

—"Robinson Crusoe" gains rather than loses by time, and one of the latest stories of its power is told by Mr. R. L. Stevenson in an English paper:—A friend of his, a Welsh blacksmith, was twenty-five years old, and could neither read nor write, when he heard a chapter of "Robinson Crusoe" read aloud in a farm-kitchen. Up to that moment he had sat content, huddled in his ignorance; but he left that farm another man. There were day-dreams, it appeared, divine day-dreams, written and printed and bound, and to be bought for money and enjoyed at pleasure. Down he sat that day, painfully learned to read Welsh, and returned to borrow the book. It had been lost, nor could he find another copy but one that was in English. Down he sat once more, learned English, and at length, with entire delight, read "Robinson."

—THOSE who have had the pleasure of reading Mr. Edwin Arnold's new poem on Islam, now in press, say that it equals, if not surpasses, *The Light of Asia*, in dramatic power.

—MR. HOWELL'S extraordinary critical remarks in the late number of *The Century* about Dickens and Thackeray as compared with the school of Mr. James and himself, have called out quite a storm of remonstrance and objurgation on all hands, especially in England, where to attack Thackeray is like breaking the Sixth Commandment. Mr. Howells protests that he has been misunderstood!

—OF the many novels now suing for public patronage on our soil, none has excited bolder assertions and more contradictory opinions than *A Modern Hagar*, by a woman whose *nom de plume* is Charles M. Clay. The leading critical journal of the country would persuade you to believe that it is "the American novel" for which the literary world has long been waiting; telling you that it is essentially a novel in which the author has interwoven slavery, military life on the plains, the treatment of the red man with its reflex action, war, political conventions, social life in New York and Washington, love, capital punishment, and what not—all written in the clever spirit of an American citizen! Another journal, perhaps not inferior, tells us that "the book is ill-digested, ill-written, ill-planned, and ill-everything-else. Yet there are possibilities in it of which, had the most been made, a good book might have been made." Who is right? *Nous verrons.*

—LONGFELLOW'S study remains just as he left it. Not a book nor piece of furniture has been moved. The gates to the grounds of his old home are always open to the visitor, but within the house the bereaved family are secure from intrusion, and their life goes on as it did before his death, save for the great void that never can be filled. The poet's grave at Mount Auburn is only marked by the flower wreaths daily placed upon it by loving hands.

—MISS CAROLINE FOX, in her *Memories of Old Friends*, tells of a certain Professor Air, who was so shy that he never looked a person in the face. A friend remarked to him: "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the principle of double refraction." "Dear me, that is very odd," said the philosopher. "I should like to see that; do you think that I might call?" He did so, and at the end of the visit begged permission to call again to see her eyes in a better light. He, however, found it a problem which would take a lifetime to study—and he married her.

—MR. JOHN H. WHEELER, the North Carolina historian, died in Washington on the 8th inst. The Congressmen from North Carolina held a meeting in his honor and adopted suitable resolutions. He left in manuscript historical matter pertaining to the State which ought to be preserved. He was buried in the city cemetery with Masonic hon ors.

—PROF. CLIFFORD, whose articles in the *Fortnightly Review* excited so much attention six or seven years ago, died at the age of thirty-four. In this short period he won a wide reputation, not only as a mathematician of the first order, but also as a writer in science, religion, and ethics. Exciting work, done under pressure of time of his own imposing, was the chief cause of his premature decline. He wrote for the *Review* mentioned a paper on *The Unseen Universe* which filled eighteen of its double-column pages, all at a single sitting, that lasted from a quarter to ten in the evening till nine the following morning. How strange that with all his sense he lacked that additional grain which would have restrained him from such recklessness!

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

There is a sort of men whose faith is all
In their five fingers, and what fingering brings,
With all beyond of wondrous great and small,
Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things;
A race of blinkards, who peruse the case
And shell of life, but feel no soul behind,
And in the marshalled world can find a place
For all things, only not the marshalling Mind.
'Is strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole
For channelling earth?—such earthy things are they;
E'en let them muster forth in blank array,
Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul.
I, while this dædal dome o'erspans the sod,
Will own the builder's hand, and worship God.

—Prof. J. S. Blackie.

—THE PRINCETON COLLEGE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—The scientific expedition which left Princeton, June 26, secured twenty-two hundred pounds of valuable fossils, which have been classified and added to the college museum. The collections were made in Wyoming, Nebraska, and Dakota.

—CRULS' COMET.—The great comet of 1882 was the most magnificent which has visited our system since 1858. Some eminent astronomers think it the same as appeared in 1880, while others suppose it to be a different one pursuing nearly the same orbit. Its tail stretches in length some 17 or 18 degrees. It is known as Cruls' comet because he was supposed to be the first who discovered it. He has charge of the observatory at Rio, and made the discovery on the 14th of September. But recent advices received at the Harvard observatory show that Dr. B. A. Gould, of Cordova, S. Am., who discovered that of 1880, discovered this at least five days before Cruls at Rio. It is probable, therefore, that our great visitor will hereafter be known as Gould's comet of '82.

—THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.—There is probably not another region on the globe of equal extent which contains so many natural wonders. It is about seventy-five miles square, and lies in the northwest corner of the Territory of Wyoming. It is particularly famous for the great number of its geysers and the Canon

of the Yellowstone. Prof. Dana estimates that of these hot, spouting springs there are at least 10,000, and when the section is thoroughly explored the number known will, perhaps, be doubled. When quiet they are like large cups filled with the purest water, and on the inside adorned with brilliantly colored jewels. They are subject to eruptions, during which water and steam are thrown to the height of two or three hundred feet. One is known as the Old Faithful, because an eruption in it may be counted on every sixty-five minutes. The geyser mounds themselves are beautiful, but the section in which they abound is quite barren. This latter fact in part induced Congress in 1872 to set it apart as a public park. The Yellowstone Canon is a tremendous gorge, through which the river flows. Its perpendicular walls, 2,000 feet high, come down to the water's edge, and are a marvellous illustration of the enormous erosive power of water acting through long ages. Hotels are being erected in the park, and it is thought that their proprietors will have some influence in checking the vandalism of visitors who do not hesitate to mar the beauty of the geysers to get specimens.

—Gossamer Spiders.—We might have called them "flying spiders," for they do fly, but on the wings of the wind. Sometimes the air is full of them; it looks as if they were rained down. When there is a gentle breeze abroad they may be seen on lake or river, skimming along the smooth surface, leaving a wake as a tiny boat. But how do they thus fly and sail? Prof. C. A. Young shall answer: "In sunny weather the little creatures, standing on their heads, project from their spinnerets fine filaments of gossamer, which are caught by the breeze and float off into the air, though still attached to the spider. When she perceives that the thread is long enough, and the pull of the wind sufficient, she releases her hold and flies away on her gossamer like a witch on her broomstick; by watching her chance, and letting go only when the breeze is favorable, she is carried to her desired haven." The gossamer is a sort of balloon, and by winding it in and so diminishing its extent, the spider is enabled to descend. But the gossamer is not lighter than air; why should it ascend? Partly because, having absorbed the rays of the sun, it acts as an independent source of heat generating an ascending current of air in its neighborhood; but mainly because the thread itself and its surrounding envelope of air are heated by the sun's rays, and being thus expanded, are lighter than the same bulk of the cooler air around, for the air receives but little heat from the rays of the sun passing through it. If this be the true explanation, the little spiders have to stay at home on cloudy days, and if a violent wind overtakes them when they are abroad they are invariably wrecked. This accords with the fact that they are seen only when the sun shines and gentle breezes blow.

—Who was the Fist Man?–Prof. Grant Allen, who always writes what is readable, published in the *Fortnightly Review* an essay which has been copied in the *Popular Science Monthly* and the *Eclectic* for November. Its heading is, Who was Primi-

tive Man? though after a while he tells us that, if we accept the theory of evolution, there never was a *first* man. By that he means to say, that it is impossible to find a point in the process of development on which you can put your finger and say, "Here the man-like ape became a complete man." He prefaces his discussion of the evidences of man's ancestry by the statement that the number of undoubted "human bones of the earliest period is all but absolutely nil," and that the "few dubious and suspected bodily remains which we possess, presumably of that age, are for the most part mere broken fragments." Yet from so narrow a basis of inference, together with the analogy of gradual development in other groups of animals, he draws us the portrait of "the real primitive man." This is it: He "apparently took to the low-lying and open plains, perhaps hid in caves, and, though probably still in part frugivorous, eked out his livelihood by hunting. We may not unjustifiably picture him to ourselves as a tall and hairy creature, more or less erect, but with a slouching gait, black-faced and whiskered, with prominent prognathous muzzle and large pointed canine teeth, those of each jaw fitting into an interspace in the opposite row. These teeth, as Mr. Darwin suggests, were used in the combats of the males. His forehead was no doubt low and retreating, with bony bosses underlying the shaggy eyebrows, which gave him a fierce expression, something like that of the gorilla. But already, in all likelihood, he had learned to walk habitually erect." Ah! reader, boast no more of "good family" and "honored blood."

TRANSITS OF VENUS.—It is likely that for no previous scientific event was made so extensive and costly preparation as for the transit of Venus on the 6th inst. It was an event of unusual interest, on account of the necessity of settling the sun's parallax and thereby determining accurately his distance from the earth, which is the base-line of all celestial measurements, and further, because a similar opportunity to do this important work would not occur again till the year 2004. Quite a number of the gazers were disappointed, in part, on account of the intervention of clouds, but ample observations were made to secure all the scientific results contemplated. The following bit of history, from the *Scientific American*, will prove interesting:

"Astronomical annals record the observation of only four transits of Venus: those of 1639, 1761, 1769 and 1874. Kepler was the first astronomer to predict that a transit would occur in 1631. But it passed unobserved, and his tables were so inaccurate that he failed to detect the transit that would take place in 1639. This too would have passed unobserved had it not been for the enterprise and enthusiasm of a young Englishman, the curate of a church in the north of England. Jeremiah Horrox, though only eighteen years of age, had mastered all known astronomical problems. He discovered that Kepler's tables indicated a near approach of a transit of Venus. The hope that he might witness the wonderful sight took possession of his imagination, and day and night he studied the tables of Kepler until he discovered an inaccuracy in

the calculations. He worked out a table for himself, and predicted a transit for 1639. He revealed the secret to an intimate friend, and they, keeping their own counsel patiently waited for the advent of the time that would verify the prediction. At last the great day arrived. It was Sunday, and bright, cool, and clear. The young astronomer sat in a darkened room, with the sun's image reflected through a small telescope upon a white screen, over which the planet must pass as a round dark spot if his calculations were correct.

Such was his extreme conscientiousness, that he left his watch when the church bell rang, to fulfil what he considered a higher duty. But his patient labor was rewarded. On his return from service, he discovered on the luminous image of the sun, the tiny black sphere that marked the passage of Venus across his disc, and thus won the honor of being the observer of the first transit ever seen by mortal eye.

A new interest was roused in astronomy by the report of the great event. During the interval between this and the next transit of 1761, science made rapid progress. Transits of Venus were, however, considered only as astronomical curiosities, until in 1677, Halley, while observing a transit of Mercury, discovered their scientific import as a means of determining the sun's distance."

EXCOMMUNICATED ANIMALS.—During the Middle Ages animals were treated very differently from what they are now. That is, they were treated as though they could reason, and were held responsible and punished if they commited crime. We learn from history some curious facts about this. Thus in 1120 the Bishop of Laon issued a letter of excommunication against the caterpillars and field-mice; and to defend these animals and plead between them and the farmers a lawyer was appointed under Francis I. In 1543 the consuls and aldermen of Grenoble published a decree demanding the excommunication of the snails and caterpillars; in 1585 the Grand Vicar of Valencia ordered the caterpillars, with which the country was infested, to evacuate his diocese; and in 1587 an action in court was brought against insects which were ravaging a field, and they were condemned. Just think of a sentence like this, actually pronounced July 9, 1516, by an officer at Troyes, France: 'Having heard the parties, and granting the request of the inhabitants of Villenove, we admonish the caterpillars to retire within six days; and in case they do not comply, we pronounce them accursed and excommunicated.' Imagine snails, mice, and caterpillars caring what the Church did about them so long as they were let alone! A French historian has taken the trouble to collect eighty sentences of death and excommunication that were pronounced between 1120 and 1741 against every species of animals, from the ass to the grasshopper. Nowadays we do not go after a lawyer or judge or priest when the grasshopper becomes a 'burden in the land,' but just go after the grasshopper.—*Examiner.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Eu. Sr. Editor.

—PROF. TAYLOR is unremitting in his endowment work. Sorry he has to be away so much; we miss him.

—REV. J. B. BOONE, Dr. Nelson, and several other friends paid us a short visit recently.

—THERE are no public exercises at all on the programme for Christmas. This of course implies immense enjoyment otherwise.

—THE church at this place has elected for its pastor Rev. W. B. Royall. He accepts; and a church in which so many lives are modelled is fortunate in securing such a model man for its pastor.

—A certain Junior and others who were once new-ish, have been exceedingly Green-ish since the Convention.

—W. R. HUNTER, the "independent" Sunday School lecturer, spent a few days with the children recently.

—NEXT Senior Speaking occurs Friday evening, Dec. 22. The girls will be coming home then. Yes, come every one, and bring your room-mate. Wake Forest is without a peer in giving Christmas entertainment to the girls.

—PROF. GORE, of the University (N. C.), paid us a short visit on his way to the State Convention. He is a handsome young "bach," and a good Baptist, too. The following we clip from the report of Anniversary Day at Chapel Hill, as given in the *University Monthly:* "Prof. Gore was solicited to speak by *repeated calls* from *the boys.* He answered in a few minutes' talk which was quite witty. The Professor is good at *repartee.*"

—"MR. MARSHALL, I already read one copy of the STUDENT; but you may put me down for one more, and send it to the prettiest girl you know who doesn't take it."—*Hon. C. M. Cooke, at Convention.* Accepted. And sent to Miss ——; no, she gets it. It will be sent to Miss ——; no, we don't know her. We'll send it to Miss ——, then; but we know two more possessing just about her degree of beauty who ought to have it. Can't some one else authorize us to send a copy to each of these? Try it. "Handsome is as handsome does," makes Mr. C. the handsomest married man in the Convention. It is characteristic of the man to do just such things.

—THOSE dear "beavers" will do for home service, but they are not the things for a crowded Convention. A Senior who had to care for his hat unceasingly while at Warrenton, wanted, for the time being, to swap it off for a baby. The brethren brushed their overcoats against it most irreverently, the "sisters" sat down on it without a shudder, and every man's hand appeared to be against it. That Senior has tried all, and thinks superintending a vaccinated arm or chaperoning a six weeks' baby is infinitely superior as a pastime to standing guard over a beaver.

—E. E. HILLIARD, who has so acceptably filled the position of Tutor during the present term, will leave us in

January for Scotland Neck. He takes charge of a flourishing school at that place and becomes editor of the *Scotland Neck Commonwealth*, a lively Democratic weekly. His departure is regretted alike by students and citizens. We wish him much success in both his pedagogic and editorial labors, as we know he will surely deserve it. It now begins to look as if Bro. Huf ham is, in very truth, "going to move Wake Forest to Scotland Neck."

—THAT criticism on the last Senior speeches created quite a ripple of sensation among those concerned. But a deliberate survey of the cool truth in the thing has restored quiet, and, as the speakers themselves say, will bring better speeches next time. The criticism itself did not entirely escape censure. About the best thing against the critics was said, through sympathy for the aggrieved parties, by one of those smart little ones having a voice like the opening of a big country gate, that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones, for the criticism was purely an 'affected effort,' and 'marred by indelicacy.'" And we had two distant friends to send us some good, wholesome, gratuitous advice on this matter by mail, postage paid, for which we return sincere thanks.

AN EDITORIAL ROMANCE.—*A True Narrative.*

INTRODUCTORY.

He was ambitious of editorial fame. The honor of temporary editorship is tendered him.

CHAPTER I.

The noble youth immediately sets himself to "composing things" for the paper.

CHAPTER II.

* * * * * *

Moments, seconds, minutes have done their mission and fled forever.

CHAPTER III.

A troubled form is seen still anxiously bending over a sheet of blank paper.

CHAPTER IV.

Some more seconds and minutes do their mission, and flee forever. That sheet of paper maintains its former blankness.

CHAPTER V.

At the end of the first thirty minutes he resigns with becoming meekness. Our hero shall speak for himself in

CHAPTER VI.

"The process was too much like bodying forth the forms of things unknown, and giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name. I couldn't."

CONCLUSION.

He obeyed the dictates of conscience and is happy. Editors, don't indulge in "bodying forth;" it's the root of all duelling. Don't squander your real estate in settling off colonies of "airy nothings;" it is extravagant. Give facts, and be happy.

—BY no means an unimportant feature of the College is the Sunday School. *In this every student ought to take an active part.* For years and years the students, citizens, children, old and young, have been engaged thus in studying and giving on Sabbath mornings. It is still in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the church of late has not participated so

freely as it ought. Here is a summary of the work for the last three or four years: In '79–'80, W. B. Waff, Supt., the average attendance was 95, and average contributions of the school each Sabbath amounted to 46 cents. '80–'81, Ed. M. Poteat, Supt., shows average attendance 121, contributions 60 cents. Session '81–'82, E. E. Hilliard, Supt., average attendance 132, contributions $1.33. During the present session, W. F. Marshall, Supt., the attendance has not been so full as it ought to have been, though the contributions so far average higher than ever before—attendance 116, contributions $1.46. The record shows that no matter how fluctuating the attendance, the contributions from Sabbath to Sabbath have remained nearly the same. This fact seems to indicate that those who give are sure to *come* and *give*, while the givers of little (or none) are the irregular comers, and *vice versa*. School opens promptly at 9:20 a. m. Welcome one, welcome all.

—MARRIED.— Rogers— Walters.— In the Memorial Hall, Wednesday, Nov. 22, at 8 p. m., by Rev. W. B. Royall, Mr. W. M. Rogers, of Raleigh, and Miss Lydia Walters, of Wake Forest. The ceremony was impressive. The happy couple, together with their attendants, filed into the beautifully decorated Hall, while the organ, under the skilful touch of Mrs. W. O. Allen, pealed forth the inspiring strains of the Wedding March. The occasion was one long to be remembered. Immediately after the ceremony which united the destinies of two loving hearts had been performed, the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where an elegant repast was prepared for a few guests. We offer our warmest congratulations to friend Rogers; for in winning the heart and hand of this young lady he has been most highly blest. The bride is well known here, where her many qualities of head and heart have made her a favorite, and we doubt not that many of the boys envy the good fortune of him whom she has chosen from among her many admirers. THE STUDENT joins many friends in wishing them an unbounded career of prosperity. Sorry want of space and time prevents us from giving names of attendants.

—COLLEGE work, as usual, was suspended Thanksgiving Day. The sermon on that occasion was preached by our much loved Professor, Rev. W. B. Royall. Text, Psalms 63: 3–4: "Because thy loving-kindness *is* better than life, my lips shall praise thee. Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name." Nothing is more important than thanksgiving at *all* times; *special* days ought not to mislead. Text is a passage in the experience of a man who had met with life in its varied scenes. His circumstances at present were such as could not possibly, on ordinary occasions, call forth praise—he was a refugee, in the wilderness, in a "dry and thirsty land;" yet, with all this, he felt that God's loving-kindness was better than life, and blessed him. God's blessings at first call forth praise; they grow old, we look upon them coldly; they are withdrawn, we murmur. It is a *fixed* condition or state of the soul that we should have,

praising and glorifying God always, whether we eat, or drink, or whatsoever we do. It would be a small thing, surely, if in all our worship today only a temporary thanksgiving is gained. But if the *germs* of thanksgiving have been planted, then is this meeting together of the people a great thing indeed. If we have that peace which passeth all understanding, we have all we need. This is less than a sketch of what was said; the warmth and deep earnestness with which that pure-hearted and good man said it must remain untold.

—THE following is a reliable statement of the yearly progress of the Vassar girls in their warfare upon edibles, at least we take it from a religious paper: During the last year the Vassar girls consumed 45 tons of fresh meats, 2½ tons of smoked meat, 2 tons of poultry, 3 tons of fish, 5 barrels of mackerel, 28,000 clams, 442 gallons of oysters, 5 barrels of pork, 225 barrels of flour, 2 tons of buckwheat, 36 bushels of beans, 1,919 bushels of potatoes, 8,409 dozen of eggs, 93,602 quarts of milk, 8,005 bananas, and 22,511 oranges. Boys, do you think you could live on this? If you do not, just consider that we have an average attendance of 140 per day and quietly calculate what each one would have to destroy daily in order to annihilate the whole amount in 300 days. Vassar is setting a good example. Ever since our aunt was a girl we have been hearing (and believing it, too,) that the dinner table of a female college is blank thing—blanker than the credit column of an editor's ledger; and in behalf of the prospective better-halves of North Carolina, we would beseech the managers of the boarding departments in our female colleges and seminaries to deal out provisions to the girls unreservedly as Vassar does. It ought to be remembered that girls have digestive capacities as well as other creatures, and those capacities ought to be respected. We believe that if the tables were made attractive and delightful enough to divert the minds of the blessed studious lasses from their books, that it would set to sparkling many a dreamy eye, and ruddy glow would drive unwelcome pallor from many a school-girl's cheek.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

'76. We congratulate Mr. B. F. Montague. He was married on the 6th inst. in Raleigh, and started off immediately on a Northern tour of two weeks.

'82. It is announced in another place that Mr. E. Hilliard leaves us in January to make his home in Scotland Neck. We are sure that he and Mr. Ragsdale ('80), with whom he will be associated will make a success of their school and paper. Indeed, Mr. Ragsdale has already a fine and paying school. This year he will realize a larger income from it than any of our professors receive.

'80. In our last issue we did Mr. W. B. Waff the kindness to intensify his pleasant anticipations by the premature announcement of his marriage. The 21st of December is the happy day.

'72. Mr. C. H. Martin, who was with us last term as tutor, is now principal of the academy in Lumberton. He has one assistant and over fifty scholars. An effort is being made, in which Pastor Jordan is prominent, to establish there a graded school. If it prove successful, Mr. Martin will be placed in charge.

—'55. Prof. P. W. Johnson has been a teacher ever since his graduation. He occupied the position of tutor in the college one year. Afterwards he went South, and for some twenty-five years has been principal of female seminaries in Alabama and Georgia. We are glad to announce that he will hereafter make Wake Forest his home. Having bought the interest of Mr. W. O. Allen in the firm of Allen, Purefoy, & Co., he will devote himself to mercantile pursuits. We cordially welcome him to our community.

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.---It is well to understand in the first place who are its members, and in the second place what are its objects.

1. The alumni orator has not in every case been a graduate of the College. Such a selection is justified by saying that an alumnus is one nourished, a learner, etc., the term being a relative one. Hence, other conditions being fulfilled, one who has been a student at Wake Forest is a fit person for the delivery of the commencement oration. We admit the etymology suggested. Cicero uses the word in the expression *alumnus disciplinæ meæ*. But, like many other words, it retains in its modern use the essential idea of its ancient use, but with a limited or specific application. There can hardly be any doubt that the following remark by Worcester states its common and almost universal use at the present day: "Applied particularly to a graduate of a college or university, regarded as his *alma mater*." Suppose that it may be properly applied to a student who has taken no diploma. It will be impossible to fix a point at which he is sufficiently "nourished" for membership in the Association; and the Association becomes composed of men from the full graduate down to our unfortunate friend whose failing purse or spirit cut short his course of culture at the first mile-stone. No: the Alumni Association, while we can conceive of a possible exception, must establish the diploma as an indispensable condition of membership.

2. What are its objects? We have not now access to its constitution, if indeed there is such a thing. There ought to be; and these objects ought to be therein duly formulated. In our mind, however, these several things have taken shape as being worthy and legitimate objects of the existence and influence of the Association.

First, the improvement of the facilities of education at Wake Forest. Of course this would follow upon the ample endowment of the College; but while that is still incomplete the Association could do much for it, not by establishing agencies, but by keeping the matter before its members as one having a claim upon their benefactions.

There is need of illustrating apparatus in the schools of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and perhaps still more need of specimens of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms for the efficient teaching of Natural History. There is also room for growth in the Library and Reading Room.

Second, the increase of the number of students to enjoy these improved facilities. It goes without saying, that the Alumni can do more here than all other classes of persons together. They know whereof they speak, and enjoy the confidence of all parties.

Third, the development of an educational spirit and a thirst for knowledge throughout the State. This might be assisted by a system of educational meetings held under the direction of committees who should report results at the annual meeting of the body, and by lectures by individual members. Closely associated with such helpful agencies would be the wide circulation of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Fourth, the preservation of the history of the College and the record of its influence as illustrated in the lives of the individual Alumni. We suggest for the attainment of this object two means; the columns of the college magazine are open to such material, not only in this particular department, but also in the department of contributions; and it may be possible to add another speaker for the annual meeting, who shall be chosen from a certain class, and whose duty it shall be to give the Association the history of his class. This address should be printed at the expense of the Association.

We submit that these are worthy objects, neither fanciful nor beyond attainment. If not these, let us have some definite objects of labor, and at once set about them. We should be pleased to receive other expressions of opinion on this important matter.

W. L. P.

WORTH REPEATING.

EDUCATION INDISPENSABLE.

[From Address to the South London Working Men's College, Jan. 4, 1868.]

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his losing or winning a game at chess, don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess-board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But always we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is check-mated—without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. * * *

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our life into rough accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past, for any

one, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members—Nature having no Test-Acts. Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things, and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll" who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who wont learn at all are plucked; and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

IN THE FOREST.

[From Good Words.]

The wind had gone with the day,
And the moon was in the sky,
As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
To a lonely path in the forest gray,
That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home
In a land that I did not know."
And winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
And I knew that she could not choose but come
To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
And she came and met me there,
And I felt once more the swift blood burn
Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
And a whisper stirred the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
She passed, and never a trace;
Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
And I cried in my weary pain,
"Is there—away in the unknown lands,
A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
And the past returns again?"

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-morning.

GOOD COMPANY.

When I sit by myself at the close of the day,
And watch the blue twilight turn amber and gray,
With fancies as twinkling and vague as the stars,
And as distant as they from life's petty jars;
I know not, I think not where fortune may be,
But I feel I'm in very good company!

When I sit with a friend at the glow of the hearth,
To fight some great battle of wisdom or mirth,
And strike from our armor the sparkles of wit
That follow the shafts of our thought when they hit;
I ask not, I care not where pleasure may be,
But I know I'm in excellent company!

When I sit with my darling who loves me so well,
And read in her eyes what no language can tell,
Or trace on her lips, free as cherub's from guile,
The meanings and mysteries hid in a smile;
I heed not, I dream not where Eden may be,
But I feel I'm in heavenly company!

DESERTED.

[From Good Words.]

Bright sea, far flooding all the pebbled sand,
  Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone;
Thy lullaby, low-murmured to the strand,
  Sounds like a lover's tone;
    And yet I know, elsewhere,
    Some other shore, as fair,
  Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.

Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
  Tracing the shadow of an ivy-spray,
How tenderly thy golden touches fall
  On common things to-day!
    Yet, beneath other skies
    Some land benighted lies
  Deserted by thy glory, cold and gray.

Blithe bird, loud warbling underneath the eaves
  An eager love-song passionate and shrill,
My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
  With sweet responsive thrill;
    Yet far away, dear guest,
    There is an empty nest
  Which thou hast left forsaken, void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
  I, too, may lose the tide, the light, the lay;
Others may win the kisses that were mine,
  My night may be their day;
    Yet, though the soul may sigh
    For precious things gone by,
  I shall have had my rapture, come what may!

MEMORY.

[Arthur's Home MAgazine.]

This little poem, from the pen of the late President, was written before his first term in Congress—hence some twenty years ago. At that time possibly the President of a Christian College was the "summit where the sunbeams fell," but the last lines are all but a prophecy:

'Tis beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth, decked in her robe of snow,
No light gleams at the window, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me,
And now, with noiseless step, sweet memory comes
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful voice has ever sung,
Or delicate pen portrayed,
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark-shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the distant light of dreamy years,
Are clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gentle, sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the dust
Of dear departed ones; and yet in that land,
Where'er our footsteps fall upon the shore,
They that were sleeping rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand
As rest they did before the prison tomb
Receive their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues. Some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast with sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreamy air,
White as the falling snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimsoned hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,

I bound away, across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,
When earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;
And, wandering thence along the rolling years,
I see the shadow of my former self
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
Leads o'er the summit where the sunbeams fall;
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
Sorrow and joy, the life-path leads along.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

SCRAPS.

—A spoon touches a girl's lips without kissing them, and the *Judge* says that is the reason they call a fellow who don't know anything a spoon. —*Ex.*

—IF anybody longs to be a millionaire, it is the youth who treats his girl to soda water, and then finds he has mistaken a button in his pocket for a dime.

—" Did you see the moon over your right shoulder, my dear, ?" said she to him, as they roamed down the walk. " N-n-no, not exactly; but I just saw the old man over my left shoulder, and I'll bid you good night."—*T. Plant.*

—FASHIONS for pet dogs are now given in foreign magazines, and a leading authority remarks that terriers only wear bracelets, while the "lulu" and the "bouledogue" may adopt collars mounted with medallions or with lockets inclosing a photograph.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

—THE other day an elephant was seen in a Missouri village for the first time, and a little boy, as the great animal came in sight, cried out, "See, see, mamma! the el'fant is walkin' backwards!" The youngster had mistaken the trunk for the tail.

—EVERY sermon that is a sermon must leave on the mind of the hearer these two impressions: "*This* is the thing to be done," and "*I* am the man who must do it." If it fails of this, it is not a sermon; it may be an essay, a study, a disquisition; but it is not a *sermon.—National Baptist.*

—TIME: Election day. Slightly exhilarated individual in front of the city hall vainly trying to put on his coat. Sympathizing passer-by: "You're putting the right arm into the left sleeve." Exhilarated individual: "That's all right, I—I'm le—left handed."—*University (Pa.) Magazine.*

—SHE admitted to her mother that the young man had made a very strong impression on her. "Yes," said the old lady, "I can see where the impression mashed that lace flat as a clean napkin. Don't let it happen again.—*Syracuse Times.*

—A distinguised Professor was in Edinburgh one wet Sunday, and, desiring to go to church, he hired a cab. On reaching the church door he tendered a shilling—the legal fare—to cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shullin, sir." The Professor, fixing his eagle eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman dryly answered, "We wish to discourage travelling on the Sawbeth as much as possible, sir." —*Central Baptist.*

—PROFESSOR of Civil Engineeing—"Mr. P., which would be the more feasible plan, to construct one continuous grade up a very steep ascent, or to have several grades, one tending to the right, and another to the left, and so on?"

Mr. P.—"I suppose several grades would be better, sir."

Professor—"How so, sir?"

Mr. P.—"Why, sir, *to give the engineer a change of scenery!*"—*University (Va.) Magazine.*

—DR. ARNOLD, writing to one of his former pupils at Rugby, gives some excellent hints to those who would guard against the habit of reading without thought or system:

"I would advise you," he writes, "to make an abstract of one or two standard works—one, I should say, in philosophy—the other in history. I would not be in a hurry to finish them, but keep them going with one page always clear for notes.

"The abstract itself practices you in condensing and giving in your own words what another man has said; a habit of great value, as it forces one to think about it, which extracting merely does not.

"It further gives brevity and simplicity to your language, two of the greatest merits which style can have, and the notes give you an opportunity of a great deal of original composition, beside a constant place to which to refer anything that you may read in other books; for having such an abstract on hand, you will be often thinking when reading other books of what there may be in them which will bear upon your abstract."

—PROFESSOR: "Mr. Briggs, will you please define space?" Mr. Briggs: "Space is a real objective immaterial extended, continuous, infinite, immutable, eternal, and absolute whole of capacity to receive extended substance existing in trine extension of infinite length, infinite breadth, and infinite depth, which is ideally divisible in each dimension into infinite wholes of locality, of all possible forms and sizes possessing the relations of similarity, difference, ratio, direction, distance, contiguity and conjunctibility." Exit Professor and students after a dictionary.—*Exchange.*

WAKE FOREST STUDENT,

A Literary and Educational Monthly, published by the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies of Wake Forest College, closes its first year with the December number. What was at first an experiment now rests on a good basis. We leave the work of the past year labelled SUCCESS. The future prosperity of our journal depends almost solely on *the extension of its patronage*. Friends, aid us in extending its circulation. Speak for it, write for it, work for it, subscribe for it.

With many thanks to our many friends for past favors, we respectfully solicit for the future such patronage as we shall merit. Few magazines of its size equal THE STUDENT in pure and entertaining reading matter. Considering its youthfulness, it stands without a peer among college journals.

Price, - - - - : - $2.00 per year.

"Well conducted."—*University* (N. C.) *Monthly.*

"An excellent journal."—"thoroughly interesting."—*Biblical Recorder.*

"I always read it through before I put it down."—*Dr. Thos. E. Skinner, at Convention.*

"I do, too."—*Dr. J. D. Hufham.*

"Always glad to exchange with such a journal, it is among the best of our exchanges."—*Philo Star.*

"Well worthy the support of the public at large as well as of those more immediately interested in the college from which it emanates."—*Raleigh News and Observer.*

"Put me down for one more copy, and send it to the prettiest girl you know who doesn't take it."—*Hon. C. M. Cooke at Baptist State Convention.*

"Full, and excellent in its typographical execution. It shows that the editors' heads are full of news and thought."—*Delaware College Review.*

"Worthy of the College and an honor to the State.—*Oxford Orphans' Friend.*

"Presents a splendid appearance."—*Wilmington New South.*

Those whose subscriptions expire with the present or succeeding issue, will greatly favor us by a prompt renewal. Address

WAKE FOREST STUDENT,
Wake Forest College, N. C.

Plows and Plow Castings,

SWEEPS AND HALF SWEEPS,

ADAPTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF

Corn, Cotton and Tobacco.

FIRST-CLASS WORK at Reasonable Prices.

W. B. DUNN,

4—12m Wake Forest College, N. C.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

JANUARY, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		PAGE.
From College to Prison,	MAC. A. FEE.	193
Principle, not Expediency, the Guide of Life,	G. C. B.	202
Seeing the Dark Side,	B. L. ANK.	207
A Portrait and a Statue,		215

EDITORIAL.

Mr. J. H. Mills' Article,		216
Illiteracy and the Colleges,	W. L. P.	216
Below the Surface,	E. S. A.	217
Educational,		219
Literary Gossip,		223
Science Notes,		226
In and About the College,		228
Wake Forest Alumni,		232
Our Book Table,		234

WORTH REPEATING.

Ethics and Aesthetics in Literature,	REV. J. MAX HARK.	235
Unrest,	FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.	237

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

JANUARY, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 5.

EDITORS:

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR----------E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR----------H. B. FOLK.

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR----------W. F. MARSHALL.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR--------D. M. AUSTIN.

ALUMNI EDITOR----------Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

FROM COLLEGE TO PRISON:

A Story of the Invisible Empire.

I.

COLLEGE.

"All aboard!"

A moment of hurry and confusion, and the train is moving. On the rear platform of the hindmost coach stands a young man, gazing wistfully at the fast receding depot.

Then the village is lost in the distance and he looks mechanically, with eyes dimmed by tears, at the fleeting cross-ties over which he is whirling.

He has bidden farewell, for the first time, to home and sweetheart, and is off for college. He is thinking—hence tears. This parting means more than temporary absence from loved ones. It means severance from old habits and introduction to a new world, a new life. The mother, in the future, will know her boy only as a visitor to the old homestead. He feels this, and is sad.

On the next morning we find him on the north-bound express leaving Raleigh. He had been travelling for about forty-five minutes, when Capt. Bear opened the coach door, and called out, "Wake Forest!"

Seizing his valise our hero hastened from the car, and as he touched the ground was greeted with deafening shouts of "New-ish!" "Leg 'im!" "*Leg* 'im!!"

After a struggle with many "friends" who wished to show him the way to the college (which was only three hundred yards distant and in plain view), he succeeded in finding the young man to whom he had a letter of introduction. Under his guidance, after an hour's search, he also found his trunk, which had been hurriedly borne by willing hands to regions unknown.

He is then shown to the Bursar.

"Your name in full, sir?"

"David Summey."

"Your father's post office?"

"Chessville, South Carolina."

He then relieved himself of all his money but ten dollars.

At night we find him in his room alone, a travel-worn, homesick boy. He knows, however, that he must tough it out, and at length takes a more rational view of things. Wake Forest is a much smaller place than his mind had pictured. This is another sad disappointment. So taking his Bible he sits down and reads without interruption the entire book of Job.

This act came not so much from a spirit of devotion, as from a vein of dry philosophic humor which ran through his character.

His homesickness did not prove obstinate. The busy routine of college life soon left no time to pine for the impossible. He joins his chosen Society. Charmed by the halo of fraternity which its secrecy throws around it, and fascinated by the excitement incident to its heated debates within, and struggle for supremacy without, he becomes at once a "society man."

Ambition whispers in his ear the luring story of honor and fame, and he is soon afire with enthusiasm. At Commencement he ascends the rostrum amid the cheers of friends and the tender glances of admiration from pretty maidens, to receive the gold medal for improvement in oratory.

His career in college is destined to be a brilliant one. Vacation ended, he is back again and promptly at work. His eager eye is already fixed on new honors in College and Society, and a brighter future still looms up in the distance.

But a shadow falls across his pathway. Serious and thoughtful, he is sitting in his room a bleak day in December brooding over this trouble, when a friend calls to have a little chat.

"Hello, Dave! you seem to be wandering in the 'low-grounds of sorrow' again. I want to know what in the nation is the matter with you here of late, anyway?"

"Then sit down, 'Rip,' and I'll tell you, for I am tired thinking of it. It will be a relief to talk things over. Read this letter from mother, and you'll understand." The letter ran thus:

My Darling Boy:— * * * * U. S. troops are quartered at Chessville, and are making hundreds of arrests daily. Almost every young man in the country who has not been taken has gone to Texas or Arkansas. I need not ask you, my boy, why you joined the Ku Klux Klan. I know your reasons, as every true Southern woman does, and they were good. But oh, how terrible to think of your being arrested and thrown into jail! The thought almost drives me mad. Your name has not yet been implicated, but Alvin Duncane has turned traitor, and will, I am almost sure, soon involve you. * * * My dear boy, I am praying that you may be left unhurt. All my hopes are so bound up in your future that harm to you would be death to me. Your father is very feeble, and his anxiety is the cause of it. Telegraph to us if anything happens.

"Affectionately,

MOTHER."

"So they are liable to pounce upon you at any time, old fellow? And you don't feel comfortable under the circumstances?"

"Oh! I don't care a straw what they do with *me*," replied David, with em-

phasis. "But father and mother are worrying their life out; and if I am arrested there is no telling what will happen."

"Shucks! they are not going to get you down here. Nothing so lively as that going to take place around this old institution, I'm *certain*. Just imagine a boy being marched off at the point of the bayonet! Too romantic entirely!"

"Well, I only wish *I* were certain of it," was his companion's thoughtful reply. "I joined that organization with my eyes open, though but a boy, and I am willing, if need be, to abide by the consequences. I would again do the same thing under similar circumstances. I believe the existence of that order, for a time at least, was absolutely necessary for the protection of our homes, our characters, and our lives. I have sown the wind; I am ready to reap the whirlwind, though it be the death knell of all the fond hopes and bright dreams of youth."

"Oh! you needn't get eloquent over it. I just *know* nothing will happen to you while stowed away in this old asylum. You are safe, old boy; so, save that eloquence for some debate—you can work it in on almost any question.

II.

The Transit and Trial.

It was the last Friday in December, 1871. The shades of night were settling over the quiet little village of Wake Forest, as a rickety old ambulance drawn by two stacks of bones once honored by the name "horse," halted before the south campus gate.

In a few minutes the heavy tramp of soldiers could be heard as they marched up the walk-way leading to the college building. Not a boy was astir; for the bell had ceased to toll, and the last straggling Eu. and Phi. were in their seats.

In the Eu. Hall the debate had already opened, and was growing warm. David Summey is on the floor defending, in his earnest and impulsive style, the character of Napoleon Bonaparte.

A loud rap is heard at the door. The door-keeper announces to a startled Society: "A United States Marshal wishes to see officially the gentleman from Chessville."

Half the boys leaped to their feet with excitement at this announcement, but a rap of the gavel brought all to their seats.

"I move we adjourn!" cried a member.

"Second the motion!" echoed a dozen voices.

The motion was carried, and in a moment the members had collected around Summey, who had not yet left his position on the floor.

"Well, fellows, my hour has come," said he, in a half laughing way as he gathered up his hat from the centre-table.

"We'll see about that, old chum," said a strong voice at his side. "There are only six soldiers out there. We can lick that crowd so quick there will be no fun in it. They are cowardly wretches, any way, who have been mustered into Kirk's service. Dave, we'll rescue you in a twinkling, if you say so?

"That we will!" shouted every boy in the Hall.

"Boys, with your help I could es-

cape, but I will not accept it. Your kindness will not be forgotten soon. I don't propose to run."

In spite of all their protests he delivered himself up to the Marshal, who at once arrested him.

With a heavy heart he bade adieu to his school-mates, and, casting a lingering look at the old college building, signified to the soldiers his readiness to depart.

Surrounded by six rusty bayonets, in the hands of six dirty scoundrels, he was escorted through the campus; and, entering the waiting hack, was taken to Raleigh, where they arrived about midnight.

He spent the remainder of the night, which was bitter cold, on the bare floor of the guard-house.

The next morning he was informed by the United States Commissioner that, as the charge of *murder* stood against his name, he would not be allowed to give bail.

"Who dares prefer such a charge!" indignantly asked David.

"That is immaterial at present, Mr. Summey. You will be tried in South Carolina, where the crime was committed," replied the Commissioner.

"So I am an alleged murderer," mused David, as he returned to the guard-house. "Rather an ugly thought. Though the charge is as false as the dastardly coward who has made it, I may hang for it. I can expect nothing better than to be tried by an ignoraut negro jury. I see I have an enemy at work."

En route from Raleigh to Columbia David had many opportunities of escaping the Marshal, who often slept soundly under the influence of whiskey. But he chose not to take advantage of these opportunities, though more than once he was startled from a doze by the flitting vision of a gallows.

On New Year's day he found himself lodged in the jail of Columbia. The inmate of a prison, charged with the gravest offence known to law! The plate from which he was compelled to eat was an old wash-pan, so dirty that one could not tell of what it was made. So he ate with his back to his plate, and felt for his victuals. The sight of that pan was more than a stomach with any sense of propriety could bear. But as the days dragged themselves wearily along, these miserable surroundings became familiar. Disgusting as they were at first, daily contact soon made all common-place. Those were dreary days indeed, as he sat hour after hour gazing through his iron bars at the busy city beneath, within whose limits he had not a single friend. Sad thoughts of the agony he knew his parents were suffering harassed him day and night. His father was bending all his energy to his rescue, but without avail. There was a power behind the throne.

The jailor was a bitter Radical, and, at a safe distance behind strong bars, spent much of his time cursing and jeering at the prisoners.

At the end of a month David, handcuffed and chained to another prisoner, was removed to Yorkville, but thirty miles from his home. Here his condition was much improved. During his stay in the jail at Yorkville, he was visited by nearly all the young ladies of the town, who relieved the tedium of many a long hour by their jovial conversation and expressions of

warm sympathy. He received numerous boxes from them containing the nicest edibles of every description. Tender memories of their kindness he will always keep.

One day a visitor in the person of Mr. Alvin Duncane was ushered into his presence. Mr. Duncane had some very important propositions to lay before his former associate. After informing him that he had been elevated to the rank of United States Marshal, he said with a confidential wink: "Now, Dave, if you will turn State's evidence against the Ku Klux, and pay me five hundred dollars, I'll manage this little charge of murder, and then see that you get a *paying* position besides."

David arose, and, with lips curled with scorn and eyes sparkling with suppressed rage, gazed for a moment at his visitor, and then said with burning emphasis:

"Alvin Duncane, do you know why I have not knocked your teeth down your lying throat? Because, traitor, I wished to see the depth of a black heart. Oh, no! you don't get out of this door yet [stepping between him and the door], I have somewhat to say to thee.'

"You have proved yourself a villain of the deepest dye. The first and only raid in which I was ever engaged as a Ku Klux, *you* were with me. You were loudest in professions of everlasting fidelity to the order and its purpose. But when the crisis came, you were not only found wanting in all the principles of true manhood, but like a cringing hound licked the feet of the first Yankee officer you saw, acknowledging your guilt with the deepest humility. You even fell lower than the conquered hound. Having perjured your grovelling soul by proving false to your oath, you have betrayed every friend who has fallen into your power by trusting to your honor. To cap the climax of your infamy you have joined the enemy; and, clothed with the insignia of National power—the power at which you struck—you stalk through the country hunting down and imprisoning your fellow conspirators. And to-day you stand before me, avaricious wretch that you are, offering, for *five hundred dollars*, to relieve me of a charge made by your own lying lips! I had rather die than gratify you with one dime. Methinks when you reach your final home below, the very flames of hell will recoil from contact with your foul carcass. The Devil will have to soak you in petroleum before you will burn.

"Coward! I give you ten seconds to leave this room." It required but five.

Alvin Duncane, who had stood with downcast countenance during this fierce denunciation, no sooner found the way clear than he sprang for the door, and with a muttered curse disappeared.

At the expiration of two months more, our prisoner was removed to Charleston, where the United States Court was in session. He was arraigned before Judge Bond and tried as a simple conspirator, since there was not the shadow of any evidence to sustain the charge of murder. The jury consisted of eleven coal-black negroes (so slick they looked like they had been greased with meat

skins) and another motley animal of uncertain color, who *tried* to pass for a white man.

They retired for about five minutes and returned. There was silence in court as the dusky foreman, who was a sort of preacher, arose to render the verdict: "May hit please yer onuh, we fin's dat pris'ner guilty—wurl widout en."

Even the Judge could not repress a smile at the solemn flourish attached to the decision, as he turned to the accused and slowly pronounced the sentence: "Mr. Summey, by the authority in me invested, I sentence you to *eight years* confinement at hard labor in the United States prison at Albany."

The condemned man listened to those eventful words without moving a muscle, and resumed his seat.

III.

Prison.

After the trial David's prison life began in earnest. His lodgings in jail were changed to a dungeon which admitted no fresh air. Life now was a burden indeed. His nature was not one that easily yields to melancholy, but was rather defiant. He was too proud to ask any mitigation of the treatment. But the lack of fresh air and exercise, and the mental anguish caused by thoughts of his parents and his own blighted hopes, were finally too much for his constitution. He was taken suddenly ill, and in twenty-four hours became delirious. For weeks the fierce struggle between life and death continued. During periods of dim consciousness he could feel the very presence of death as he hovered over the darkened cell. There was no fond mother there to comfort or cheer. The sense of utter loneliness he experienced can only be understood by those who have wrestled alone with death in a strange land.

Upon learning of his condition the ladies of Charleston took great interest in him. One especially (Mrs. Griggs) visited frequently the young sufferer, whose handsome face with its delicately cut features told her of gentle rearing, and touched her heart. Every day she sent a negro with something nice to eat. When strong enough to be moved, she had him transferred to a room with windows, and provided him with a comfortable bed. David, however, remained dangerously ill until late in the spring, when he began slowly to convalesce. The ninth day of June found him, with several other prisoners, aboard a steamer bound for Albany. The strong sea breeze seemed to infuse new life into his weakened blood. He soon felt strong and vigorous.

The wonders of a first sea voyage might have been enjoyable but for the shadows of prison walls which darkened all. The sights he saw made little impression on his mind—there was no room for them.

After four days on water they arrived at Albany, and were conducted at once into the presence of the Superintendent of the prison. They were told to choose a profession. David's name was called. He arose to reply. Casting a glance at the doleful countenances of his fellow prisoners, with a mingled smile of humor and pity, he said: "I'll make coffins, sir. I think we'll need several before long."

The officer looked up with an expression of astonishment which said plainly: "Rather an interesting specimen." He made no objection, however.

They were then ordered to change their clothing for the ordinary convict's garb, with which they were provided. The suit was made up of a short close-cut black coat, a neat blue cap with flat top, and pantaloons of a coarse gray material built on the "barn door" style. They were then instructed in the prison regulations, one of which taught them never to look to the right or left, but always straight in front.

By the time all preliminaries were arranged it was night. David was conducted to his cell, and a *cell* it was in truth. Six feet wide, eight feet long, and walls of granite. The floor was one solid rock, and the ceiling the same. With the door closed, but one hole could be found, and that a very small key hole. A rude bed in the corner and a wooden stool completed its furniture.

As he sat there in the gloom on this Friday night in June, the terrible reality of a convict's life for the first time stared him full in the face. His mind (that power that cannot be prisoned!), overleaping the solid masonry that confined the body, wanders back to his home in the Sunny South. Tears are falling as he sees the loved ones bowed with sorrow. He is at the old college again. 'Tis Friday night—the last one in the session, too! He sees the happy faces of old companions as they are smiling at the straggling "funny debate" which winds up the session's work.

He thinks of some one else, too. The windowed walls of Vassar College which he had seen in the distance that day, contains a little blue-eyed maiden whom he had learned to love. He had never declared that love, but he believed it was returned. May Burton was of Northern birth, and her father had removed from Chessville to his old home in New York since May had entered college. Few messages had passed between them, yet he believed that in her heart there was still a tender spot for him. But how she would receive the news of his arrest, condemnation, and imprisonment as a member of the dread Invisible Empire, he knew not; for May was a thoroughbred Yankee in all her ideas. So he says, with a sigh: "Better I should forget her. Eight years 'at hard labor' will not leave much poetry in my nature any way." To him the future is as dark and cheerless as the cell in which he sits.

The next day he commenced work, and his eight long years began slowly to drag themselves out. All the days were alike, no variety, no change—all monotony. When not at work in the shops, he could be found sitting in his den, with one boot in his hand, battling manfully for life with the vermin which infested the place. The prison was noted for cleanliness—still they were *there*.

When about three months had passed, one day a friend, who had entered with him, stepped up and with a "furlough grin" that overspread his entire anatomy, said: "Dave, I'm a free man!"

"What!"

"Here is my pardon, if you don't believe it."

Then hope revived.

"Mine next," was the thought that thrilled David, and gave to his step a new spring. But, alas! he was doomed to disappointment. He saw the last of his associate conspirators bid a joyful adieu to the dingy prison, and still no pardon came.

At last he knew the cause. Mr. Alvin Duncane, the United States Marshal, was at Washington specially interesting himself in his case. "The cursed villain!" muttered David, as he heard of it. "I'll live to be free yet. And when I am, friend Duncane, you'll have to migrate certain! either to the plains of Texas, or, perchance, to a much *warmer* climate."

David still had hope that his friends would triumph over his enemy and obtain his release, but he had the benefit of an extensive doubt on the subject.

"I have no faith in the integrity of the National Government," he would say. "I believe it as corrupt and villainous as the scoundrel whom it has favored with power."

On New Year's day, the anniversary of his prison career, as he was driving his plane along a coffin lid, a party of joyous school girls, guided by the Superintendent, entered the shops. When within a few steps of his bench, one of their number suddenly stopped and gazed at him as if rooted to the spot.

Another girl noticing it, tittered out: "Heigho! May, do you recognize a *friend?*" The girls all turned inquiringly to May Burton to hear her reply.

The prisoner's heart stood still as he waited breathlessly for the answer, which to him would mean worlds.

"Yes, I do," replied May, in a tone that showed she meant it. And turning to the Superintendent, she said: "I would like to speak to that prisoner?"

"Certainly."

Without a moment's hesitation, before her laughing and amazed companions, she walked straight up to David, and, extending to him her pretty little hand, asked, not without some agitation, "What does this mean, Mr. Summey?"

"It means, Miss May, that I am a member of the Ku Klux organization. My reasons for joining that order I have told you before. And, owing to the villainy of one I once trusted as a friend, I am still a prisoner while all others are released." Averting her face from his earnest look, she returned to the party, and was gone.

"Well, May, he certainly is handsome, if he is a convict. And I really don't think he looks much mean," said one of the girls, as they were leaving.

"Oh! isn't it so funny!" said another. "May's lover—her *true lover*, remember—is in prison. How romantic! We must write it up for the *Miscellany*."

"Tut! Hush your foolishness, girls. I only know him as a friend. He never spoke a word of love to me in his life," said May, blushing.

"No matter, Mademoiselle, you *love* him, that's plain enough. I can see it in your eye."

"No you can't! But I am not ashamed to own him as a friend. *He* would die rather than stoop to a base act. I know him."

"That's right, stand up for your hero, May," was the taunting reply.

"You mean to stand up *by* him some day, don't you?" said another. But May remained silent, allowing them to enjoy themselves at her expense.

"She's a trump," thought David, as they passed out of sight. "If I could only win her!"

The next train carried May home. Bursting into Judge Burton's room, she exclaimed:

"Father, what do you think?"

"Really, daughter, I don't know, but I rather think you have seen something interesting. What is it, little one?"

As hurriedly as possible she related the day's events, closing with an earnest appeal to her father to go immediately to Washington and obtain his pardon.

"To please you, Daisy, I'll go. Though I am inclined to the opinion the young rascal ought to serve his time out."

"Oh! father, you don't believe that. You were at the South at the time and know the circumstances."

"Bless me, if I don't believe the little huzzy's in love with the scamp," ejaculated the Judge, as he hastened to the depot to catch the train. "He's a fine boy, though, without a doubt. These confounded Southern affairs are always in a mess."

On the twentieth day of January the doors of the old prison swung open once more, and David Summey stepped out a *free man*. The supreme joy of that moment can be better imagined than written.

* * * * * *

Two years and a half have rolled away. On the deck of a steamer ploughing the waters of the Hudson, one beautiful evening in June, stands a young physician with his newly won diploma projecting from his pocket. He is enjoying the changing scenery, and from the expression of his face we know he is going to see *her*.

In due time we find him seated in Judge Burton's cosy parlor with the little one by his side. He had been there often before.

Somehow, the conversation dragged. May seemed embarrassed. The fact is, from the time David Summey had entered the room, a woman's unerring instinct had told her that he meant business this evening. She felt that her hour had come, and instinctively shrank from it.

"Miss May, I have something of a serious nature to say to you." He received no answer, and continued: "Since the day we first met, I believe —I know I have loved you. And this love has grown stronger and deeper with the years, until it has become a part of my being. For me, there is not a single bright thought or hope in which your sweet form is not entwined. If I have gained honors, it was that I might lay them at your feet. If ambition lures me to strive for a noble destiny, it is that I may deck your brow with its laurels. May, I ask you for the grandest gift a woman can bestow—her love, which means her life. I wait your answer."

There was a moment's silence. She raised her drooping head, and in spite of a tear or two there was a mischievous twinkle in her eye, as she asked:

"Can I marry a *released convict?*"

"If you love him, May."

"And I do," was her firm answer, as she placed her hand in his open palm. "Yes, my lord, I am ready for the sacrifice. I only hope to prove worthy of the manly heart I have won."

"Then, darling, fix the day!"

"Oh! you must give me time to breathe," was the playful reply.

"All right! In two days, if I don't get a letter that reads *mighty* pretty, you can just fix up your bangs, for I'll be here."

PRINCIPLE, NOT EXPEDIENCY, THE GUIDE OF LIFE.

The subject of this article suggests a journey—for what is life but a journey ending in the most solemn and fearful consequences?—a kind of pilgrimage through countries innumerable—a voyage over seas vast—a journey furnishing to the view of the traveller every variety of scene and object, some enchanting and beautiful, some inspiring and elevating, and others stirring the soul with fear, indignation, or disgust? But however diversified the objects which meet him, whether mountains lofty, cliffs rugged, valleys deep, seas stormy or seas calm, this journey must be made by each and every individual. Unlike the question of deciding at leisure whether one shall take a trip to the "Land of the Sky," the mountains of Virginia, Niagara Falls, or the Old World, this question has already been decided, and the decision is unalterable. The journey has been made by all the generations from the time when chaos with its terrible confusion and murky darkness became order and harmony, down to the busy, pulsating, wonderful present, and will continue to be made until the last echo of receding centuries shall die away in the dim distance. It is inevitable. Every tick of the clock, as it marks the hours of fleeting days; every breath, as it supplies fresh oxygen to the hungry blood; every twinkle of the eye, as it is bedimmed by the particles flying from the swift wheel of time, contributes new momentum to man's progress towards eternity, the end of this journey.

Along this highway of life, notwithstanding the swiftness with which it is passed over, is many a scwoling desperado lying in ambush, many a ravenous wild beast lurking in the hedge, many a poisonous reptile coiled in the bramble, to fall upon the wearied pilgrim and rob him of his goods, to tear his flesh, or to poison the fountain of his life. Just ahead there are many whirlpools, dark abysses, and quivering quick-sands, into which he is liable to fall at any moment. To avoid these, helpless man instinctively throws up his hands to Heaven and implores *a guide*. He has no more than uttered his piteous prayer than two mysterious beings hover about him, in dress and appearance entirely dissimilar. One is arrayed in a suit of coarse texture, with a countenance firm and look stern, indicating endurance and firmness. The other is "clothed in purple and fine linen," with comely features and

glances quick and darting, betraying a restless spirit and fickle purpose. The visitor of the stern air, raising the hand with the voice as if to point out the way, thus addresses him: "You see what lies before you. If you choose me to direct your course, we face all. We shall turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. Though the days be burdensome with toils and cares, and the nights hideous with the howl of the storm, we shall proceed fearlessly and without faltering." The other, intent upon a gracious hearing, assumes a different tone, and speaks with soft flowing words which fall on the ear of the eager listener like music in the stilly night: "If you permit me to accompany you through the journey of life which looks so gloomy and seems 'compassed about' with so many awful and impending dangers, I promise you a more easy and pleasing route than the one which requires the facing of all these perils. We'll beguile the cares of day with listless indolence, and feasts prepared by other hands shall gratify your appetite and make your burdens light. The black nights shall be transformed into brightest days, and the sparkling wine shall chase away your every care. Everything pleasing to appetite or desire you shall receive promptly from my hands."

Thus the man of this world is daily addressed, and, bewildered and perplexed, he is often at a loss what to do. If he be a man swayed by strong appetites, desires, and affections, though these be somewhat under the influence of prudence, he will accept the entreaties of the latter; if a good and virtuous man, he will yield to the voice of the former. But if he be both a good and a prudent man, *Principle* will be his constant adviser in every course of conduct and will decide upon every motive of action, though *Epediency* may be allowed to obtrude herself when several duties are under consideration, all equally right, but having unequal claims, and to whisper to him the one which is most pleasing. However, not every man is both wise and virtuous, and capable therefore of being led by both hands at the same time; but must either fasten his eye on the stern and determined countenance of Principle, or yield to the musical and delusive voice of Expediency.

Glance at his life who has Expediency for his guide. His first new trowsers, in which he struts about the yard and front porch with a majestic air of self-importance that would make a newly crowned king feel small, are his old sire's time-honored wedding pantaloons freshly recast. In his school days, in order to shine with a brilliancy equal to that of his classmates, and to win the favor of his instructors by his apparent skill and thoroughness, he ornaments his desk with *interlinears* and *literal* translations; and amid the thrilling acclamations of an admiring corps of teachers and a bewildered and dazzled concourse of students, he is triumphantly borne through college upon a motley, greasy "*Pony*," already jaded by the onerous burdens of many other unfortunate youths animated by a similar ambition. If he is a political aspirant, that he may ingratiate himself into the favor of his constituents, he makes circuitous campaigns into obscure corners of petty provinces and

suburban wards of the city and alights at every unsightly cabin to pay his respects to the occupants. He smiles graciously upon the landlady, giving her hand a hearty grasp, while his arms encased in broadcloth sleeves encircle a ragged and squalid brat just out of a mud-puddle—its accustomed place of revelry. Having spoiled two or three handkerchiefs endeavoring to remove from his *spoiled* broadcloth the "real estate" which he has robbed the little fellow of, he hastens to conclude his demonstrations, and withdraws from the premises, leaving the inhabitants in happy bewilderment with the thought that the "town gentleman" should make them a "fashionable call."

In the Legislative Halls of State and in the Senate Chamber of the United States, that he may perpetuate his name and elicit the praise of his country—no, *the country*, for he has no country—he burdens the Congressional Records, at the expense of the very people whom he dupes, with compilations of other men's thoughts, interspersed with [Applause] and exclamations of an enraptured Senate; when in reality the only eloquent notes and touching appeals that ever drop from his sacred lips, are the puff of the offensive pipe and the yawn of a drunken riot. And the only peals of applause he ever excites are the peals of deriding laughter while he is carried through the corridors of the Capitol, like a beast stupefied, to the apartments of the abandoned and debauched.

The truth is, the man of Expediency passes his days in inventing a succession of devices, pretexts, plans, and substitutes by the help of which he hopes to appear as well as other people. He is a kind of creature of emergencies whose happiness often depends on the possession of pin, button, or tooth-pick. He makes a big fuss and show in society, bows low at the shrine of Fashion, and yields with sneaking submission to her whims and caprices. In public life he betrays the sacred trust committed to his charge, forgets his constituents to whom he has sworn allegiance, and neglects their interests, which are swallowed up and absorbed in his selfish and reckless schemes for power and glory. What is it that the man will not do when under the full sway of Expediency? Instead of profiting by the wrecks strewn along his path, and removing some of the ruins which blockade his way, and which should warn him and enlighten his understanding, he augments them with heaps of bitter remorse and bones of a misdirected life. His appetites and desires claim no allegiance to a power higher than Expediency, which constitutes the mould of all his habits. How this guide leads the unfortunate pilgrim into inextricable snares and dens of passion, leaving him to grapple with fate like the gladiator with a hungry lion! His destiny is sealed with the blood of murdered time, and, with the grum voice of outraged opportunities, is proclaimed to future generations. O, the remorseful wretchedness of the man who is bound by the ruthless fetters of Expediency. It grows on him "with the passing days and strengthens with the recurring years." Independence of character and action is as far separated from

him as the blushing East is from the roseate West, or as the shaggy, rock-built earth is from the smooth blue sea that swims above. He is not his own in anything, save his passions, and for their gratification he resorts to means which would make angels weep and demons blush.

Now turn your eyes, already wearied and disgusted with the man of policy, which always merges into selfishness—a selfishness of the most despicable type—to the man who has pluck and heroism enough to face the worst, and to face it with a brave heart and a sweet resignation. Behold him yonder! There is a mighty and grand struggle going on in the arena of the soul between the two aspirants for leadership in the great battle of life. The contest is close. It is often close, and the result determines the destiny of the individual. While he is about to entrust himself to the vigilant and sleepless watch-care of Principle, he hesitates, because of his knowledge of personal sacrifices (so-called), of heavy burdens, of self-denials, and of important responsibilities. Behold him again! There is a light and glory in the countenance like unto the sun. It gleams from his eyes fresh from the fires of the soul. For Principle, the constant luminary, has obscured the fickle luminary of the soul. He no longer hesitates, but fixes his eyes on something in the mysterious future. Away out yonder he sees some-something rising up out of that foggy, misty region just at the other end of his journey, and that something beckons him and irresistibly impels him to follow the newly created impulse. Ah! he starts—he is gone. Not gone to shun danger or duty by all sorts of expedients; not gone to be tossed by every breeze of public opinion; not gone with a view of winning for himself alone crowns of immortal fame and wreaths of imperishable glory; but gone to meet the stern realities of this life bravely, and to stand by the right, fight for the right, and, if need be, die for the right. Whether placed in the deepest abyss of gloom, tantalized by surrounding abundance, pinched by frightful poverty or residing in royal palaces, he is neither covetous and envious on the one hand, nor arrogant and haughty on the other. Whether amid the smoke of battle and din and clash of arms, or in the tranquil atmosphere of peace and quietude, his aims and motives are the same. Whether in the hot conflict of public council or in the genial rays of the home circle, but the one inspiration fills his soul: principle, duty, and the desire of "the greatest good to the greatest number." He has no party affiliations, nor does he entertain those narrow and selfish views peculiar to party leaders and party adherents, such, for instance, as the satiated and bloated Republicans and the hungry and lean Democrats of to-day cherish; but he possesses that pure and lofty patriotic principle, the noblest sentiment that animates the bosom of the citizen, which forgets self and party and is absorbed in the interests of family, home, State, Nation, God. He has an independence of mind and character too stern and lofty to be subdued by any popular sentiment. He heeds not present popularity, which has justly been called "the echo of folly and the shadow of renown," but acts

upon that high and noble principle which laughs at the storm of popular censure and indignation and scorns the offer of reward and profit at the hands of Expediency. With his views of duty and right, no exigency deters him from his purpose, though it bursts upon him like an avalanche which moves rocks and mountains from their solid foundations; though grim death, with its yawning, bloody jaws be ready to receive him, he flinches not from his duty. He is guided by Principle, he is wedded to it, and never sues for divorce. It becomes a part of his nature—indeed the better part of his nature. It takes up its abode in the breast and makes the heart its solemn temple; and in the holy chamber of this temple it presides with a dignity and majesty divine. Once firmly established there it is not easily dislodged. Though the violent storms of passion may overwhelm it, the winds of ambition whistle and howl around it, and the thunderbolts of envy and cyclones of jealousy burst against it, it stands unmoved and unshaken. It mounts to the citadel of the heart and sways the sceptre of its empire with an omnipotent justice, taking cognizance of every motive and phase of action. Every grovelling passion, every strong and sordid appetite, every impure and unholy desire acknowledges its power and yields with submission to its will. It makes a beautiful and happy world within man, whose boundaries are continuous with the boundaries of a glorious and blissful eternity.

Then why not everyone accept this guide to lead him, remembering that life is no fleeting cloud, but an awful and solemn reality, crowded with all the restless and feverish agitations of hope and fear, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, courage and despair, and that something like principle and duty are preëminently requisite to blend all these into a beauty and sublimity, making human actions and achievements truly excellent and noble; and remembering that this ever-existing principle is not a fanciful theory, but, if properly cultivated and nourished, becomes a great, clear and sparkling fountain, whence flow the currents of life in a bright, transparent stream, in the limpid depths of which pure motives reside and grand aims thrive, to reappear upon the shores of eternity.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to warn young students, and those contemplating going to college, against the dangers of the influence of Expediency, and to commend to them the salutary and inspiring influence of Principle; for if there is any place in the world where a man needs inspiration and is tempted to invent excuses and expedients to shield himself from the frowns of Professors and the rules of Literary Societies, it is at college.

It is a great crisis in the history of any young man's life when he starts to college, leaving anxious and loving parents, looking after him with high hopes and deep concern for his success. And what he determines to do when he first enters college, perhaps will determine his destiny;—certainly what he absorbs, what he takes into his intellect, his soul, his nature while there must mould his character and shape, in a great measure, his destiny. He can make it what he will. He can

faithfully perform all the duties which are imposed upon him, or he can shirk them by a thousand and one expedients which will grow on him and entwine themselves about him like the serpent which coils its slimy folds around its victim tighter and tighter, and buries its fangs into the quivering flesh deeper and deeper, until every spark of ambition is smothered and every fountain of aspiration poisoned; and at the close of his college curriculum the dead past will rise up before him like a ghost, and with its long, bony, clammy fingers will strike him in the face, and blow its cold breath upon his life to blight it. Then let him and every one follow Principle, nourish and foster it; for it is the sweetest flower in the garden of the soul, rendering every motive fragrant and every action pure.

SEEING THE DARK SIDE.

(*Concluded from December number.*)

When consciousness returned, Robert found himself lying in a room, with many others who had been wounded in the wreck. The first person on whom his eyes rested was Jack, seated by his bedside, and watching over him with tender care.

"Jack," said Robert, "were you hurt by the accident? I feared you had been killed, for I didn't see you after the crash, and I couldn't look for you, as I was fastened under the timbers;" and he shuddered as the recollection of that scene came to him.

"Oh, Robert, you don't know how glad I am to see you so much better; but don't talk about that awful time. I was not much hurt, only stunned at first, and managed to crawl from under the wreck. But in the confusion, I couldn't find you at first, and when I did the timbers were on fire, and you were under them. You had fainted, but with the help of some men I got you out. The doctors said you would be all right as soon as the delirium was over. I have been here with you only three days. Soon we can start on our tramp again, and I hope this won't keep you from getting to New York before your time's out."

Gratitude but feebly expresses Robert's feelings toward this boy, who had saved him from the burning wreck, and had then cared for him so tenderly and faithfully during his delirium, though a stranger having no claims upon his kindness. Was that all some horrible nightmare, or a dread reality, that raging pain, the darkness, and the wild delirium which followed? He remembered that a vision of a beautiful face with great, dreamy eyes, floated before his fancy, only to fade away into dim mist, and be followed by scenes of suffering, while flames leaped up around him, and seemed to burn into his brain until it was scorched and seared. Then reason regained her seat, and he found himself safe, watched by one who but a short time before was an entire stranger.

In a few days Robert was strong enough to be off, and our two friends set out on their tramp again. Robert was growing impatient, for he feared this loss of time would cause him to reach New York late.

"If I am not asking too much, Jack," said Robert, as they were plodding along, "won't you please tell me the name of that young lady whom we saw in the railroad station? We have become good friends, and I hope you are willing to confide in me now."

"You know, Robert, that I can trust you, and that I would do anything for you, but there is something connected with that girl and the man with her, that I can't possibly tell now. Some day, though, I will tell you all, and then you will appreciate my motive;" and as Jack spoke a shade of sadness, followed by one of deep thought, passed over his countenance. "But I'll tell you her name now, though you mustn't ask me any more. Her name is Lula Roland, and the man you saw with her is named Leonard Finley."

"That young lady's face has been haunting me ever since I saw her, Jack, and I have longed to know who she is."

"Yes, she has a lovely face," was the reply, "and I don't blame you for falling in love with her, as you seem to have done. But her character is as lovely as her face, as you would find if you knew her."

"Oh, don't tantalize me so, Jack. Is Miss Roland engaged to Finley?"

"It is thought so, but depend on my word, she will never marry him." His fists were clenched as he said this, and a look of determination came into his eyes, as if some chord had been touched which awakened fierce passions within his breast.

There was an air of mystery about the boy that sadly perplexed Robert. Despite his rough exterior, and an assumed carelessness in speech, there was an element of gentleness constantly struggling to the surface. And what had caused this exhibition of feeling, so out of harmony with his usual mild manner? Then at times he would become sad and thoughtful, as if something weighed upon his mind. But Robert forbore questioning him, for he feared it would cause him pain.

In their usual way, they tramped forward for two days, and came to a large city. For the purpose of procuring food, they separated, and as Jack said he was well acquainted with the city, they agreed to meet at a corner of two of the principal streets an hour later.

As Robert was walking the street, looking for a house where he might get food, for he and Jack had eaten nothing that day, he felt a heavy hand laid roughly on his shoulder; and, on turning around, what was his horror at finding himself in the grasp of a policeman! "Special orders to take up all vagrants," was the policeman's gruff answer to the astonished expression on Robert's face, and he proceeded forward, holding the latter's arm. Mechanically Robert accompanied him, and as his real situation dawned upon his dazed senses, he turned pale at first, and then the hot blush of shame and mortification mantled his cheeks. Though recently he had become inured to hardships, had passed through perils, barely escaping death, and had witnessed scenes of violence, yet his

nature revolted at the thought of being locked up as a common vagrant. He thought of Jack, and felt sure that the boy would feel distressed at not finding him at the appointed place, and would search for him. Never did Robert pass a more unhappy night than in that vile cell.

Together with a string of fellow-prisoners, he was marched before the Mayor's court the next morning; but, to his surprise and relief, instead of a sentence on the chain-gang, he was given three hours in which to leave the city. Though he would gladly have staid to look for Jack, his time was too precious. Besides, there was a possibility of meeting Jack in New York, for he knew he would go there, failing to find him.

On reaching the rendezvous, Jack waited for Robert, and towards nightfall, growing uneasy, he set out to find him; but, after a fruitless search of two days, he resumed his tramp toward New York, for he had a purpose to accomplish, and unless he reached the city soon it might fail.

Robert departed reluctantly, for he was loth to leave Jack behind, but to be arrested again would be fatal to his plans. There was a large seaport not far distant, and he resolved to wend his way to this, and find employment on a New York vessel; or, if unsuccessful, to conceal himself as a stowaway, for he could reach his destination sooner by water than by land, and his time was growing short. No employment could be found, and his only recourse was to get passage as a stowaway. A small supply of food, the result of the day's begging, was sufficient to protect him against hunger for a few days, and observing a large steamer almost ready to start to New York, he walked on board, and in the bustle and confusion was unnoticed.

On the deck of the steamer were many passengers, and Robert's heart gave a great bound as he recognized among them Leonard Finley and Lula Roland. But neither observed him, and if they had, would not have known him. In the hold of the vessel he found a dark hiding-place, and felt secure.

During the second night out, Robert was awakend by the cry of "fire!" ringing through the vessel. Amazed and horrified, he started to his feet, and rushed to the deck, where a scene of confusion met his eye. All the passengers had been awakened, and were in a state of the wildest alarm. There is always an element of awe in a conflagration, *but on the sea at night*, the emotions excited surpass description. The captain and crew were calm, and tried to quiet the fears of the passengers, but in a short time it was evident that the fire was beyond control. The captain said they were not far from the New Jersey coast, and that the vessel would be turned towards the land, so that, even if it could not be reached before the ship would have to be abandoned, they might still be saved in the boats. But soon the flames had made such headway that he ordered them to take to the boats at once. A scene of distress ensued: wives clung shrieking to their husbands; mothers, in despair, drew their children to them. Finley and Lula Roland were on the deck, the former with terror plainly stamped

upon every lineament of his countenance; but the latter was more possessed, and seemed to regard with a feeling almost akin to contempt, the cringing fear of her companion. A man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim demands upon his devotee, and Leonard Finley felt that it was a grim demand to leave that girl and save himself, but he was among the very first to crowd into the boat that was lowered. If without any danger to himself, gladly would he have seen Lula Roland saved, too; but, in trying to rescue her along with himself, he thought that both might perish. Robert felt keenly for her as he saw her standing on the deck, looking around in mute despair, and he quickly determined that she should not be left to perish. Stepping up to her he said: "You can get a seat in the next boat. Trust me, and you will be safe."

"Oh, how good you are," said she, in a voice that thrilled him as it had done before. "I thought everybody was going to leave me."

The next boat was lowered, and Robert placed her in it, and then took a seat by her side, for the captain said there were enough boats to carry off all on board. Quickly the boat was filled, and they pulled off from the burning vessel.

All night they rowed, but could discover no signs of land when day dawned, only a wide, rolling waste of water and a leaden sky. The sea was growing rough and a stiff breeze was blowing, and they feared a storm was coming upon them. Their boat would never stand a storm on that dangerous coast, they knew. In the afternoon their worst fears were confirmed, for the storm had come upon them in greater fury; but soon they discovered the dim outlines of the coast. With renewed energy they rowed towards it, but the mocking waves between seemed only to tantalize them with the sight of land. Robert aided the sailors in rowing and bailing out the water. In the background of his thought there was the possibility, striving to become a hope, that they would reach the land; but, as each wave swept over the boat, this possibility grew fainter and fainter. A huge wave rolled over them, sweeping out nearly all of the occupants of the boat, while the others were left clinging to the sides. Among the latter was Robert; but when he looked for Lula Rowland she was not to be found. Just then a mass of golden hair, rising and disappearing in the water a few yards distant, attracted his glance, and being an excellent swimmer, he at once struck out towards the place where the hair had disappeared. Diving down, his hand clutched something, and he rose to the surface holding Lula's arm. With his precious burden, he started back to the boat, but it was only after a vigorous buffeting of the waves that he reached it. Their only hope was to cling to this, and drift to the beach. Lula was unconscious; but he saw that she was alive, and, fortunately, he had some cords, with which he lashed her and himself securely to the boat. The rough sea had washed off every one of the few who had been left clinging to the sides, but Robert trusted in the strength of the cords. A dark object floated by the boat, just under the surface of the

water, and Robert discerned the outlines of a human form. At his own peril, he unlashed himself, and, swimming to the body, brought it up. It was one of the sailors who had been in their boat, but he was dead. Yes, they alone of the ten persons in that boat but a short time before, were now alive. Struggling back, he lashed himself again, and saw that the waves were driving them to the beach. Oh, if their strength would only last! But the chilling water benumbed his limbs, and his strength was failing. Would *her* strength hold out? Nearer and nearer they drifted; he felt his feet touch something firm; they were saved! The waves could not reach them now, for the shelving beach extended for some distance into the water. Loosing the cords that bound them to the boat, he carried the unconscious girl from the water, and deposited his dripping burden upon dry land.

Soon night drew on, and the moon shone dimly through banks of clouds. During all that anxious night Robert watched over Lula, chafing her hands and rubbing her forehead. He had no stimulant to give her, and nothing with which to build a fire in order to dry their garments. In the morning the sun rose clear, and as the beams fell upon her face their genial warmth seemed to revive her, for she opened her eyes, and looked around. Recognizing Robert, she said: "Are we saved? Oh, how noble you are. You rescued me when the waves swept me off. But where are the other people who were with us?"

"All drowned but you and me," was the reply.

Robert's patience was at length rewarded, for she had fully recovered consciousness, but was not able to leave the beach yet.

"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and common misfortune has a wonderful effect in bringing people into close sympathy with each other. Lula Roland, the refined and accomplished young lady, felt herself in complete sympathy with this tramp. "But surely he is no common tramp," thought she, "for there is something about him that shows the true gentleman."

They soon became well acquainted, and Robert ventured to tell her of their first meeting, gave her the reason of his being a tramp, and related some of his adventures. Scarcely could he realize that before him was the face that had been haunting him. The thought made him happy. One always experiences a sense of satisfaction after performing a good deed, and while Robert felt that what he had done for Lula Roland he would have done for any one else, still the thought that he had been the means of saving her life gave him much joy.

Jack's words came to him, and he realized that the boy was right, and finally summoned up the courage to tell her of his attachment to her. In blind egotism, many a man has mistaken a woman's proofs of friendship for proofs of love, and Robert felt that he had committed this blunder; for, though she was still kind to him, his hope froze to despair when she told him that she was the betrothed of another! Then the bitter thought surged

through his mind that it was Finley. "But perhaps he is drowned. No; I must not wish that; it is sinful."

"I have learned to esteem you very much," said she; "first for your bravery, and afterwards for yourself, as I have discovered your character and I am going to intrust to you one of my heart secrets. My uncle was a rich, but eccentric man, though very devoted to me, and also to a young man named Leonard Finley, who was employed in his store. It was a cherished hope of his that we two should marry; but there never was any congeniality between us, for Leonard was insincere in his nature, though he could make himself very pleasant, and had great suavity of manners. Leonard was travelling in the South when my uncle died, and while there married a beautiful young woman, an actress, as rumor whispered; but she was a lovely creature, and loved him with all the ardor of her Southern nature. Of all this my uncle was ignorant, and when his will was opened after his death, it was found that he had given all of his immense estate to Leonard and myself, provided we should marry each other; otherwise, it was to go to some college, and pass out of the family. About a month after my uncle's death, Leonard returned with his bride, but after a short stay went South again, and while down there his wife died, as he reported, of one of the fevers peculiar to the climate. After returning home the second time, he began to pay me marked attention, and, to save the immense estate to the family, all of my relatives urged me to marry him. My mother is an invalid; I have three small sisters, and we are sometimes in straitened circumstances. My relatives say it is my duty to my mother and sisters to marry Leonard, and they think he is a worthy young man; but I do not, cannot love him, and only my sense of duty to my mother, and my desire to gratify her wishes, induced me to engage myself to him. Now, my friend, instead of blaming me, sympathize with me."

In a short time they had recovered from their exhaustion, and proceeded away from the beach, hoping to find a house. After a walk of a mile, they reached a cottage, and there ascertained that they were not more than ten miles from a railroad station. The owner of the house was a farmer, and he and his wife busied themselves in ministering to the comfort of the shipwrecked strangers. In the afternoon the farmer carried them to the station in his wagon, for Lula said she wanted to get to her relatives in New York as soon as possible.

Supposing that Robert knew nothing of Finley, she did not again mention his name, neither did Robert intimate to her that he had any knowledge of him.

When they arrived at the depot, he saw her on the train, and then bade her farewell with a wordless sorrow in his heart.

The laws of New Jersey were rigid in regard to tramps, and Robert knew that to be arrested would defeat his plans. The only resort was to hire himself and make money to buy food to sustain him during the journey. The trains were very closely watched, but he was practised enough to escape the notice of the average brakeman. A group of men were at work on the

railroad not far distant, and seeing these he proceeded in that direction, and offered his services to the foreman, who engaged him at a dollar a day. Only five days of Robert's time still remained, and he could not work for more than two or three days.

A month before, Robert Orden would have felt himself disgraced by manual labor; now he realized its true dignity.

On the evening of the third day, no solution of the difficulty presented itself, and he determined to move forward on foot. To avoid questions, he said nothing of his intention, but at midnight, while all was still, he stole away, with his three dollars in his pocket, and trudged along until dawn. "Can I reach New York tomorrow morning at ten?" was the question uppermost in Robert's mind. With part of his money he bought a breakfast, and then resumed his walk along the track. Though several trains passed him, they all seemed to be going the wrong way; but about dusk, after a weary tramp all day long, he stopped at a water-tank, and his waiting was rewarded by the appearance of a freight train, bound for New York. Eluding the brakeman, he entered an empty car, and felt secure. Now success was his, for the train would reach the metropolis before ten in the morning. Robert felt elated, and the only thoughts to disturb his mind were about Jack and Lula Roland. In vain he tried to shake off all thought of her. As the ghost of the murdered Banquo haunted Macbeth and "would not down at his bidding," so the bitter-sweet memories of Lula Roland haunted Robert.

The train rushed onward through the night, and fatigued from the day's walk, he was soon wrapt in slumber. The sunshine, streaming through an aperture in the car, fell upon his face, and he awoke; the car was standing still on the track, and he could not hear the train. In an instant the truth flashed upon him, and he started to his feet. The car had been switched off on the side track during the night, and the train had gone on. "All over now," he groaned, "unless I am near enough to get there by ten." His fears were confirmed when he descended and inquired of a bystander the distance to New York. "Thirty-seven miles," was the answer. Failure was inevitable. Buying a breakfast, he ate it, and then set out, determined to come as near the time as possible. Five hundred dollars had been deposited in one of the banks to his order, and with this he could buy new clothes, and look like another man, while the remainder would be sufficient to take him back home.

It was dark when Robert reached the Jersey City ferry, and with the remnant of his three dollars he paid his passage and secured cheap lodging for the night.

Only a close observer would have recognized in the neatly dressed, handsome, though sun-burned, young man seen on the streets the next day, the unkempt tramp of the day before. A stylish suit had replaced his much worn garments, while the barber's skill had wrought wonders on his neglected beard. In external appearance he was the same Robert Orden that was first introduced to us, but in other respects a radical change had taken

place. His thirst for adventure was now satiated; now he could fully appreciate his advantages and sympathize with the sorrows of the poor. No longer was he content to lead a life of ease, thinking, forsooth, because *he* had no cares to press upon his mind, that all the world was happy. Only a life of activity could satisfy him now; one in which he would be useful to himself and his fellowmen. His loss he took philosophically, and felt that the experience acquired while mingling with the so-called "dregs of society" would be invaluable; for his mental horizon had been extended, and in a broad, philanthropic view, he saw himself only one of millions of human beings struggling for existence, many of whom needed a helping hand held out to them.

Robert telegraphed to Charles Weston the time of his arrival, and told him to take the thousand dollars that he had won; and unwilling to return until he could find Jack—for the boy had said he was going to New York—he lingered a few days in the metropolis. And, perhaps, though he would not acknowledge it to himself, he wished that he might see Lula Roland again.

A day or two afterwards, as he was walking along the street, he noticed a church door open, and people entering; he followed the throng, as he had no business of importance to transact. The occasion was a marriage, and soon the bridal couple appeared, walking down the aisle. Instantly all eyes were turned upon them, and as Robert looked, a thrill of pain darted through his frame, for the bride was Lula Roland, and the man by her side was Leonard Finley! "Too late! everlastingly too late!" Robert almost groaned aloud in his despair. Yes, Finley had escaped from the sea, and Lula Roland was sacrificing her lifetime happiness to gratify the wish of her mother and friends. She was pale, but composed, as though she realized the step she was taking, while Finley's eyes gleamed with a fiendish triumph. The solemn ceremony was almost over, and before pronouncing the irrevocable tie, the minister paused and said, "If there are any who have good reasons why these two should not become man and wife, let them now speak, or forever hold their peace."

"I have!" exclaimed a lady in the audience, rising to her feet. Robert's senses swam. Could it be? Was that Jack? "I am Leonard Finley's lawful wife," continued the lady. "Two years ago, he hurled me into the Mississippi River from the deck of a steamboat, thinking he would murder me, and by marrying this girl get possession of a large estate. But I was saved, all my ardent love turned into the bitterest hatred, and my only desire has been that he should suffer. As an avenging Nemesis I have followed his footsteps ever since, and now my desire is fulfilled." Yes, it was Jack. Robert understood everything now.

It was as if Leonard Finley had been confronted by a witness from the other world, for he had supposed that his purpose had been accomplished. As his wife began to speak, he gave one wild, imploring look around, and sank to the floor without a groan.

In the confusion that followed, his wife disappeared, and though Robert

made diligent search, he was never able to find any trace of her.

In one of the handsomest residences in the city where we first met Robert Orden, he lives now, and is widely known and respected for his philanthropy and liberality. The poor know he is their friend, and no tramp or needy person ever goes empty-handed from his door. Mrs. Orden is the owner of those eyes that once haunted our hero, and Robert often declares that the bright part of his career began after "seeing the dark side."

A PORTRAIT AND A STATUE.

I.

I hold a Picture, Carrie, dear, so fine
No Titian's art can match its diamond worth;
On it I gaze, when hearts around are cold,
Till Hope's sweet smiles renew their birth.
The art's divinely done. "By whom and how?"
You ask. Yourself the painting did;
My willing heart your canvas was; and there
The image lives, howe'er the art be hid.

II.

I have a Statue, done with matchless grace;
No Phidian chis'lings e'er gave life and form
So nobly sweet to bronze, or gold, or stone.
I turn to this for light and calm in storm.
The lines are copied off from Beauty's self;
For thou the form didst give. How like to thee
In all the rarest sweetness of thy soul!
For Love gave form and wrought the work thro' me.

EDITORIAL.

WE ASK THE SPECIAL ATTENTION of the Alumni to the article by Mr. J. H. Mills, one among the oldest and most respected of their number. It hardly needs to be said that he writes with freshness and vigor. He presents his views of the proper objects of the Alumni Association. These objects at first sight appear to be quite different from those presented on the same subject in our last issue, but at bottom the two views diverge but slightly. The history of the Manual Labor Institute, indeed, is not a great history; but, in the light of future developments, it will doubtless become an important history. The writer's exhortation to the making of a worthy history is not a little inspiring.

ILLITERACY AND THE COLLEGES.

The facts touching illiteracy in North Carolina presented in our educational notes are altogether trustworthy, being taken immediately from the census returns. They could not be made more impressive by the most extended comment. We have but to remember the further fact that this illiteracy is actually on the increase, in order to recognize the peril in which the State now stands and to see what must be its condition in the near future, if present tendencies are not arrested. And it had as well be received at once as truth, that the public school system cannot furnish the complete remedy for the evil. Permanent and pervasive improvement in general education must begin in the universities and colleges. In proportion as their facilities are improved and their patronage widened, will the thirst for education spring up in minds hitherto strangers to it. Increase the number of young men and women who, from these higher institutions of learning go out thoroughly educated, and you increase the luminous centres from which into the surrounding darkness light will radiate; you deposit so many leaven lumps which will, by and by, penetrate and quicken the entire inert mass. The unlettered man will be quite content to knock his clods right on the verge of the new dominion into which education would conduct him. But bring to bear upon him the influence, silent or positive, of one who has passed through that gateway into those wide and charming fields, and he will soon long to walk there himself.

This awakened desire for education must be judiciously gratified and stimulated. In other words, there must be competent teachers for the lower schools. Perhaps there is, in connection with this subject, no more prevalent or more fatal error than that which supposes any one acquainted with "the rudiments" competent to teach beginners. That is entrusting the foundation, design, and measurements of the structure to a quack, while to the skilled architect later on are entrusted the filling up and the "finishing touches." The incompetence of the public school system is largely due to the incompetence of the

teachers whom it employs. "All right, just so the teacher keeps ahead of the class in the book?" Entire folly. The delicate and susceptible mind of the little child—let not the quackery of an ignoramus distort and sear it, crowd it here into an ugly excrescence and there kill the buds of future fruit. For the proper shaping of that plastic mind the skilful teacher will need his philosophy, his science, his literature; and the more, the better. Of course the public schools cannot supply their own teachers. Nor can the normal schools, as at present conducted, supply them. We are again brought back to the colleges and universities, upon which, indeed, depend in great measure the success of all schools and, hence, the wide diffusion of intelligence.

BELOW THE SURFACE.

The science of language has been the theme of more writers during the last hundred years, and has employed more learning in its discussion than perhaps any other. Only within the last hundred years have men discovered that all languages may be traced to a common origin. The divergences became so much more conspicuous than the resemblances that men were not aware that a tie of speech existed between themselves and others. We can think of no more beautiful source of pleasure, leaving out the benefit to be derived, than the study of language. The study of the external agencies that have operated upon the language is indeed interesting; but to our mind the internal changes, though more intricate, are far more interesting.

The study of the changes which particular words have undergone—the circumstances under which new words were coined—will furnish far better recompense than it is easy to believe. How many beauties lie hid in the common words of our every-day life. An uncultured man may live among the beauties of nature, and his eye discern no beauty. He may come in daily contact with the greatest wonders in art, and all be dull and worthless to him. An Apollo de Belvidere or a Venus de Medici would be passed unheeded. As thousands have walked over the buried city of Pompeii, knowing nothing of the wonders which lay just below the surface, so we pass over a world of wonders hid in words. If we should but dig down into some of our commonest words, we should happen upon a buried world of knowledge and pleasure. And, too, such a broad field for research! Give a man a knowledge of a few languages, and there is no end to thought.

Comparative philology, an unexplored continent! The guide-posts are few—the roads but dimly marked out, but one can revel among its beauties continually perceiving new relations; an ever changing panorama passes before him, and he has only to stop and select. It is as one "gathering shells on the seashore" who knows not which to select in the profusion of beautiful ones; this one is beautiful—just a little farther on another still more beautiful strikes his eye, and thus wandering, thus led on, his pleasure knows no bound.

The study of words, then, opens up

a new world, and can never fail to be entertaining.

We can only hope to touch a point here and there which will stimulate thought. In this connection the question arises as to whether speech was a creation of man or not. Is it or not? The particular way in which language was generated no one knows. Inquirers into this subject tell us that language is not of man but of God, and this is what they mean: God did not give us words, names, but the power of naming. God gave man the capacity, and then evoked the capacity which he gave. Some one has described the process by comparing it to a tree, coming from a root—springing up and unfolding its leaves. The root is the divine capacity of language. It is not like building a house, they say. First, fashioned slowly and painfully—improving it little by little: a log house; then, after years of labor, a stately edifice for pleasure and delight.

This is proved by the language of savages. They possess not speech in its elementary forms, but relics of a language that has seen better days; and this fact suggests that the study of words—language—furnishes another source of pleasure.

By studying the language of any country in its different stages we can tell to what eminence they arrived in virtue, in spiritual knowledge; in fact, language is the index of civilization.

Were we to limit ourselves to any particular division of this subject it would afford material for more than our space would allow.

The modifications and changes of language by specialization, generalization, desynonymization, ablaut, umlaut, and rhotacism—each is worthy a volume; and hence our subject is the more difficult to treat.

We have selected from different sources a few words to show how interesting and entertaining this study may become. There is and has been, on the part of people as they progressed in learning, a tendency to generalize; as the mind became accustomed to comprehend general notions, the names of specific objects were transferred to classes.

The word "character" is an instance of this transferrence. The Greek word for character meant a tool for engraving; then, by association it was applied to the marks engraved. And we still see this meaning when we say, Greek *characters*, Arabic *characters*. But all objects have marks which distinguish them from other objects, and the word "character" was generalized, and now applies to any mark or quality of an object.

The opposite of this process is equally important and interesting. The words physician, surgeon, minister, became restricted. The word "frank" is a good word to illustrate this point. It means, as we all know, generous, straightforward, free. The Franks, a German tribe, gave themselves the name "Franks," or the free. They conquered Gaul, to which they gave the name "France," and established themselves as its rulers. Their independence and love of liberty distinguished them from the original inhabitants, and thus the word "frank" came to denote not a man of the

German race, but any man possessed of certain moral qualities.

A good instance of the growth of a number of meanings from a single root is seen in the word *post*. All know what post means—something placed in the ground, as of wood or stone. We have gate-post, lamp-post. Then we have military post, which came in this way: As a post often marked a fixed place in the ground, as a mile post, it came to mean the place where the post was fixed. The places where the posts stood along the roads in the days of the Roman Empire, and where horses were kept to facilitate the conveyance of persons or news, came to be called *the posts*. We use it thus now; and we have from this post-man, post-horse, post-haste. Quite a number of expressions derived from this word have arisen, such as post-office, postage, postal-card, etc.

The last change the word has undergone is quite curious. During the last few years iron letter-posts have been placed at different points in our cities, and the word has thus assumed its original meaning.

The study of almost any common word will yield something interesting. To all we commend this study as one from which great benefit and pleasure may be derived.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE report of the Durham graded school for December shows 342 pupils enrolled and the attendance of 96 per cent.

—WASHINGTON and Lee University has an increase of 20 per cent. in the number of students, as compared with the enrolment of last year.

—ATHENS is—shall we say the eye of Georgia? It is a great educational centre. It is the seat of two female colleges and the State University.

—Mr. JOHN DUCKETT, the former superintendent of public instruction in Wake county, has been elected principal of Hamilton Institute, Hamilton, N. C.

—IN New England now there is one college student to every 167 families. But twenty-three years after its first settlement there was one university graduate to every 40 families.

—WE are pleased to notice the circular of the Lexington Male Academy. Mr. S. E. Williams, a former student of Wake Forest, is principal. He has a favorable prospect for the spring term.

—AT the next Chapel Hill commencement Dr. Hepburn, President of Davidson College, will preach the sermon before the graduating class, and Hon. Thos. C. Manning will deliver the literary address. The new term opened on the 5th instant with "flattering prospects;" 200 present.

—JOSEPH C. PRICE, the famous colored orator, is President of Zion Westley Institute, located on the beautiful grounds known as Delta Grove, Salisbury, N. C. The Institute is for the education of colored men and women. On the grounds, which comprise forty acres, is one $5,000 building.

—HON. JOSEPH E. BROWN, of Georgia, recently proposed to give $50,000 to the University of the State, at Athens; but on account of the complicated conditions of the "gift" the Legislature decided that it was hardly worth accepting.

—THE per cent. of illiteracy in Iowa is smaller than in any state of the Union. Nebraska comes next, then Dakota, then Maine, then Ohio and Kansas. Iowa's per cent. is 2.4; New Mexico heads the list with 60.2 per cent. of enumerated population 10 years old and upward unable to read.

—FOR efficient teaching, knowledge of the pupil is hardly less important than knowledge of the subject to be taught. Some one has said that, if he had fifty different pupils to teach, he would try to make himself fifty different teachers, as he turned to instruct each.

—THE State Senate now in session has at least appointed a standing committee on education. Mr. Pemberton is chairman. Wonder if the committee will recognize the educational question as the most vital and far-reaching of all now before the people of North Carolina? Wonder what legislation, if any, they will recommend? The Governor devoted part of his late message to education.

—THE corner-stone of every representative government is the intelligence of its citizens. In the light of the following figures the duty of Congress seems clear. Native white persons in United States 10 years old and upward unable to write, 2,255,460; foreign white, 763,620; colored, 3,220,878—total, 6,239,958, or 17 per cent. of the number enumerated.

Dr. PRITCHARD in the *Central Baptist* thus speaks of the Theological Seminary at Louisville: "I am taking Dr. Broadus' lectures on New Testament Interpretation, and can truly say that, while I have always had a high opinion of the Seminary, my appreciation of its value has been greatly enhanced since I have become one of its students and see more distinctly the kind of work done here."

—THE Morgan Park Theological Seminary is in the suburbs of Chicago, though about thirteen miles south from the centre of the city. It has nearly 100 students. An effort is making to raise in the West for its endowment $100,000, and a like sum in the East. Messrs. John D. Rockefeller and John H. Deane are interested, and that is a strong pledge of ultimate success. Dr. Northrup is President.

—NORTH Carolina's standing on the census bulletin no. 303 is as follows: Population 10 years old and upward, 959,951; returned as unable to read, 367,890, or 38.3 per cent.; returned as unable to write, 463,975, or 48.3 per cent. White persons 10 years old and upward enumerated, 608,806; returned as unable to write, 192,032, or 31.5 per cent. Native white persons 10 years old and upward enumerated, 605,244; returned as unable to write, 191,913, or 31.7 per cent. Foreign-born white persons 10 years old and upward enumerated, 3,502; returned as unable to write, 119, or 3.3 per cent. Colored persons 10 years old and upward enumerated, 351,145; returned as unable to write, 271,943, or 77.4 per cent.

—THERE are in the United States 48 law schools with attendance of 3,000 students, 120 medical schools with attendance of 14,000 students, 364 universities and colleges with attendance of 60,000 students.

—IT has been claimed that Andover Theological Seminary is the oldest of its kind in the land. It was opened in September, 1808. But it appears that in 1785 the Reformed Dutch church opened a theological school in New York city, which was transferred in 1810 to New Brunswick, N. J.

—ACCORDING to the census of 1880, the colored people are most illiterate in New Nexico (92.2 per cent. of enumerated population 10 years old and upward), next in Georgia (81.6), next in Alabama (80.6), next in Louisiana (79.1), next in South Carolina (78.5), next in North Carolina (77.4).

—AH! what may not be done, through the grace of God, by first-rate men! Once, when some difficult enterprise was under discussion in the Southern Baptist Convention, Dr. Jeter lifted high his towering form and penetrating voice as he cried: "How often have we need to say, Oh, for a man! Oh, for a man!—*J. A. B., in Religious Herald.*

—IT is only when the native white population is considered that North Carolina stands next to Mexico in illiteracy. When the entire population is considered, North Carolina is ahead of Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. But the illiteracy of the native whites in any State is that which constitutes its peculiar shame.

—IN a lecture a few weeks since, Hon. John Eaton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, said that in the whole country since 1870 there had been a gain of 3 per cent. in intelligence, but an absolute increase of 581,814 in the number of illiterates. He stated that in the Union the number of persons, ten years old and upward, who could not write, was 6,239,958. He favored a government appropriation of $100,000,000 to remove this ignorance. There are indications that a large amount will be appropriated by the present Congress. And North Carolina needs the largest share.

—OBERLIN COLLEGE, Ohio, was projected in 1833 upon the manual labor system. Its career has been most remarkable. It was the pioneer in the matter of co-education, but is more singular for its extreme abolition sentiments and its admission of colored students to its courses along with the white. Of its 2,000 alumni, 60 are colored. Since its foundation it has had 18,000 students. Students are required to attend morning prayers at their respective boarding places, besides evening prayers at the college chapel. Each class has a weekly prayer-meeting, and every recitation is prefaced with prayer and singing.

—THERE are nine millions of children in the public schools of the United States. These schools are maintained at a cost of eighty millions of dollars. The number of children who do not attend school at all is five millions. The Commissioner of Edution estimates that to furnish these with house-room and prepared teachers will cost $110,000,000.

—WITH all its wealth, Harvard is an expensive place for a poor student, unless he is fortunate in securing a good scholarship. The boarding-club for undergraduates has a membership of over 600, but its price for board, even under stringent instructions for economy, is about $4.50 per week. The Newton club with less than sixty members, provides a bill of fare good enough for any student for $2.75 per week. College expenses are growing terribly burdensome. They are said to average $1,000 per annum at Harvard and Yale. In my day, many a student at Brown graduated with honor, and was conscious of no self-denial, with an outlay of much less than this sum for his entire course.—*Boston Cor. Examiner.*

—A recent visitor favors us with the following note:

"SHAW UNIVERSITY.—A striking feature in the progress of civilization is the forward stand that colored institutions are taking among us.

"Foremost among these is Shaw University, at Raleigh, founded in 1865, by Hon. Elijah Shaw, of Massachusetts. The President, Dr. H. M Tupper, is likewise from Massachusetts. Through his untiring zeal and the magnanimity of Northern philanthropists, with some aid from this State, it has developed from a small wooden structure about 40 x 50 into five large, elegant brick buildings. One of these, the Estey Female Seminary, is one of the finest school edifices in the State. One hundred females are in attendance this session, most of whom enter with the view of fitting themselves to become teachers.

"Three others of the buildings are used respectively for mess-hall and college-chapel, dormitory, and the third for recitation rooms, mostly. The fifth, in course of completion, is for the newly established Medical Department, and partly also for a hospital.

"The college curriculum, embracing five departments, viz., College, Scientific, Normal, Theological, and Medical, will compare favorably with not a few of our Southern colleges. Two hundred males have been matriculated so far this session, besides ten forming the class in the Medical Department. One of the last named number hails from Jamaica.

"One visiting this college will be struck with the stamp of improvement in everything. It is evident that all is guided by a hand that is determined to keep abreast of the times.

"If each Southern State had a Shaw University, and each county of each State would take care that at least two of its most worthy colored youths were well educated there, in order that they themselves might operate branch schools throughout each county, then might we look for a happy solution of that question so puzzling to our statesmen and thinkers, 'What will become of the negro?'"

LITERARY GOSSIP.

By Phi. Sr. Editor

—It is said Mr. Anthony Trollope made a clean half million by his pen.

—Oscar Wilde has left this country for a more congenial clime. He says his sojourn among us was unsuccessful in that he was unable to give us higher views of art.

—The critics are going for Mr. Tennyson with their gloves off. He seems to be trying to ruin his fame by his dramatic productions. Many a one would have succeeded e'er this, and so would Mr. Tennyson, had not his fame been of the most robust kind. His last work, *Promise of May*, has turned out a complete failure in London.

—Every day coins its word. "Conductress" and "brakelady" are the latest abominations, which arose from the employment of women on the elevated roads.

—The January *Century* contains an article on "The Debt of Science to Darwin" by A. R. Wallace, who is probably the most distinguished living English writer on subjects akin to the Darwinian theory. The article is an attempt to assign him his place in science and literature, the writer regarding Sir Isaac Newton alone as Darwin's equal. The frontispiece of the number is an engraving of Darwin. There are also pictures of Darwin's home, "Down House," hisstudy, and favorite walks.

—The French Academy began a Dictionary two hundred years ago, which was to be the final authority on the use of the French Language. Many jokes have been cracked over the slow progress of the work, and this is one of the best. Charles Nodier, writing to a friend, says: "You ask me when the Dictionary of the French Academy will be finished? Nostradamus could not reply to the question. For myself, I am firmly of opinion that the Academy will be finished before its Dictionary.

—We have been waiting for a history of the recent war in Egypt. It is announced. Dr. W. H. Russell, the veteran war correspondent of the London *Times*, is the author. It is said he will make some disclosures not altogether to the credit of the English war department.

—Everybody who can sing a note or tell one tune from another knows "Annie Laurie." An English paper says that the bonnie Annie was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwelltown, M. P., by his second wife. She was born on the 16th of December, 1682, and grew up to be the most beautiful Dumfries womam of her day, as well as the heroine of the song which has perpetuated her charms. The lyric was composed by Mr. Douglass, of Fingland, an ardent admirer of "Bonnie Annie." She, however, did not reciprocate his affection, but preferred his rival, Alexander Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, to whom she was eventually united in marriage.

—The original manuscript of "Home,

Sweet Home," as written by John Howard Payne, is now in the possession of an elderly lady in Athens, Ga. The words of the poem as first written are all interlined, with here and there an endearing expression from the writer to the lady who now holds it, to whom in the old days he was devotedly attached, and who has many of his letters. She has been offered a large sum for the manuscript. The poet's remains have been shipped from Tunis to the United States.

—THE *Critic* thinks "Mr. Isaacs," a new novel by Mr. F. Marion Crawford, a remarkable contribution to literature. Mr. Crawford has written, not a sensational novel, but a fairly accurate description of life in India, interspersed with running comments on Buddhism, polygamy, etc.

—DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, on retiring from his professorship at Harvard, received the following pleasant greeting from London *Punch*:

"Your health, dear 'Autocrat'! All England owns
Your instrument's the lyre, and *not* the bones.'
Yet hear our wishes—trust us they're not cold ones—
That though you give up bones, you may make old ones."

—"JAMES FENIMORE COOPER," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, is the latest publication in the "American Men-of-Letters" series. The life of Cooper is probably the most interesting yet published. His works have a larger, wider circulation than any other American writer, except possibly, those of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "I have visited many countries," wrote the late Prof. Morse. "In every city that I visited the works of Cooper were conspicuously placed in the windows of every bookshop. They have been seen by American travellers in the languages of Turkey and Persia, in Constantinople, in Egypt and in Jerusalem. They are published in 34 different places in Europe as soon as he produces them."

Cooper's life would be interesting in the hands of almost any writer, but is doubly so when written by such a man as Prof. Lounsbury. *The Critic* says: "All direct and authoritative sources of information contained in family papers were closed to the biographer, yet it would have been difficult to write a better book than this, had the family archives been completely at the writer's disposal."

—IT is a curious fact that most of the distinguished men of letters in England belong to the Liberal party. Among the list are Gladstone, the Duke of Argyl, Froude, Kinglake, Lecky, Freeman, Herbert Spencer, Trollope, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Trevelyan, Hayward, Jowett, Hughes, Rawlinson, Layard, Fergusson, Lubbock, Owen, Tyndall, Huxley, Goldwin Smith, Gavan Duffy, Grant Duff, Frederick Harrison, Harcourt, Lord Sherbrooke, Lord Houghton.—*Examiner.*

—THE recent issues of the Humboldt Library of Popular Science are, just as the rest, the work of the masters in the subjects presented. *Lectures on Evolution*, by Huxley, closes the second volume, the contents of which are as follows: *Origin of Nations*, by Rawlinson; *Evolutionist at Large*, by Grant Allen; *Landholding in England*, by Fisher; *Fashion in Deformity* (Illust.), by Flower; *Manners and Fashions*, by Spencer; *Facts and Fictions of Zoology*, by Andrew Wilson:

Study of Words, by Trench; *Hereditary Traits*, by Poctor; *Vignettes from Nature*, by Allen; *Philosophy of Style*, by Spencer; *The Mother Tongue*, by Bain; *Oriental Religions*, by Caird and others; *Evolution*, by Huxley. Certainly an attractive table of contents for $1.50. (J. Fitzgerald & Co., 30 Lafayette Place, N. Y.)

—Canon Farrar's literary style has been characterized as "oily facility of buttery periods written to please the popular ear." This is not fair; he only beautifies substance that is worthy of it.

—It was $5,000 that Tennyson received for what his own countrymen call "one of the dreariest masses of nonsense ever put before a long-suffering public." "What's in a name?" Ah! Juliet, a fortune.

—Since the death of George Eliot, there is probably no woman living possessing and gaining more and more with every year a luminous intelligence that sets Frances Power Cobbe in some points at the head of modern thinkers.—*Our Continent.*

—Anthony Trollope, who died on the 6th ult., was one of the most voluminous of English writers. His works are mainly in the department of fiction, though there are some books of travel and biography. He himself considered his *Life of Cicero* his best work.

—The necrology of 1882 contains some distinguished names; W. H. Ainsworth, Jan. 2; R. H. Dana, Jan. 6; Berthold Auerbach, Feb. 8; H. W. Longfellow, March 24; D. G. Rossetti, April 9; Charles Darwin, April 19; R. W. Emerson, April 27; Dr. John Brown, May 10; G. P. Marsh, July 24; W. S. Jevons, Aug. 13; Anthony Trollope, Dec. 6; Henry James, Dec. 18.

—A novel enterprise is seriously contemplated by the inmates of Ward's Island Insane Asylum. They are to have a paper of their own. It is to be called the *Moon*, and will be written, edited, and "set up" by lunatics. They will succeed, for the crank in journalism gets the lion's share these days.

—A little monthly in the Latin language has been started at Potsdam, N. Y. It appears that by means of this little magazine, the editor has effected among colleges and high schools a correspondence in print which he calls *Catena Latina*, and the members of which are *anuli*, or links of the Latin chain. Some interest is already aroused, and the members or links are increasing. It seems destined to do good.—*Critic.*

—Helen Campbell in a late number of *Our Continent*, after telling us that Longfellow's place will be less for posterity than we are now ready to believe, says of Mr. Lowell that, while he has never enjoyed Longfellow's popularity, his poetry has elements which are growing every year into the real life of the people, "and are the best and truest expression of the America of to-day. The *Harvard Ode* must have all the immortality mortal word can hold, for it is the voice of the nation's faith and hope and longing."

—If there is any unfilled gap in our literature it lies in the direction of humorous books. Not those of the professional humorist, which come at last to have a positively ghastly quality, but the quiet and calmly mirth-provoking ones, where one smiles unconsciously and turns back to find out why.—*Continent.*

—*The Critic* in speaking of Dr. Hodgson's *Errors in the Use of English* says that he himself must submit to the laugh for writing "this blunder of D'Israeli's," adding that it is hardly worth while to use the genitive ending after D'Israeli, when 'of' is used before it. We ask the *Critic* to think again. Mr. Hodgson made no mistake in writing as above, "of" being partitive, the genitive ending being possessive.

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—The First Telephone.—Telephones are not so very recent after all. The first one was made by Phillip Reis, in 1861, at Frankfort. It was designed for the transmission of speech. At a recent meeting of the London Physical Society it was exhibited by Prof. Thompson, who showed by various proofs that words were sent by that and similar apparatus.

—A New Scientific Journal.—A stock-company, under the presidency of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, will this month revive at Cambridge, Mass., the defunct journal *Science*. The editor is Samuel H. Scudder, Pres. of the Boston Society of Natural History. It begins with a capital of $50,000 dollars and a strong corps of contributors. Special arrangements have been made to collect scientific news from all parts of the world.

—The Yale Museum has a most valuable collection of fossils from the older half of the Tertiary epoch. They are of unexampled number and variety. This is what Prof. Huxley said of it a few years ago: "I have had the advantage of glancing over the collections in Yale Museum, and I can truly say that, so far as my knowledge extends, there is no collection from any region and series of strata comparable for extent, or for the care with which the remains have been got together."

—Petroleum.—What becomes of the "rock oil" pumped up in Pennsylvania? It is prepared for illuminating purposes—kerosene, for instance, is made from it. Before it isfit for such use, however, it has to be refined. It is distilled in great pans over furnaces, and the vapors of the boiling liquid are condensed in pipes surrounded by cold water. But it is not ready for use until it has been washed—yes, *washed* with acids. The distilled fluid is poured into a large tank, and afterwards acids are thoroughly mixed with it by powerful air-pressure. After being well shaken up, it is allowed to settle, when

the acids sink to the bottom and with them the tar which passed over with the vapors. The acids are removed, and the oil is mixed with salt-water. The explosive gases arise in suffocating fumes, and the longer this continues the safer the oil is for burning. After being bleached it is ready for the shops.

—Two French chemists have succeeded in the artificial production of crystallized quartz, by heating to a temperature below redness in a closed steel tube, lined with copper, a mixture of potash, alumina, and gelatinous silica in the presence of water. By heating for fourteen hours, numerous regular crystals were produced of the ordinary quartz form, which acted on polarized light in the manner of native quartz.

—The dinosaurs, of what is known in geology as the age of Reptiles, were perhaps the largest animals that ever lived on our earth. Their name means 'terrible lizard.' Many of them, as is shown by their remains in the rocks of that age, were from 20 to 30 feet long. Prof. Marsh found one in the West which was 80 to 100 feet long—a size which before was thought impossible for a terrestrial animal. A dinosaur has lately been unearthed in the "Bad Lands" of Dakota which was 35 feet long and 25 feet high; the skull weighed 694 pounds, and the whole skeleton 1,900 pounds.

—The Electric Light.—In the opinion of the London *Lancet*, before the electric light becomes the common illuminating agent of the period, something ought to be done to mitigate its unpleasant intensity. It is too "hard," and needs to be softened. There is reason to believe that mischief has already been wrought by its use. To make it less trying to the eyes, the use of globes of suitable material is suggested; but such globes would necessitate great loss of power, so that the gas flame might equal it. Perhaps the scattering of the rays by reflection would be the best plan. When *The Electrician* is forced to say that for true comfort there is nothing like the light given by the old-fashioned pure wax candle, are we sure that we are not advancing backward?

Meerschaum.—This mineral consists of silicate of magnesia and water. It is chiefly obtained near the city Eski-Schier, in Asia Minor, where, even before the time of the Turks, it was mined on a large scale. The city is surrounded by a basin, which probably was once a large lake. All around the border of this basin are found masses of meerschaum mixed with pebbles and bowlders in red earth. It is in strata or layers. Between every two strata of pebbles there is found a stratum of meerschaum. Before it is fit for export it has to be dried, polished, and refined. It is put up in chests of 30 inches in length, 8 in width, and 15 1-2 in depth. The refining of a lot of 100 chests requires two months, and costs about $600. The price of a chest at Eski-Schier varies from $30 to $50. Its principal use is in the manufacture of pipes and cigar holders.

—A Cautious Scientist.—Whatever may be said of Mr. Darwin, he was most patient, painstaking, and truth-loving. Any reader of Mr. Wal-

lace's essay in the January *Century* will be so impressed. Take one illustration. Soon after his return from the voyage in the Beagle in 1837, it occurred to him that some light might be thrown on the origin of species in animals and plants, by accumulating facts that might bear upon it and reflecting on them. For five years he worked on this line before he allowed himself to speculate on the subject. During the next two years he put his provisional theory in definite shape, and then devoted fifteen years more to observation, experiment, and literary research, before he gave the world an abstract of his theory in his greatest work, "The Origin of Species." If to these periods we add the five years of study and observation during the voyage we find that this work is the outcome of *twenty-seven* years of thought and labor. During this long period only a very few of his most intimate friends knew that he had left the beaten paths of science.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Eu. Sr. Editor.

—SKATING.

—SNOWBALLING.

—CHRISTMAS over.

—SECOND-hand books.

—NEW students are coming.

—A new boarding house in town.

—PROF. TAYLOR is in New York in the interest of the endowment.

—ONE of the Seniors has given up law, and will be a railroad man. So they say.

—A number of the Oxford girls and others spent the Christmas with us. Come again, and don't wait till Christmas, either.

—GLAD to see William J. Ferrell again. He is looking well, and says he is doing better. That's the way, W. J.

—E. G. BECKWITH, '82, comes in as Tutor with the new term. You'd better look sharp, young friends who have to deal with him.

—JUST as we go to press we can only state that the funeral services of Dr. Wm. T. Brooks occurred from the chapel on the 18th instant. He died on the 16th.

—OUR pastor was "pounded" new year's night. Many were the humorous "pounds" imposed. Old and young gathered together, and it was a most pleasant evening to all present.

—PROF. HOBGOOD says that if we do not get the Richmond Band again for Commencement he can't let the girls come—that the band is half the Commencement. That is what he says about it. Wonder if the girls are of this opinion, and want the Richmond band, too? If they are, we will deliberate about changing the programme for Commencement, and not get the 7th New York Regiment band, beyond comparison the most skilled assemblage of musicians on American soil.

[For the STUDENT.]

SENIOR SPEAKING—WAKE FOREST COLLEGE—*Friday, December* 22, 1882, *at 7 O'clock, P. M.*

1. T. J. Simmons, Wake Forest, N. C. Subject—"Evolution of the Beautiful."
2. G. C. Briggs, Asheville, N. C. Subject—"Madame Roland."
3. G. P. Bostick, Shelby, N. C. Subject—"Life is only what we make it."
4. W. R. Walters, Granville county, N. C. Subject—"Power of the Will."
5. H. P. Markham, Durham, N. C. Subject—"Queen Elizabeth."
6. C. G. Jones, Jr., Leaksville, N. C. Subject—"The Uncrowned Kings."

Marshals: F. H. Manning, Gates county, N. C.; A. P. Taylor, Wilmington, N. C.

Social gathering in Literary Halls, complimentary to the Class.

Messrs. Editors: The above programme of the last Senior Speaking must be the basis of a few remarks relative to what was done on that occasion. The party delegated by you to do this work from sketches taken on the spot very promptly failed to do his duty. He took "sketches" of another kind. It now devolves upon me at this remote period to "write up Senior Speaking," without the shadow of a note. I must turn back into the realms of memory, tramp across the jagged flints of examination week, through the gushes of New Year, the whirling mazes of Christmas parties and sociables, and then crawl away up into the desolate old attic of memory, and bring to light whatever scraps of Senior Speaking I may find there.

First Speaker. I desire, here and now to say that this was beyond question the speech of the occasion.—Thought was beautiful, sentences well finished. The speech itself was a beautiful unfolding of the beautiful.

Second Speaker did not have a far-fetched subject. That was right. He had one about which some of us knew but little. Whose fault was that? He told about the heroism of this noble woman in a pleasing manner, and was happy in the selection and presentation of a subject so sure to interest, so worthy of study.

Third Speaker, with an earnestness entirely his own, said that life is only what we make it. Something in this struck me as being peculiarly true, and the impression produced by the subject caused me to forget the speaker's treatment of it. Hope he will excuse me, but surrounded by such circumstances as I was, viz.: those lovely owners of red sacks, and remembering that life is only what we make it I intuitively went to "making it" as pleasant as possible. I desire to thank the speaker for his subject and hope he will be able to "make life" double soon.

Fourth Speaker. No criticism is perfect without a quotation. "Philippus" is responsible for the following very lucid English (?) in reference to this speaker: "He produced a speech that did credit to his manner of thinking. After expatiating on the potentiabilities of will in the abstract, he illustrated his subject by some striking examples from history. The speaker delights in the logical aspect of things and finds his poetry in the scintillations of reason."

Fifth speaker had a broad and fertile subject, and treated it well. There

is abundance of room in this subject for contrary opinions. It would require a rigid debate to do justice to it. Some have a way of skimming over history and of making pompous allusions to things in general. This is to be deprecated. This gentleman has a way of going deep into things and taking them one at a time. This thoroughness is to be commended and encouraged.

Sixth speaker told us about "Uncrowned Kings." I do not believe he quoted any poetry. That was right again. Said the noblest deeds were sometimes done in the humblest way. Those deserving the highest encomiums often pass unnoticed by the cold charities of an ungrateful world; that ofttimes within the peasant's breast was a heart more truly noble than ever beat beneath sceptred mail. Now, I reckon Mr. J. said this. If he did not, he ought to have done so; it stands to reason that he ought. It would have been a flagrant departure from his usual way of saying things, if he had not done so. Now, as this gentleman is no non-conformist, I think I am justifiable in my opinions as to the substance of his well delivered oration.

Well, it would not be fair to stop without telling who "Philippus" is.—He was private secretary to Julius Cæsar—had the honor of telegraphing his famous letter of acceptance to the Roman Senate—*Veni, Vidi, Vici*—distinguished himself at the battle of Naseby—was a bosom friend of Ruskin during the thirty years war, is somewhat of a critic. Last work is a flashy report of Senior Speaking in *The Scotland Neck Commonwealth.* If I am not mistaken, this may be relied on; however, it would be best to consult cyclopaedia.—*Cornelius Nepos.*

—ONE of our young ministers went as a "visiting brother" to preach for the Oxford church a few weeks ago. The next Oxford paper contained the following: "A little Oxford chap heard a new preacher not long since. On returning home he told his mamma 'that was the best preacher he ever did hear—he didn't preach from the Bible at all, but just told stories.'"

—OUR thanks are due Mr. C. G. Jones for some very efficient work done for us while in Raleigh. If all would do likewise we could soon make further improvements in the STUDENT.

—ONE of the Editors knows a secret that one of our good matrons wishes to be kept from the girls. How strange that one should be so apprehensive of the girls. When they begin teasing that Editor to tell that secret—teasing so musically, so pleadingly—we fear it will cease to be a secret; and then that good matron, what will she do?

—THE following encouraging items from the *Examiner* of Jan. 11. The only wrong thing about it is the "Dr." prefixed to the name of our modest professor, who does not as yet claim such distinction: "Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Wake Forest College, N. C., is now in the city on what we regard as a very interesting and important mission. What this mission is, is made sufficiently plain by his own statement in another column. We had the pleasure of seeing him on Sunday at our own

house, and have seldom heard more interesting facts in an hour's conversation than he gave us respecting the work and prospects of the College, and the growth of North Carolina in the best directions. Our Baptist friends who have the means and heart to help a most deserving object cannot do a better thing than to hear what Dr. Taylor can tell them." The statement by Prof. T. referred to is found in full further on in this department.

—WITH this number the competition for the STUDENT medal closes. Who is the fortunate winner?

—ANNIVERSARY day falls on Friday, Feb. 16th, and will soon be upon us. The handsome invitation card does credit to the gentlemen who had this matter in charge. Sorry to note an error in spelling, which, however, was the engraver's fault. The question of Foreign Immigration, so full of political and social significance at present, is to be discussed in public debate.

—WE are obliged to Dr. T. H. Pritchard for his valuable articles in the *Recorder* on the "Endowment of Wake Forest College." So far three have appeared, the first treating of the necessity of endowments in general, the second of Wake Forest's need, and the third of the amount of the endowment needed. Of course we knew that the Doctor's separation from us would not cut short his abiding interest in us, but it is pleasant to receive just this kind of a testimonial from him.

—JOINT RESOLUTIONS.—*Whereas*, The Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies of Wake Forest College have received of Gen. W. R. Cox, a handsome map of the United States, therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That we return thanks to our worthy Congressman for his acceptable gift.

2. That we appreciate the interest he feels in the welfare and prosperity of our College and societies.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the donor, that they be spread on the minute books of each society, and be published in the *Raleigh Observer*, and in the WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

Eu. Committee—A. M. Redfearn, L. G. Broughton, W. S. Royall.

Phi. Committee—C. L. Smith, D. A. Bridges, J. C. C. Dunford.

THE explanation of Prof. Taylor's work is thus given by him in the *Examiner* of Jan. 11th:

THE WAKE FOREST NECESSITY.—The returns of the last census reveal the startling fact that nearly one-third of the white people of North Carolina cannot read or write. Still more startling is the other fact that the number of whites who cannot read or write is greater by 25,635 than it was in 1870. The masses of the people of North Carolina, white and black, belong to the Baptists more than to any other denomination. There are more than 100,000 white Baptists in the State. For much of this illiteracy, therefore, we are, as Baptists, responsible.

Is any College in the Union confronted by a work of more magnitude and importance than Wake Forest, the Baptist College of North Carolina? The only way to reach illiteracy is from the top downward. This Institution must be enabled to cheapen tuition and double its work. At present it is unable to supply the demand for its graduates as teachers. The present outlook before the College is more bright and hopeful than ever be-

fore. The next catalogue will contain the names of nearly 200 students, representing Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and South Carolina. The endowment is slowly increasing, and amounts now to $53,600. The College has seven Professors, and is doing thorough and first-class work.

Within ninety days nearly $30,000 has been pledged in North Carolina for the immediate completion of the endowment up to $100,000. The payment of these pledges which are in large sums, is conditional upon the raising of $50,000. If this additional $20,000 can be raised outside of North Carolina, the College will at last be placed on a permanent foundation. In 1876 Northern brethren gave Wake Forest $10,000. This money has never been encroached upon for expenses. The endowment is invested with great care in first mortgages on land. The College has lost no investment since the war.

For nearly three months the duties of my chair have been performed by my colleagues, that, without expense for agency, I might try to raise the $50,000 dollars so greatly needed. Having the promise of nearly $30,000, I have come to ask Northern brethren to help in raising the remainder. If I did not think that in this I were trying to serve the Lord Jesus, I would not undertake what is in many respects a trying and difficult work. May I not hope for sympathy and aid from those who are seeking to use for God's glory the means that he has bestowed?

CH. E. TAYLOR,

Prof. of Latin, W. F. College, N. C.

New York, Jan. 8, 1883.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'55. Dr. A. J. Emerson, of William Jewell College, Mo., is thus spoken of in a letter by Dr. Pritchard to the *Central Baptist*, St. Louis: "The third is an old classmate, by the name of A. J. Emerson, whom I had the honor to recommend to the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, N. C., as able to carry two D's at the end of his name, and whose modesty is only equalled by his merit."

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon is preaching in his new church, known as Immanuel Baptist church, corner North Avenue and St. Paul street, Baltimore. The church will seat 625, and cost $18,500, while the site cost $15,300. It is only the germ of a large building which is yet to be added. He seems to be working with system. He has published on a card the subjects for Wednesday evening lectures down to the 28th of February. He gives us a good word in a recent *Recorder*. Our readers would be glad to hear from him in the contributor's department of the STUDENT.

—'82. Mr. W. J. Ferrell will teach in Granville the next five months, though offered a better situation at Warsaw. He gets a fixed salary, and hasn't the trouble of collecting.

—'82. Mr. E. G. Beckwith has been elected to fill the place made vacant

by Mr. Hilliard. We are sure he will gain the respect and esteem of all our students.

—THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—*Messrs. Editors:* I once felt a lively interest in the Wake Forest Alumni Association; but when the omnibus gate was opened, and the Association deliberately disqualified itself for its own mission, I turned my thoughts towards objects promising better results. Late numbers of the STUDENT indicate a return of sober second thought, and there now seems to be hope and a future for the organized efforts of the Alumni Association.

The endowment of the College is not the peculiar work of the Alumni, but a duty incumbent on citizens. Neither is the fact that a man graduated in 1853 any reason why he should return and eat a big dinner in 1883. I see no necessary connection between dinners and diplomas. The citizen should also urge young men to a thorough college course, because the State needs more educated men—not because he himself has graduated. So then it seems to me that the peculiar work of the Alumni Association, and the work which no one else can do so well for the College, is:

1. To suggest improvements in the course of study;

2. To discuss educational problems;

3. To note the progress of arts and sciences.

A graduate of a college, in contact with the world, is made to feel his deficiencies, and is always struck where his armor is weakest. Hence he can point out needed improvements in the course of study. To illustrate: let a young man go from college to a position involving the government of others. He immediately discovers his need of the training which Plato gave his students at Athens, which Pythagoras gave his students at Crotona, and which was so conspicuous in Seneca; but which has been so unaccountably lost out of the modern curriculum.

Again, these are days of educational swindles. Even our Normal Schools need professors of Siftings, to sift out the delusions. And our public graded schools are strangely misunderstood. Education should be guided by the educated men of the land.

Ours are also days of delusion in art and science, and, at the same time, days of marvellous progress. Educated men should denounce the dangerous and commend the useful. They should expose cheats and counterfeits, and seek to popularize the arts and sciences beneficial to mankind.

Here then is a wide field for the Alumni Association. Let us suspend (if possible) the history of the "Manual Labor Institute," and make some history in the advancement of learning, in the improvement of the young, and in the welfare of humanity. Should dinner be convenient in the hour of hunger, let us pause and eat it; but let us rise above the worship of the stomach and the pocket.

J. H. MILLS.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

[Books sent us by publishers will receive due notice in this place.]

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F. R. S. In Two Parts. Humboldt Library.

We have of late learned the advantage of reading whatever Dr. Geikie may see fit to put into print. Apart from the subjects which he treats, he is master of a literary style which is a perpetual delight. Indeed, the last few years have seen the development of a new style for the treatment of scientific subjects. The occupation of Dr. Dry-as-dust, with his hard names for common things, seems almost gone. With little, if any, loss of accuracy, science has been popularized; that is, its facts and theories have been treated in so plain and fascinating a way that a man of ordinary attainments can understand them and will frequently take down a book like Tyndall's *Forms of Water*, or Bates' *Naturalist on the Amazons*, in preference to Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade. Formerly, the smallest intimation that a book was on a scientific subject as effectually closed its pages to the average reader as an iron clasp. This clear and vivacious treatment of science goes far towards explaining the growing interest of the popular mind in it.

While our author is no slave to fancy, but judicious and reliab he is yet keenly alive to the beautiful and picturesque in nature. For him,

> "She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
> And eloquence of beauty."

These "Sketches," fourteen in all, have been previously published one at the time in some of the leading magazines. But we are glad to have them all together in this cheap and convenient form.

The first is "My First Geological Excursion." It breathes the enthusiasm of the early days of which it treats, and, besides being an interesting bit of personal history, is valuable as showing how vastly superior actual observation of nature is to the most extended and careful descriptions in the books. "Thenceforward," says he, "the rocks and their fossil treasures formed the chief subject of my everyday thoughts. That day stamped my fate, and I became a geologist." The second, "The Old Man of Hoy," presents a vivid description of the fantastic shapes into which the waves have sculptured the cliffs of the extreme northern coast of Scotland and of the neighboring islands. Under "The Colliers of Carrick" we have the strange history of John Brown, collier, who by the falling in of a coal mine was for twenty-three days shut up "in utter seclusion from the world, and without a particle of food. He lived for three days after." We could all but imagine ourselves by the bed of the old man as we read the superstitious explanations proposed by the Scotch colliers of John Brown's wonderful experience. But we did not mean to go as much into details. The second part is perhaps the more interesting. In it we have "A Fragment of Primeval Europe," "In Wyoming," "The Geysers of the Yellowstone," which is the most satisfactory account we have seen

of that wonderful region, "The Scottish School of Geology," "Geological Influences which have affected the course of British History," and others. We had intended to make at least one extract from the last mentioned for its interest and as an example of the author's style, but must refer our readers to the book. It can be had for 30 cents of J. Fitzgerald & Co., New York.

WORTH REPEATING.

ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS IN LITERATURE.

[From Sunday School Times.]

Whatever the misnamed "æsthetical" school of literature may say about ethics and æsthetics having nothing in common, about morality having nothing to do with art, the fact ever remains, supported by the verdict of history, the voice of the greatest masters of art themselves, and the judgment of every healthy man's reason, common sense, and conscience, that true beauty cannot exist without goodness, that art and morality, which God himself hath joined together, are not by man to be put asunder.

Most positive is this universal judgment in the case of literature. As Professor Shairp, who certainly is an authority, distinctly asserts "The moral substance of human nature is the soil on which true poetry grows; the poetry of life must be moral, since life itself is spiritually moral." This is the sentiment of the intelligent world. And it has been inexorable in carrying it out in practice. It has ever refused to crown with its choicest laurels the brow of genius alone, unless it were as pure as it was broad. The writers whom history to-day names its greatest are not its Lucians, Voltaires, Heines, or Byrons, despite their power and brilliancy, but its Virgils, Dantes, Schillers, and Miltons, because of their purity and moral elevation. The authors whom posterity will remember and reverence will not be the Zolas, Rossettis, and Whitmans of the fleshly school, but the pure-hearted, clean-handed Wordsworths and Bryants, Elizabeth Brownings, Tennysons, Longfellows, and Whittiers. For mankind ever has recognized, and ever will, the truth that even Goethe confessed, that "in poetry only the really great and pure advances us, ...either elevating us to itself, or rejecting us."

It is utterly useless to try to crowd out the "moral nature" of man in judging of literary worth. It has as true a right to speak and be heard as any other; nay, its right is more unquestionable, as it belongs more distinctively to the purely spiritually part, the truly human side, than all the others.

It has least connection with the fleshly and animal portions of human nature. It is the link which connects man with God. But even granting it no more authority than the reason, or the mere feelings, as a legitimate faculty of the soul, as an integral part of man, we must yet give it an equal place with the other faculties. Any judgment in which it does not join is but a partial and imperfect expression of the man. As the reason ever demands truth as an essential element of the beautiful, nor has its demands denied, so the conscience asks for goodness ere it will grant the claims of true beauty.

If literature were but a lifeless, passive thing, we might perhaps regard the matter otherwise. But it is not. It is a living, breathing, mightily working power on earth, one of the most actively influential of any of the moulding forces of the world. Hence we dare not grant it the license we practically do concede to some of the other departments of art. If the muse were but a cold stone statue, we might perhaps grant her a place in some corner of our parlors, or niche in our galleries, in spite of her nakedness and voluptuous posture. But as a woman of flesh and blood, a living, moving being, going in and out among us, we do and have a right to insist that she conform to the laws of virtue and decency at least. If she refuse, she will be locked up, erelong, in the dungeon of oblivion; and this despite the loud protests of her admirers, that "one should never talk of a moral or immoral poem."

A practical world like ours does not believe in the doctrine of "art for art's sake," when it is only made a pretext and excuse for pandering to the most inartistic part of man's nature, the sensual, animal, brutal. It refuses to believe that that can be really beautiful which brings the blush of shame upon the brow of innocence, or kindles the lurid glow of passion and unholy lust in the eyes of its youths and maidens, Of writings like many of Swinburne's, Oscar Wilde's, Rossetti's and Whitman's, it says what Longfellow thought of some others even less impure than they:

> "They seem to me a stagnant fen,
> Grown rank with rushes aud with reeds,
> Where a white lily now and then,
> Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
> And deadly nightshade on its banks."

And it refuses for the sake of the lily to contaminate itself by hunting for it in the surrounding mud and filth, and perhaps fatally poisoning itself with the nightshade's deadly breath.

It certainly is true, finally, that the highest art of all time, the most lasting beauty, has been that which, far from violating the instincts of purity, veneration, and holiness in the human heart, has most directly appealed to them, most reverently done homage to them. Painting, sculpture, architecture and poetry have always attained their most healthy growth, and most perfect development, when breathing the pure atmosphere of religion, and inspired by the principles and sentiments of honor, nobility, innocence, and manliness, as found in him who is the perfect Man, and himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The greatest poets of their time have always been also the best men. Whenever the muse has tried to soar upward under the afflatus of sensual excitement and

fleshly intoxication, she soon has fallen, Icarus-like, down, wingless and wounded. Only when supported on either hand by the true and the good has the Beautiful ever maintained her place in the world. Never as a voluptuous queen or goddess has she attained to immortality; but ever only as a virgin pure and undefiled, a loving handmaiden of the Christ, the eternal principle of right and goodness and truth, who alone is the light and the life of all things upon earth.

UNREST.

" Our heart is restless till it rest in Thee."—*St. Augustine.*

There is a strange wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,
A moaning in the music with echoes unconfessed,
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,
And deep low shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through his fair lands rich and broad;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very pain;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near,
Arise, go forth to meet him! Bow down, for he is here!
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and blessed tryst,
For he waiteth to reveal himself, the very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,
And the loan heart never resteth till it findeth rest in him.

S. L. ALDERMAN,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

(Gallery over Alfred William's Book Store.)

Be sure and see my specimens before having work done elsewhere. All kinds of photographing done in the *very best style*. The popular size

PANEL PHOTOGRAPH

a specialty. Also,

OLD PICTURES COPIED AND ENLARGED

in India Ink and Water Colors.

Don't fail to call on me for work of this kind.

LISTEN!

We thank our friends, and the public, for the very liberal patronage bestowed on us the past season, and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

OUR FALL STOCK

has been selected with great care, and we only ask you to examine it as we feel sure you will be pleased.

Students will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of

Gents' Furnishing Goods.

Miles & Zeigler's celebrated shoes in all lines a specialty. Remember our motto:

"The Best Goods for the Least Possible Prices."

We deliver goods to any part of town free of charge.

CALL EARLY.

Very respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,
WAKE FOREST, N. C.

Shelby Female College.

Session begins September 20th, 1882, and closes June 21st, 1883.

Board, washing, fuel, etc., and tuition in College Class, Fall Term, five scholastic months, to January 31st, 1883..... $87 50
The same in Preparatory Classes, to January 31st, 1883..... 82 50
The same in Primary Classes..... 75 00

Boarders furnish one pair of sheets, one pair pillow-slips, toilet soaps, table napkins and two bags for soiled clothes

☞ Without special contract, payments required in September. Deposits must be made for purchase of books, sheet-music and art materials.

RATES OF TUITION AND TERMS FOR DAY PUPILS.

Fall Term, Five Scholastic Months, to January 31st, 1883.

Primary Department, $12 50; Preparatory, $20; College, $25. Incidentals, to be paid with first month's tuition. $1.

For particulars be sure to apply for circular.

R. D. MALLARY, President,
SHELBY, N. C.

A TRIP ABROAD;

OR

A Summer Vacation in Europe.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

By JOHN E. RAY, A. M.

This highly interesting volume of over 200 pages, with a number of rich illustrations of places and customs in Europe, is now ready, and is to be had at the following remarkably low figures:

Bound in Paper, 50 Cents.
Bound in Cloth, - $1 00

Mailed to any address upon receipt of the price, and 10 cents for postage.

Address all orders to

JOHN E. RAY,
Raleigh, N. C.

4—3m

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		PAGE.
Prescience,	W. R. WALTERS.	237
"To Thine Own Self be True,"	REV. W. T. JORDAN.	239
The Career of Gambetta,	W. S. R.	242
Western North Carolina,	DR. WM. ROYALL.	246

EDITORIAL.

North Carolina's Shame,	E. S. A.	255
The Student Medal,		256
Educational,		256
Literary Gossip,		259
Science Notes,		263
In and About the College,		268
Wake Forest Alumni,		273
Exchanges,		276
Periodicals,		278

WORTH REPEATING.

The Future of Literature,	THE LITERARY WORLD.	280
Education,	PRINCIPAL DAWSON.	281
At Last,	J. G. WHITTIER.	282

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 6.

EDITORS:

EU.	PHI.
SENIOR EDITOR.....W. F. MARSHALL.	SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M. AUSTIN.	ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.

ALUMNI EDITOR.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all communications to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C.

PRESCIENCE.

It is a time-honored custom, about coeval with the history of man, to regard the future as something utterly impenetrable to human vision. But, in order to show that every thinking man is a prophet in a certain sense, it may be remarked, first, that every event has a cause. And since every cause is antecedent to its effect in point of time, it follows that we can foresee the approaching effect, provided we are acquainted with the relations of cause and effect in the given case. So, then, every event is necessarily preceded by certain signs or circumstances which may serve as premonitions to intelligent creatures. Or, in other words, coming events do invariably cast their shadows before to give warning of their approach, though we may not heed the warning because we do not see the shadow. The ability of man to note these premonitions, and to predict the future, depends, of course, upon a knowledge of natural laws, or of the laws of cause and effect. For it is evident that the visible operations of any cause would not appear to him as such, if he knew nothing of its relations to an effect. And since man's knowledge of these laws is extremely limited, he is able to foretell the future in but few instances, comparatively, though every coming event casts its shadows around him.

Infinite Wisdom understands all causes and sees all their operations, and for this reason, if there were no other, would be able to foreknow all things. Now, it seems that if there were other beings who knew all the laws of nature, and were capable of observing the operations of all causes at once, they also would be able to foresee all events in so far as they occurred in accordance with those laws. And from this it may be inferred that in proportion as man, with his finite capacities, can approach to the Infinite in knowledge, in that proportion is he able to predetermine the natural course of all future events; that is, he is able to *know what will be*, provided nothing extraneous to natural laws shall interfere.

The developments of science confirm

this conclusion, and illustrations are abundant. The chemist knows with certainty what will be the result if he pours sulphuric acid upon lime. The astronomer can predict eclipses and transits with a certainty and an accuracy utterly incomprehensible to the uncultured intellect. This principle of premonitions, however, is evidently not limited to scientific and physical occurrences, but is as far-reaching in its application as the subjects of human thought which involve the laws of cause and effect. And though in many instances, on account of an imperfect knowledge of the causes, the predictions are mere probabilities; yet they are often probabilities which amount to moral certainties.

Such is the case in matters of history. It may be asked, What induced Gen. Woolsley before leaving England to place his finger upon Telelkebir on a map of Egypt, and say, "Here Arabi will make a stand, and here I will fight him on the 15th of September?"

Now, it seems but natural that such a principle as this, which pervades almost every sphere of human thought and action should greatly affect the welfare of mankind. Indeed, we find everywhere, on the one hand, happiness and prosperity the results of intelligent forethought; and on the other, misery and degradation, where such forethought is wanting. Perhaps no other power vouchsafed to man as a reward of mental toil, has yielded a richer harvest of blessings to the human family, than the power of predicting the future. These blessings extend both to the details and to the great concerns of life. They reward proportionately the little forethought of the untutored savage, as he struggles in the chase to capture game for his next food, and the deep researches of the statesman, as he calculates upon the future destinies of a nation. Who can tell to what extent the glorious liberties of which we boast are due to the wisdom and forecast of those noble statesmen of the Revolutionary period? They were too well acquainted with the sentiments and resources of the colonies to doubt the successful issue of the war for independence; and it is a sublime sight to see them never failing in courage or constancy, even during the darkest days of that long struggle. And again, can it be supposed that the founders of the most nearly perfect system of government ever devised by man, had no true or definite ideas concerning its future? Did they expect it to fall to pieces in a few short years, and be numbered with the things of the past?

But too often the shadows of coming events fail to give their wonted warnings, and men lose all the consequent advantages. For this, two reasons may be assigned. 1. A disregard of known laws and facts; 2. Ignorance.

In reference to the first reason, it may be remarked that men sometimes believe what they wish to believe, their better judgment to the contrary, notwithstanding. A strong prejudice or passion may lead them into a course of conduct altogether inconsistent with their own knowledge of the situation. Such, it seems, was to a great extent the case with the Southern people at the beginning of the war between the States. Taking only a limited view of the situation at that

time, from the present standpoint, it seems natural to ask, Could any one of fair intelligence, viewing the subject calmly and in the light of reason, have failed to see the impolicy of Secession? But that was a time when passion was dominant. Sectional animosity and a sense of outraged freedom swayed the minds of men; amid the beating of drums and the roaring of cannon the still small voice of reason was not heard.

In regard to Ignorance, the second reason why the shadows of coming events give no warning of their approach, but little need be said. Of what use, the sign-board to him who cannot see? or the distant rumbling of the thunder to the deaf man? Though every change in the world of action and nature may convey a message to intelligence, yet to him who gropes in the darkness of ignorance it has no meaning.

"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE."

That is an important period in the experience of a young man when he approaches maturity and feels the necessity of answering the questions, "What shall I do?" "What shall I be?" and "What part am I to act in the great drama of the world's history?" If he has studied well his inclinations, and trained himself accordingly, he will have little difficulty in finding his life-work.

The Creator has made every man for some specific work, and endowed him with faculties suitable for success in that work. That all men are created free and equal, is an adage which both observation and experience contradict. That all men are made of the same material, duly fashioned and tempered by varying circumstances, is, to a limited extent, true; but men who are true to themselves, who have right conceptions of themselves, and know their own powers, are generally masters of their circumstances. All men may be created free so far as the liberty to exercise their powers is concerned, but all men are not equal in circumstances nor intellectual powers. That some intellects are more brilliant; some imaginations more discursive; some judgments clearer, and some memories stronger than others, all must confess.

What profession or occupation is best suited to the exercise of his peculiar endowments is the first thing for each young man to determine. Of course a great deal in the man depends upon the training of the boy, and parents can do their children valuable service by educating them in those professions for which they seem best adapted. But parents too often make the mistake of attempting to suit the profession to the boy, instead of suiting the boy to the profession. Hence, we hear fathers and mothers say of their boys: "We intend making a doctor of this one, a lawyer of this one, a preacher of that one," &c. They

simply select the profession for the boy because they wish him to follow it, and not because it at all suits him; hence, a reason why so many lives are failures.

The unfitting of men for their occupations is among the most mournful experiences of life. Hundreds and thousands of men go through the world doing respectably well that which affords them a livelihood without ever once finding in it the purpose for which they were sent into the world. They have mistaken their calling, and are as absurd in what they have undertaken as a duck waddling on the ground, or a locomotive off the track. Of course a man should be versatile enough to submit to the inevitable—to bend to the law of necessity, but no man can be master of his work unless that work suits him. Morse couldn't write a poem, but he was a great inventor; Mozart couldn't build a ship, but he was a splendid musician.

No man can follow successfully more than one branch of industry. Some men are too much like a marble—they roll in any direction; but a symmetrical, well-balanced man turns his "patient, toiling attention" to one pursuit.

The questions, then, for each young man to settle are: "What shall I make out of myself?" "What shall I do?" In answering these he will greatly err if he does not stop and ask himself, "Where am I? what are my surroundings? what am I? and what am I made for?" Among certain of the Greeks these questions were not hard to answer, since each boy was required to follow the occupation of his father. That practice, however, has among us no real existence, and each one must ask, "What shall I do?" It is of first importance for him to remember that it depends almost entirely upon him whether he does anything. Friends may assist and cheer him, but they cannot give him character, or change his faculties. He must decide for what his faculties qualify him, and an excellent way for him to do this is to look around him and see where he is most needed, and where he can do the most good; then go to work. Don't wait for some opportunity to turn up. Too many men are like the lobster, which, when washed upon the shore, awaits the coming of a wave to carry him back. If the wave never comes, he dies. If he were to make an effort he could get back; so if you want to do any good, look around you, see where you are most needed, go to work, and success is certain. But study yourself, and be sure you are in the right place. Don't mistake your calling. Many farmers have been spoiled by trying to make merchants of themselves; many lawyers, by trying to be preachers; and I have seen a few tooth-pullers who would have made excellent stump-pullers. A horse can't catch rats, neither can a cat pull a plow. A mule cannot fly or sing very well, but he is an expert in the liberal use of his heels. The opossum can't whistle, but he can pucker his mouth and grin to perfection; and I never thought a donkey was fulfilling his mission half so well as when standing in the sunshine fast asleep. You can't make a good preacher out of a woman, neither can you make a good nurse out of a man. It is a very easy thing to get

the right woman in the wrong place, but a very hard thing to get the right man in the right place.

But, young man, be certain that you do *something*. If you can't find out at once what you are made for, go to work at something honorable, and you will soon determine what you are good for. If you can't keep books, perhaps you can sell goods. If you can't make a good merchant, perhaps you would make a respectable blacksmith. If you think you can succeed best at farming,—well, do that. Its an honorable calling, and if you get your hands soiled, there is everywhere an abundance of soap and water. Don't be ashamed of honest labor. Don't be looking around for an easy place where you can wear fine clothes, and have little work to do. Don't be idle. Better roll barrels than do nothing. Idleness breeds discontent, with all its attendant vices. Nothing without toil, the beauty of living.

You must prepare yourself for a life of hard, patient toil. The decree that in the sweat of his face man shall eat his bread, cannot be reversed, and the sweat drops of honest labor are more precious than the jewels of a crown.

The prejudice of the Dark Ages which condemned labor in any form has vanished, and no office of trust is beyond the reach of integrity and virtuous labor. Romulus, though nourished at no gentle breast, was, nevertheless, the founder of the Eternal City.

You cannot succeed without close attention to business, and continued, persistent effort. Michael Angelo, when an old man, said, "I still carry my satchel;" meaning that his life had been one of perpetual study. Charles Dickens, who excelled as novelist, said: "My own invention or imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of commonplace, humble, patient, daily, toiling, drudging attention." Beaconsfield said, "When I want to read a novel, I write one."

A man true to himself will take care of his body. There should be no war between mind and muscle, but each must harmonize and keep pace with the other, or very little will be accomplished. Unless the body is educated and properly developed, our intellectual attainments will lack that vim and activity which make success enjoyable. How many a student in after years, like Marius on the ruins of Carthage, sits weeping among the desolations of his heart, and cries; "Alas for my health, it lies buried at College!"

I know that there are notable exceptions to this rule of bodily culture, but they are few. I know that there is one who has just left the halls of Congress to wear the honors of his State and home, who is, physically, a very poor specimen of a man, but a listening Senate sat in rapture whenever his voice was heard, and strong men were made to weep by the power of his genius. And Alexander Pope was a peevish, sickly counterfeit of a man, but the whole world acknowledges his worth as a thinker and poet.

How much more these men would have enjoyed their work and their honors had they been strong, can easily be imagined.

A man true to himself will be true

to his friends. If there is anything that should nerve and support a man, even under the most trying ordeal, it is for him to feel that his friends are interested in his welfare. How little the student as he sits in his room, thinks of those around the fireside at home and elsewhere, who, if they could look in upon him, would expect to find him hard at his studies, endeavoring to make of himself a man of whom they would all be proud. Few young men can appreciate the expectations of their friends. Take from me my wealth, take from me my health, if you will, but spare me my friends. They are my heart's sanctuary, and the only treasures that I would carry from the old year into the new. And how often, at twilight's lovely hour, when done with the day's weary work, do I draw my chair near a glowing fire, in a cozy little room, and bathe my soul in mellow memories of those who share with me the mingled joys and sorrows of life, and make its burdens light.

A man true to himself will endeavor to be a Christian gentleman. In doing this, he will shun the way of the profane, the way of the drunkard, the way of the vicious, and take his stand in the ranks of those who belong to the grandest style of man on earth.

THE CAREER OF M. GAMBETTA.

With the last loitering moments of the old year, this distinguished French statesman drew his last breath. In his death one of the three brightest lights in contemporary Europe is extinguished;—Gladstone and Bismarck, though riper in years, are yet in active service. By his death a man has been removed from the chess-board of French politics who has probably made more decisive moves in the interests of France than any one Frenchman since the day of Napoleon I.

"The career of M. Gambetta was an Iliad of strange and dramatic incidents."

Leon Michel Gambetta was born at Cahors, France, April 2, 1838. His father, who survives him, was a wealthy merchant of northern Italy, while his mother, a woman of strong mind, fairly trained, was a native of southern France: thus, on his father's side, he came of that race which gave to France the peerless Napoleon.

At college he made little noise, but was a close student, and was regarded by his tutors as rather eccentric than intelligent. He was graduated as Bachelor of Arts at the age of eighteen. He had long made up his mind to become a lawyer and politician, and from his early boyhood he had kept abreast of the politics of the day. But his father had destined him for the priesthood, and refused him aid to study law. From his mother, however, who always entertained generous sympathy with her son's intellectual tastes and ambitions, he received the necessary aid, and entered a law school at Paris. By severe application and an

innate fitness for the law, he completed a four year's course in half of that time.

When a law student, many of his evenings were spent at the meetings of social clubs, where, amidst roistering and merry-making, debates on leading political questions were held. In these Gambetta took a most prominent part. Here he started the ripples, which, by close cultivation, were to roll in waves of eloquence. Here, too, he sowed his wild oats, which were to grow bitter fruit in his after life and hasten him to a premature grave.

In order the better to appreciate his thrilling career after this, let us trace the condition of France up to the point of his entrance on the stage of public life. From the beginning of the nineteenth century France has been the scene of changes and ruptures. In 1848, amidst great anarchy, Louis Philippe was forced from his royal seat, and she became a Republic, with Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the great Napoleon, as her President. It had been the dream of this man's life to tread in the footsteps of his uncle; and from the beginning of his Presidency he moulded schemes to make himself master of France.

On the night of Dec. 2, 1851, the plot which he had been weaving, the great *coup d'etat*, a second St. Bartholomew's massacre, was put into execution. By this most of his opponents were cut off or arrested, and the government fell absolutely into his hands. On Dec. 2, 1852, he was crowned Emperor, with the title of Napoleon III. But he often used his power despotically, and his rule grew more and more distasteful to the French. The freedom of the press and of speech was abridged. By these means he was inviting the same bait which brought death to Julius Cæsar.

It was in 1868 when a popular organ of Paris was prosecuted for opening a subscription for a monument in honor of a victim of the *coup d'etat* of '51. Gambetta, having just turned his 30th year, was engaged as advocate for the defendant. He boldly arraigned the government for abridging the freedom of the press and of speech, and raked up the sanguinary germs of its "origin, its ideas, its policy, and its vices." He pictured France "bound, gagged, and thrown bleeding at the feet of a vulgar despot, and predicted that when she rose and snapped her bonds, her oppressor would fall before her." His speech on this occasion, delivered with burning eloquence, fell like a thunderclap on his astonished hearers. He rose from his seat an obscure lawyer, and sat down with all eyes fixed on him as the coming man. He had always been a staunch Republican, bent on the subversion of Cæsarism, so noxious to France.

The year 1870 was an eventful one to France, for it was to witness the Franco-Prussian war, and a radical change in French government, in which Gambetta was one of the prime instruments. Napoleon had long been conscious of his waning popularity, and was devising means in order that he might reinstate himself in the favor of his subjects. He concluded that if he could wage a successful war he might accomplish his ends. With that intent, then, he declared war against Prussia, on the ground that there had been talk of giving the crown

of Spain to Leopold, a distant kinsman of the King of Prussia. Gambetta, Thiers, and other prominent leaders of the "Left" in vain tried to avert the impending eruption.

After several battles unfavorable to the French were fought, the German army pushed its way to the outskirts of Paris where a siege was begun. Meanwhile, Paris was in a state of ferment. Napoleon, as a commander in chief, had proved himself an imbecile, and the air of Paris bagan to be filled with bitter cries of denunciation of *l'Empreur*. 'Twas at this uncture, when things were ripe for a change, that M. Gambetta and Jules Favre, the chief instruments, declared the government a Republic. The cry "*Vive la Republique*" ran like wild-fire through the streets of Paris. Gambetta was made Minister of the Interior.

In the mean time the Germans were pressing the siege, and danger seemed more and more imminent. In this contingency, the men of high trust and honor were urged to take passage in balloons as a means of escape. Though many stout hearts shrunk from the risk of these aeronautic expeditions, Gambetta was prevailed upon to make the venture. It is said that on the day of his departure, Paris was in a fever of excitement. He entered the balloon-car amid deafening shouts. Though a man of nerve, but unaccustomed to the queer sensations incident to a balloon trip, he clutched, it is said, the shrouding convulsively, and his color became almost livid.

As the balloon rose majestically from the earth the aerial travellers unfurled the French flag, drawing a hearty response from the surging crowd below, and the waving of handkerchiefs from every window in Paris. Their voyage was an eventful one. When just outside of Paris the balloon began to descend, and they threw out baggage, packages, &c., just in time to pass at a respectful distance over the Prussian troops. As it was, some gunshots were drawn, one load of which grazed the hair of Gambetta. Toward evening a thunderstorm came on them, and they were hurled into some friendly tree-tops, whence they descended and reached Tours safely.

At Tours Gambetta was in safety, and became virtually dictator of all those provinces of France which were free from the German invaders. He now urged the people to continue resistance to exhaustion, and the thought of a defeat of the French overcame him. When the capitulation, with the cession of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to the Prussian Emperor was concluded, Gambetta was indignant at the action, and immediately resigned his functions and went in retirement to Spain. But he was not to remain there long, for in the following year he was called back to France by the new elections. Thereafter, to the strengthening of the infant Republic, he bent all the resources of his capacious and virile mind, and his indomitable energy.

It is noteworthy to record here that America heartily extended a sympathetic hand to the new Republic in its first struggles. Said one of the French ministers on that occasion, "America and France are sisters—sister Republics. The ocean which separates us is less profound than the sentiment which unites us." Gambetta has al-

ways been an ardent admirer of our government and institutions, and in all his labors in behalf of the French Republic he has kept before him our Republic as his model. But he did not enrich himself by covert means at the expense of his government, or invite pensions for himself—things which not all of our highest officials have escaped; but, a founder of *la Republique Francaise*, a Paris journal, he acquired what wealth he possessed by journalism mainly. Nor was he so fast tied to his own ends as to be prompted in all his actions by a motive of self-aggrandizement, so common in our day; but it is generally held that his was a pure zeal for the common weal, and a desire to leave to posterity a monument of what genius, seconded by an honest purpose and energy, can accomplish.

But with all Gambetta's greatness there was a dark side to his character; for he was "dissolute and propense to voluptuousness and pleasures." He drank of the cup of the sweets and pleasures of Parisian life to its dregs. But they seemed rather to have whetted than dulled the edge of his mind. At his eleven o'clock breakfasts, where many leading politicians were wont to assemble, the table was always freighted with the best that could be supplied from a French *cuisine*. Here, under the inspiration of the occasion, literary, artistic, scientific, and classical subjects were freely discussed; in all these Gambetta was well at home. Gambetta was a man of great individuality. In the forum he was always in his element. With a marvellous command of voice, ranging from an electric force of utterance to a soft, pathetic tremor, and enforced by natural and emphatic gestures, he had the power of holding his audiences "in the palm of his hand." As to his physique, Gambetta had a masculine and intellectual head, solidly imbedded in a stalwart pair of shoulders; a frame thick-set and muscular; a countenance attractive, of commingled thoughtfulness and audacity, frankness and haughtiness, yet full of the Italian sympathy; an eye black, and penetrating, as it were, at times, "the very black spots on the horizon."

At his death Gambetta was only forty-four years of age. These few years stand in strong contrast with the seventy-three of the venerable Prime Minister of England, who, by loyalty to principle and by the purity of a well-ordered life, even yet prolongs to his country the blessing of his wise leadership. The report is affirmed by a few that the death of Gambetta was hastened by a pistol shot at the hands of one Mme. Lauvier. This woman, it is said, had loved him for some years previously, and, on his final rejection of her, fired at him two pistol shots; one, passing through his right hand, pierced his abdomen. At this writing, however, it is impossible to determine the amount of truth in this rumor.

"In German eyes Gambetta has ever appeared the personification of revenge. His name was associated with the sound of the war-trumpet. But there has ever existed in Germany a generous appreciation of foreign merit and greatness of character. Germany does not hesitate to lay a wreath on

the bier of an enemy with whom she victoriously wrestled in a brave and honest struggle."

Though for some time before his death Gambetta held no office under the government, he was the bulwark of the French Republic, and it now becomes the question, who will fill his place?

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

Who would have supposed that there could exist within the borders of the Old North State a town of so much cultivation and promise as

FRANKLIN (Macon Co.),

about which so little is said and known in the East? Its name and the spot it occupies on the map are all that many are acquainted with. And, when it is considered that it lies beyond those formidable ranges of mountains, and that the Cherokee Indians occupy an intermediate county, the task of exploring in that region seems so difficult, not to say dangerous, that, perhaps on that account, but few have the courage to undertake it. But after one whom duty has summoned to that spot has scaled and overcome those dreaded heights, and without tomahawk, pistol, or even penknife has made his way through and around the pesky and blood-thirsty red men of the forest, without receiving a scratch, or seeing an Indian, other than the few engaged in working on the Ducktown Railroad, he feels inclined to make light of all future adventures whose difficulty rests merely upon common report.

On reaching this town you are no little surprised to find that your map is correct in placing it upon the banks of the Tennessee River. It seemed a thing almost incredible to him who had found this river twisting and winding about and turning up in so many unexpected places by railroad and dirt road, near cities and villages and in any and all parts of the country east of the Mississippi, that its chief and highest feat in this line should be, as it is, performed when it is yet in its infancy and has not left the cradle. But, then, what other pranks and capers than just such as it cuts up beyond the Alleghanies, could be expected of such an enterprising child? Rising twenty miles away in Georgia, it winds its dark and muddy way around the base of hill and mountain, making for the Arctic Ocean as it passes Franklin, and thence—but we do not propose to follow it any farther.

In order to turn the cold shoulder to old Boreas, the early settlers of the county placed Franklin on the south side of a range of high hills, from the top of which, not from Franklin itself, the eye takes in as magnificent a mountain view as one could desire. The only drawback of a physical nature under which it suffers is that it seems

to be the home of fogs—fogs of all sizes, shapes and degrees of density—fogs that dampen, that saturate, that chill to the very bones—fogs which the Franklinites do not regard as much more than light rains, but which to strangers—however, let us not use harsh terms in dealing with this delicate subject. It must be added, however, that it increases the discomfort of the stranger that no one here, not even the politest clerk in a dry goods store, offers an apology for these fogs. That might make them less intolerable.

But, then, the people—how intelligent and generally well-read they are. This is the centre of light for a large region of country beyond and around. And you will find as many refined homes here as at any other point in the State. They have managed to gather books and objects of art and antiquity, and display as thorough an acquaintance with current events as people living on the highways of travel and trade. Especially are you struck with the wonderful command of poetry recited from various authors, and so fluently by one old gentleman named Johnston. He knows Burns by heart, and has perfect facility in the use of the Gaelic dialect.

The hospitality of this people is simply unbounded; their most cordial reception seeming to be reserved for those who sympathize with them in the great matter of education and moral progress. And whether the promised railroad ever extends from Clarksville, Ga., via Franklin, on its way to the "Ducktown branch" or not, they have within themselves the elements of a society possessing all that makes life noble and good; and with the Normal School kept up by their energy and good sense, and directed so wisely by Profs. Farmer and Rankin, they are in a fair way to elevate and revolutionize that whole mountain country.

A MICA MINE.

On a small mountain in the Nantahalah range is a celebrated Mica mine, which you can visit if you are willing to climb a mile in order to overcome the almost perpendicular height of 1000 feet. This is accomplished after much panting and blowing relieved by an occasional lean against the saplings which hug the steep mountain sides and serve to prevent your being hurled to the bottom by a chance slip or failure to get a footing. And we are following, too, the narrow path by which the mica is transported from the mine above to the workshop below at which it is prepared for market. On reaching a point 100 feet from the top of the mountain you are halted at a miner's shanty, now deserted. After waiting a few minutes, however, a head is seen protruding from an opening in the rock, a few yards away, and after it comes the body and soul (perhaps) of the man. He encourages us to believe that by the aid of the light of a candle which he puts in Prof. Farmer's hand, we can make our unguided way through the tunnel, coming out at the opening from which he had emerged. Nothing was easier. He described the circuit which we must make in order to reach the main opening, 300 yards away. "But how about the blasting going on in there?" "Oh! they (the miners) will see you coming and hold on until you have

passed beyond them to a safe distance. Just then there was heard a deep underground rumbling, such as marks earthquakes generally. This settled our wavering minds. We determined not to venture into that suspicious den without a guide, and after some hesitation the miner undertook to pilot us.

THE TUNNEL.

If the reader will just bind reason and turn loose fancy, he will conceive it just what we found it—the wildest thing in art or nature. The opening itself seemed to have been planned for the entrance of tigers and savage beasts, and the tunnel for their safe-keeping. Its mouth was lacking in height and width, and, within, it was dark enough to hatch treason. "Stoop low," "stoop low." We tried and at length succeeded Indeed, it became after a while so easy to walk in this doubled-up manner that I, for one, feared there was too much truth in the anthropoid-ape theory of man's descent, and even began to count the steps by which that venerated progenitor was removed from the "variety" *homo*. Absorbed as far as one could be in such weighty speculations and lost in thoughts which shot out from the brain, in the direction of the horizontal line assumed by the spinal column, I was suddenly brought back to my—speech by something that was not in the programme—water, yes, a stream of water flowing through the tunnel an inch or two deep. Over this stream a narrow plank had been placed which you must plumb, or drop into the water. And, unluckily, the track was lost in the dimness of the light in Prof. F.'s hand and down plunged one of the trio into the cold liquid.

A cry for help was mistaken for something less urgent, and was met by the response coming from afar, "Look ahead! follow the light! come on!" Now just about the hardest job I ever undertook to do is to "look ahead" while "coming on" in the bent posture so natural to our anthropoid ancestors. When a man (*homo*) is stooping to the very crown of his head, when eyes, mouth, and chin are in a line parallel with the surface of the earth, how can he look *ahead*? A lucky thought came to my rescue. Compromise matters by inclining the head ever so slightly upward, and at the same time continue to walk. But unfortunately while trying to execute this device, and trying to catch, it may be, a glimpse of the far off taper, I lost sight of the plank again and stepped off into the water with a jar which evoked an involuntary sigh of anguish. Then there were sounds uttered which had no dubious import to my companions. These were answered at once by our kind guide, who presented "me too" with a candle for my own use and behoof. Thus equipped, I boldly crept along the rock-ribbed, dark, low-ceiled way—crept, I say, for there were cropping out occasionally in consciousness some faint impression of an original, antedating even the anthropoidal, to-wit, the reptilian, which it required no little effort to efface entirely.

But, speculation about such deep mysteries excepted, I was occupied yet with the problem of sticking to the plank, which was my only hope of deliverance from the water. By keeping the candle lowered to a level with

the plank, the route could be made out with some degree of certainty.

How long this state of things continued cannot be accurately determined. To us then there was, practically, no time-measurer. "Where was your watch?" How can spectacles for seeing the time be kept on a head whose face is at an angle of 45 deg. downward with its normal position? Add to this that sun-set and sun-rise are unknown in this tunnel, and you will see why this must ever remain an undecided question.

After groping and plunging about for what might have been a day or more, sometimes ascending bluffs which you encounter unexpectedly, and sometimes descending by stairs cut in the rock, the ceiling meanwhile preserving its relative height, a faint noise is heard and a fainter glimmer of the faintest light from feeble tapers is barely discerned. At that sight, who, situated as we were, could fail to be moved? "Onward!" was the word which passed along the lines, and onward we hastened. But we were not a little apprehensive that before our arrival at the spot occupied by those ghostly forms which were seen moving and flitting about just ahead of us, we might come within range of the missiles in the preparation for discharging which the ghosts were evidently busily engaged. But as soon as the ghosts were, by our proximity to them, transformed into begrimed, smutty men, we could see that they were engaged in drilling, and that some time must elapse before blasting would be in order. We found the miners very obliging, and disposed to answer every question, and to explain in detail the process of mining for mica. Here, on each side of the pit in which we were standing, could be seen the ends of huge blocks of the mineral wedged in between tilted strata of sandstone and other rocks. These blocks could be extricated from their firm beds only by the shivering, loosening, and rending which the blast produces.

Operations were going on at a lively rate, and we were advised to move on. Our guide had by this time left us, and being assured that we could not miss the road, we moved off as rapidly as we could. But soon we met an unlooked for obstacle—the road seeming to terminate abruptly. On raising the candles above our heads, however, we discovered notches in the face of the rock before us, which gave signs of foot-work, and we clambered up cautiously and with difficulty, one hand only being available for grasping the points of rocks which were evidently made to protrude for that purpose. After performing this highly caprine feat, we felt that nothing could be regarded, hereafter, insurmountable. But to offset the joy of this triumph, we were oppressed by the thought that we were yet reptiles. Nor were we enlarged in spirit or erect in body until in the natural course of things our complete evolution occurred at that mouth of the tunnel from which the miner (our guide) had been evolved earlier in the day.

The reader may imagine the chagrin with which we learned, after coming out into daylight, that we had been only one hour and a half in the tunnel.

BURNINGTOWN FALLS.

On our descent we went somewhat out of the way to visit these charming Falls. Burningtown creek, in its haste to enter the Tennessee, is not content with meandering, as more patient streams do, but it must here take a tripple leap down the bald pates of three monstrous rocks, lying one above another, each lower rock projecting some ten feet beyond its hard-headed superior. Perhaps one hundred feet would measure the height of the Falls. But, as intimated, there are three distinct leaps made by the water. The width of the stream is about twenty feet. Its course downwards is somewhat irregular, so that it is seen as a whole from no one point. The banks being lined with a heavy growth of forest trees and thick underbrush, it is difficult to see beyond any bend which the stream makes in its course. But this circumstance only serves to add the element of uncertainty, thereby giving it an air of mystery and enhancing its interest. The observer finds it difficult to determine the height from which the waters fall, and fancy comes in to exaggerate.

In a scene like this one fails to reach the bewildering ecstasy which the first experience of Niagara produces, and even the quieter sense of the mingled sublime and beautiful which Toccoa awakens, but, nevertheless, it charms and fascinates, it attracts and holds spell-bound. If our keenest enjoyments are those which are suggested rather than those which are directly produced by natural objects,then in this abode of Naiads and Undines,this dell whose quiet is broken only by the noise of rushing waters, this Carolina pic-nic ground, with giant rocks rising before you, down whose steep faces a river pours its romping waters—surely here there is something to enjoy.

MICA FACTORY.

This we found to be simplicity itself —consisting of two small rooms furnished with baskets for holding the mica fresh from the mines, with knives for separating the layers, and with scissors for cutting into rectangles the sheets as they fall from the knives of the dissectors. For this work women are employed. And for it they are well adapted—showing the precision, delicacy of touch, rapidity of movement and deftness which characterize the sex. They seem to perceive at a glance how to apply the scissors so as turn out from a given jagged sheet the largest rectangular figure possible. And the parings and scraps are dextrously worked up into smaller figures by other hands. These sheets are valued in proportion to their size, and great care is observed in the separation of the laminæ that they be of sufficient number to give the strength and texture demanded for service in the arts. "Hair splitting" in this as in all else, impairs and even destroys the value of the article.

CÆSAR'S HEAD.

This famous mountain, situated in Transylvania county, not far from the S. C. line, forms a section of the breastworks which nature has thrown up to guard from intrusion this enchanted "Land of the Sky." It holds rather the relation to the whole that the towers erected at intervals upon the Chinese Wall hold to the wall it-

self. Rising above all, and overhanging and frowning down upon the whole country to the southward with knit brow and threatening eye, its office clearly is to deter would-be invaders and trespassers from touching the sacred soil of the old North State.

Standing upon the rocky crown and turning the eye northward, you see the whole mountain system of N. C. And southward the eye is lost in the vast prospect of lands stretching out far below and without limit. Only here and there is a bump on the wide expanse discerned, as Paris Mt., or Parson's Knob, or such like pigmies, "stand up" for their rights in the plain of tame submission and acknowledged inferiority. This crown is a plat of perhaps twenty acres of nearly bare rock. On it is the Hotel at which many are accommodated during summer. You need not leave your chamber many steps in order to be favorably situated to see the rising sun. And you have to go only a few hundred feet to reach the outer edge of the crown, from which to obtain the famous "Ocean View." Perhaps one of the grandest visions which can greet the eye of man, is that of the sea of molten silver, boiling and seething, which sometimes covers the land below as far as the eye can reach, when the rising sun is sending its early rays upon the boundless fog-banks, formed and forming in every hollow, and settling down upon every hill-top in the vast "ocean" below: sunshine, meanwhile, resting upon the head of Cæsar.

One feat which every visitor here is expected to perform is that of approaching within a few inches of the precipice and peeping over into the unfathomed abyss below. And if, instead of looking down perpendicularly only, you bend the neck so as to follow with the eye the line of descent which the rock observes as it slopes inward, you must take care that your head is strong, or, else, you may share the fate of the lady whom curiosity prompted to try this feat. Tradition has it that no trace of her could be found except the fragment of a bonnet resting upon the limb of a tree a half mile below.

No dream which the writer ever had (not even one about snakes) so moves and thrills as the oft-repeated one suggested by his attempt to look down into that awful chasm. The sensation once experienced follows you through life, and whenever recalled, by day or by night, fills with unutterable horror. It is always attended with the vivid remembrance of a felt invisible hand which was impelling you irresistibly and of a fascination that was luring you into the absorbing vortex. Whenever recalled, the situation stops for a moment the action of the heart, and the cruel spectre has to be instantly laid. And yet, strange to say, men, women, and children must view the landscape from the edge of this precipice, even if they have to be assisted by friends holding their hands, and standing ready to rescue them if they show signs of giddiness.

THE COLD SPRING.

This you will find in the organ of Ideality (See Fowler) in this famous head—on the right side. Perhaps it furnishes colder flowing water than any spring on the continent. By what peculiar device of nature its temperature becomes so low, is, for obvious

reasons unknown. But about one point we are satisfied, that there never was a clearer case of "the right thing" in the wrong place. The only parallel to it is to be found in the case of a water-hole, sometimes called a well, sometimes a spring, which may be found anywhere on the marshy, swampy coast of the Carolinas, containing a liquid which has to be drunk for want of water, and which its patrons try to convince themselves is water. If we were called upon to differentiate the two, we would say that the latter is the "wrong thing in the right place." However, to make things even all around, where the "right thing" is found, sweet potatoes and peanuts do not flourish.

But to leave liquids and come back to solids, suppose we look out from the top of Cæsar's head, in a southwesterly direction, and get a good view of

TABLE ROCK.

At this distance of ten miles, it is a full-grown mountain, standing in solitary grandeur and crowned with an immense rock—a feature so notable as to give name to the whole pile. The mountain seems to be encircling and climbing up the rock, and the latter seems to be struggling to disengage itself wholly from the folds of its giant captor. At one point the rock emerges 1,100 feet, at another 500, and at another 70. Its face is in the main perpendicular.

We are going to visit it. But to do so, we must leave North Carolina for a while, as the Palmetto State has managed to run its line so as to cut off this spur of the Saluda Mountains, and appropriate it to itself. And we certainly have a share of the great Appalachian chain large enough to allow our neighbors a tidbit here and there; especially as our friends across the line have so few advantages of this sort, and are so appreciative of greatness as well in nature as in the men whom she produces. And, too, however great this wonderful mountain, with its rocky crown, may be, it is only a side-show in our grand circus, whose attractions are world-renowned. Indeed, if we did but know with what affection and pride our sister State views and cherishes all that belongs to her, and with what fondness she regards Table Rock in particular, we could not find it in our hearts to begrudge her the pleasure of its possession. From Charleston to Walhalla its praises are upon all lips, as if it were a Mont Blanc or Chimborazo. In the olden times the current proverb was, "See Table Rock and"—live. Indeed, that was a famous medical prescription given for the benefit of those whom the malaria and fevers of the multitudinous low lands and swamps of that rice-bearing State had, in the month of August, reduced to the verge of dissolution. Well, we pass down Cæsar's Head, and take as straight a line as the broken country will allow for the foot of Table Mountain. On arrival at Pumpkin Town, an unpretentious place made up of two dwellings and a blacksmith shop, we stop for the night, hoping to find out the way and secure a guide. And herein is one marked difference between this foreign and our home curiosities. It is as if we were visiting the Alps, and must have a guide as all genteel travellers do. In all our mountain explo-

rations hitherto, we had had no professional guide, and now that we must have one, our pride was flattered and we could hardly sleep that night for thinking of the greatness thrust upon us. And our guide proved to be a specialist—a man of one idea, as he was a man of one business. He knew every nook and cranny of the great mountain. Here he had spent his life and found his life-work.

He spoke with awe of its cliffs and crags, and evidently regarded it as the fountain of blessing to the country around—the head-centre of lightning, hail, snow, and weather, good or bad —Nature's throne. With such a guide, we start out early in the morning to achieve a task that requires a full day for its accomplishment. We had, however, to exchange hack for saddles, the road being very steep and narrow. With hard work for horse and rider, we reached at length the top of the mountain proper, and were then but at the beginning of the real enterprise, which consisted in scaling the perpendicular rock which at this point towered several hundred feet above our heads. Now it was necessary to climb afoot by a narrow path which marked the gradual rise of the mountain around the side of the rock up to that point where failure to compass its design was confessed, and the victorious rock raised its triumphant head full 70 feet above. Here, if at all, we must establish our base of operations. And here we saw the need of a guide, if not before. At first there seemed to be no method by which this 70 feet could be overcome. But by a slight change of place, and with a front view of the rock from this place, we discerned two stairways, one above the other, the foot of the higher one being situated full 20 feet to the right of the summit of the lower. These were formed by drilling holes in the face of the rock and inserting iron supports upon which steps were placed—the steps being flanked by railing. There is luckily at this point a slight inclination of the face of the rock.

It was comparatively easy to mount the first set of steps. But as you must overcome the 20 feet between the two in order to reach the base of the second, and as this track is only three feet wide, cut out from the face of the rock, and overlooking, practically, a depth below of two thousand feet, with nothing to save you from annihilation, in case of slipping or tripping, the passage seemed to strangers fearfully perilous. Some of the party (the reader must not ask us to give names) hesitated for some time to make the venture. But the most faint-hearted were shamed into it by the guide who paced to and fro upon the narrow track as if he were walking about in his dining-room. The exhibition of such perfect *sang froid* and sense of safety finally touched and infected the last one of the cowardly party, and he too, with head erect but heart bowed down, made the trip. The next day he pleaded as the reason of *his* hesitation, the fact of his being addicted to cramp in the big toe when he went in swimming.

As might have been expected, we skipped like cats up the second flight of steps, and landed safe and sound upon the top of the rock. But whenever, during that day, the thought of the return passage down those steps

and over that three-foot track suspended 2,000 feet in the air, occurred, it served to diminish materially the enjoyment of the present.

The top of the rock embraces perhaps one hundred acres. One portion of it is concave, and here a soil has been formed on which trees have grown to about half their usual size. This furnishes a cool and delightful retreat at midday; and seated around the borders of a spring which, in the centre of this sylvan abode of fawns and birds, gushes up from the bowels of the rock, more pleasure can be extracted from cold chicken and biscuit than awaits many a surfeited guest at Delmonico's.

The crucial test of heroism here is this: There is growing out from a fissure in the rock, where it is said to be 1,000 feet high, a cedar tree, whose outer limbs extend beyond the rock. Now this tree must be gone around by the hero. Only one of our company attempted to perform the feat, and he succeeded.

We will not pain the reader by describing the return passage down the rock, which was even more fearful than the ascent, inasmuch as we were forced to face the danger all the while, the eye being directed towards the base of the mountain. Suffice it to say, one of the party came through safe, but perfectly content to view the mountain from afar for all time to come.

EDITORIAL.

NORTH CAROLINA'S SHAME.

We hope the time will never come when we shall have to blush for the land of our nativity. We hear of State pride. Have North Carolinians any of that article? More than one of her sons in sister States has been unable to resent the covert sneer at her deplorable condition.

We gave some statistics in our last issue concerning the standing of North Carolina in regard to illiteracy. Startling facts they were, and in part explain the news, received since our last number, of the suspension of *The New South* because of insufficient patronage. *At Home and Abroad* has exchanged hands, the senior editor accepting the presidency of the N. C. College, the remaining editors being unwilling to incur the responsibility without their father's labors and capital, and having already lost too much to risk any more. Now, these are State papers—papers worthy the patronage of our people in every respect. *The New South* had an object differing from all our state papers, and an object which should have recommended it to every man in the land who desired the advancement of North Carolina's interests.

Devoted to the industrial, agricultural, mineral, and educational development of North Carolina, it exercised a potent influence for bringing about a higher order of things. Its influence upon the young men of N. C. cannot be overestimated. The editor, a young man, endeavored to stimulate and encourage other young men; not only endeavored to do so, but there are hard facts, and sufficient, to attest what his success has been. No wonder we do not retain the best talent of our State. When young men of energy, talent, and will, have failed to succeed, solely from the want of sufficient patronage, the failure materially affects the enterprise of other young men. And no other young man in Wilmington, however talented, would be willing now to attempt the publication of a paper, however favorable its prospects. The business men of Wilmington should have seen to it that an enterprise so intimately connected with their best interests received the necessary support.

At Home and Abroad is a magazine of sterling worth, and ought to be in every home in our State. So uncertain, however, is its success, that its editors feel unwilling to rely upon the doubtful patronage of an unappreciative public. We do not say patronize home productions when you can do better elsewhere; but when you get your money's worth, we do say let us stand by everything which tends to elevate our people and to cultivate among them a taste for literature, science, and the arts. If people who are able to appreciate the position of N C. do not adopt measures to stop the increase of illiteracy, we apprehend it will not be done. And we want no more conclusive evidence of the state things in N. C. than the suspension of *The New South*, and the valedictory of the former editors of *At Home and Abroad.*

—THE MEDAL was awarded to Mr. W. H. Osborn, of Asheville, N. C. The conditions of the contest required that the competitors be students of the college, and that the judges have reference more to sperspicuity and simplicity of style than to any other quality. Mr. Osborn's article appeared in the December STUDENT, being entitled, "Lights and Shadows in the Land of the Sky."

EDUCATIONAL.

—SCARLET fever has caused the suspension of Colby Academy, Mass., but the school will reopen on the 29th instant.

—$50,000 has recently been added to the endowment fund of William Jewell College, Mo., and the Baptists of that State will do still more for their college.

—COLORADO reports an increase of school population during the past year of 8,404. The schools of the State employ 900 teachers, and are said to be admirably managed.

—GOVERNOR Butler's suggestion in his inaugural address that the teachers in the lower grades should be better paid receives general commendation in Massachusetts and elsewhere.

—IT is reported that the citizens of Cambridge have given Harvard $250,000, to be used in the erection of new dormitories, in which the room-rent shall not exceed $50 a year.

—REV. B. G. MAYNARD has recently resigned the presidency of Carson (formerly Mossy Creek) College, East Tennessee, and accepted the call to the Baptist church at Plattsburg, Mo.

—A wealthy citizen of St. Louis has made an addition to his late gift to the Central College (Methodist), of Fayette, Mo., so that in the aggregate he has now given that institution $45,000.

—IN Indiana last year 302 school buildings were erected, making 9,556 in all, valued at over $300,000. The increase of houses was but small, however, because most of the new buildings were to replace the old ones.

—THE late Dr. C. C. Beatty gave to Washington and Jefferson College $50,000 when the two institutions represented in its name united. He also endowed the Chair of Greek while living, and bequeathed an endowment to the Chair of Latin.

—THE administration and service of the library of Harvard College costs $20,000 a year, and as there is no endowment the cost falls practically on the tuition fees. The book funds produce about $12,000 a year. The library needs an endowment of $400,000, says President Eliot.

—HARPER & BROTHERS have just published a seventh edition of Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon, a standard work with which every Greek scholar is familiar. The work has been carefully revised and several important articles have been rewritten. Professors Drisler, Goodwin, and Gildersleeve, who are well known American authorities, have assisted Dr. Scott and Dr. Liddell in the labor of revision. Every student will be glad of this new edition of an almost perfect lexicon.

—THE W. F. Institute, Staunton, Va., has suspended. Scarlet fever among the students is the cause.

—IN Atlanta there are four colleges for negroes, all in a flourishing condition.

—*The Athenæum* announces that out of fourteen candidates, eight of whom were ministers, Mr. Donald McKinnon has been chosen to fill the new Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University.

—MOSCOW has 43 public schools, containing 4,691 pupils, and St. Petersburg has 88 schools with 4,074 pupils. Most of the pupils are under twelve years of age. The school year consists of 200 days of four hours each. Teachers are paid from $180 to $360 a year and lodgings. Every teacher has 50 pupils assigned to him. The annual cost of each pupil is about $23.

—MISSOURI has, next to Indiana, the largest amount of permanent funds devoted to school purposes in the Union. They aggregate $9,471,696, not including the annual apportionment of State revenue. The State has a school population of 741,632, and of this number 488,000 are enrolled in the public schools. There are 8,822 schools in operation, conducted by 10,607 teachers, and last year $3,3,468,738 were expended upon the schools. Per cent. unable to write, 13.4.

—THE establishment of evening schools in the towns and villages, as well as in the cities, is strongly urged. Young men are said to be growing up in ignorance in these places, not because they prefer ignorance, but because they cannot take time from working hours for instruction, and can get none at other hours.

—"SEVERAL educational institutions in the South are seriously embarrassed by the prevalence of smallpox in the regions where they are situated. Roanoke College, Va., has suspended its sessions, and in Tennessee and Georgia other colleges are threatened with a similar result." Work has been resumed at Roanoke College, and it gives us pleasure to state the visitation did no permanent injury.

—A movement is on foot at Yale, to put up a building on or near the college grounds for religious uses, Young Men's Christian Association meetings, etc. It is believed that, as has proved true at Princeton, such a distinct building would become a centre of good influences, as no mere lecture-room or other college public hall ever has or can. The cost is estimated at $25,000, and a canvass of the Alumni is under way in the hope of securing the needed sum. Wish we had such a building at Wake Forest.

—THE Catalogue of Colby University shows that the Faculty of nine Professors and two instructors are all in their places, and 124 students are learning from them, 21 Seniors, 27 Juniors, 24 Sophomores, and 42 Freshmen. Eight young women are among the number, none of them being in the Senior Class, however. There are but five partial course students in the University. Hon. J. Warren Merrill offers a special prize to the student who passes the best entrance-examination next fall, provided he reaches a certain standard of scholarship and character. The prize will amount to $182 a year during the college course.

—THERE are over 7,000 American students in the German universities.

—IN New England there is one college student to every 165 families; in North Carolina one in every 400.

—ONE hundred and seventy colleges in the United States where both sexes are admitted as students.—*Ex.*

PRESIDENT PORTER, of Union College, has offered three prizes to the students keeping the neatest, most elegant, and attractive rooms.

—MRS. A. T. STEWART is building a new college in New York, to cost $4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, co-educational, and expenses will be put at a very low figure.—*Ex.*

—DR. G. D. BERNHEIM has resigned the Presidency of N. C. College, to which he was recently called. The college will be closed on April 1st, because of an insufficiency of patronage. This argues strongly for the interest North Carolinians manifest in education!

—AT the opening exercises of the term at Princeton College, President McCosh addressed the students concerning desired reforms and additional facilities and advantages lately given the institution. Speaking of the abuses arising from excessive indulgence in athletics, he said: "This is a matter which demands immediate attention. The fever has risen to such a height that the pulse-beats of it which I feel seem to me alarmingly strong and swift. When one walks across the campus, the conversation he overhears bears no relation to the science and knowledge which we came here to pursue; but it is this game and that game, this record and that record. The college papers, too, which are primarily literary organs, are devoted to gymnastics and athletics. Physical culture carried to a certain extent no sane man can censure; but in this, as in most things, extremes are dangerous."—*Exchange.*

—THE new college at Cambridge University, in England, Selwyn College, bids fair to be as brilliant a success at Cambridge as Keble has been at Oxford. Only sixty students can be accommodated so far, as the £38,000 originally subscribed did not suffice to build more than the first block. Selwyn is the first new college added to the University during the present century.

—THE Trustees of the University of North Carolina met on the 1st of February in Raleigh. In the evening of the same day the Alumni met in the Hall of Representatives to hear the annual address of Hon. John Manning.

—THE following interesting statistics are taken from the Census Bulletin No. 303, setting forth per cent. of persons unable to write in the several states:

		Foreign-born		
State.	*All.*	*Native.*	*White.*	*Colored.*
Alabama	50.9	25.0	7.7	80.6
Arkansas	38.0	25.5	5.6	75.0
Connecticut	5.7	1.0	18.3	17.4
Florida	43.4	20.7	10.0	70.7
Georgia	49.9	23.2	5.6	81.6
Maine	4.3	1.9	23.7	24.8
Massachusetts	6·5	0.7	19.6	15.1
New-York	5.5	2.2	12.5	21.2
North Carolina	48.3	31.7	3.3	77.4
Ohio	5.5	4.3	8.4	27.3
Vermont	6.0	2.4	26.6	19.3

—In the February *Atlantic Monthly* there is a strong criticism, by E. R. Sill, of Herbert Spencer's theory of education as presented in his treatise written some twenty years ago. Mr. Sill thinks that Spencer would himself reject conclusions into which he was betrayed by the ardor of a reaction from an opposite extreme.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

By Phi. Sr. Editor.

—*The Bread-Winners* is the title of an anonymous novel to appear soon in *The Century*.

—A fac-simile copy of the first edition of *Robinson Crusoe* has just been published in England.

—It is said Mr. Crawford wrote the novel *Mr. Isaacs* in less than a month, and that the first edition is already exhausted.

—Mark Twain's new book of sketches on the Mississippi is about ready. It will make a volume the size of *Innocents Abroad*.

—Washington Irving's *Sketch Book* is used as a text-book for classes studying English in the public schools of France.

—Mr. James Russel Lowell has been accorded the rare honor of unveiling a statue of Fielding in England. The English Press can see no reason for thus honoring an American.

—*The North Carolina Baptist Almanac*, edited by Rev. C. T. Bailey, and calculated by Prof. W. G. Simmons, is an improvement on the last one. It is truly a Baptist Almanac, and to Baptists its contents are peculiarly interesting.

—The Messrs. Harper will publish shortly Poe's *Raven* illustrated by a noted French artist, the late M. Gustave Dore. The illustrations were purchased from M. Dore some time ago, and are said to be exceptionally fine.

—They say that Mr. W. D. Howells's first contribution to *The Atlantic* was a little poem of eight lines. The $25 he received in payment made quite a sensation in Columbus, where he was then an editor.

—We learn that a lady of Charlotte has in press two very entertaining novels. *Then and Now* also is a book recently written by a lady of North Carolina. The scenes are all laid in this State. We wish it were possible to devote a page to North Carolina literature, but the material is lacking.

—Mrs. Foote's *Led-Horse Claim*, now running in *The Century*, is developing in magnificent style. It is a story of action, as well as of love and character. The interest increases with each chapter. Her dainty pictures, tender pathos, the delineation of passion, intermingled with romantic and elevated incidents, make it one of the most delightful serials now publishing.

—*Our Continent* has become *The Continent*. Well, it is out West."

—COL. BOB INGERSOLL has been chosen to deliver the address before the Literary Societies of Kansas University. What means this in a civilized country?

—THE remains of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," which were recently disinterred from their neglected grave at Tunis and started for this country, will remain in charge of the United States Consul at Marseilles, France, until the monument which Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, is to erect in Oak Hill Cemetery is completed.

—THE plays attributed to Shakspeare in some instances bear marks of an inferior hand. Without doubt he was associated with other poets in the composition of some of them. An English woman has recently discovered among Bacon's manuscript notes some striking similarities to some of Shakspeare's plays, and has perpetrated another book on this question. We note that Prof. Delius, of Bonn, refuses to recognize any other hand in the plays bearing Shakspeare's name, except in Timon, Pericles, Troilus and Cressida, King Henry VI. and VIII. To this list we think most critics would add Hamlet.

—A translation of Alphonse Daudet's new novel, *L'Evangeliste*, is announced by the Petersons. It is a true story. The Salvation Army enters into it, and from the description given by Daudet himself, it cannot but prove interesting. We copy from *The Continent* a letter written by Daudet to some friends in Vienna:

"I narrate this time the story of a Danish family in Paris. There is in Paris, you must know, a Scandinavian colony which has its own churches, coffee-houses, clubs, etc. This is all very characteristic and has never been described. The heroine of my novel is Eline Ebsen. She is engaged to be married. Some prayer-books are sent to her for translation, three sous a prayer. The commission is given by Madame Anthemau, the wife of a very rich banker, who has a passion for proselytizing people. By degrees the young girl becomes a religious enthusiast. She avoids her family. The marriage project is broken up. One day the girl disappears, leaving only a letter for her mother, who, left entirely alone, a stranger in a strange country, applies successively to a lawyer, to the police, to the judge, but all in vain. The Anthemaus are too rich. And this every-day experience: the power of gold assumes in this book a cruel, and, I think, awful clearness. I have witnessed myself this family drama; I see this mother every day, and shall never forget her tears. The picture of religious fanaticism is relieved by some interesting characters; as in 'Fromont' a good-natured humor, a home-like tone, pervades the whole. In this manner are drawn the Aussandon couple, a clergyman's family, charming, truly religious. I thereby avoid any aggressive tendency of the book. Above all, it is purely human, something like the cry of a despairing heart, to which I would impart as much genuine fervor of feeling as possible. Should it prove a failure, I'll have myself locked up in a monastery of Moravian brethren."

—NORTH CAROLINA furnishes two editors to the Va. *University Magazine* —Messrs. Caldwell and Bingham. We congratulate the *Magazine*.

—THE name "Caste" was first given to Mr. Howell's new story which is begun in the February *Century*. It was later altered to "A Sea Change," and, finally, to "A Woman's Reason." Its theme is the problem of self-help among women. It has a positive moral purpose. Some critic has said it is "more of a moral novel, than it is a novel with a moral."

—THE novelists of our day are turning to the region of the Himalaya mountains and the portions of China closed to foreigners for legends and illustrations. These portions are considered fertile in interesting traditions, and as almost the only source from which novelists can derive something new. American archæologists have developed myths and legends in all respects comparable to those derived from eastern lands. Who knows aught of the vast store of legends buried among the Cherokees of our own State? What North Carolinian is to unearth this treasure? Within reach of us, we doubt not there is material for a work on Indian tales far excelling in taste and beauty Joel Chandler Harris' "Uncle Remus."

—ON taking charge of *The Tarboro Guide*, Mr. Dossey Battle wrote perhaps the shortest salutatory extant: "The trouble begins with this issue."

—HON. S. S. COX is soon to deliver a lecture on "African Humor" before the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, New York.

—THE beginnings of successful authors are always interesting. Miss Louisa Alcott says her first story brought her $5, and her second $10, with a request for more of her productions. She says: "One of the most memorable moments of my life is that in which, as I trudged to school on a wintry day, my eyes fell upon a large yellow poster with these delicious words: *Bertha*, a new tale, by the author of *The Rival Prima Donnas*, will appear in the *The Saturday Evening Gazette*. I was late; it was bitter cold; people jostled me; I was mortally afraid I should be recognized; but there I stood feasting my eyes on the fascinating poster, and saying proudly to myself, in the words of the great Vincent Crummles, 'This, this is fame!' That day my pupils had an indulgent teacher; for while they struggled with their pot hooks, I was writing immortal works, and when they droned out the multiplication table I was counting up the noble fortune my pen was to earn for me in the dim, delightful future. That afternoon my sisters made a pilgrimage to behold this famous placard, and finding it torn by the wind, boldly stole it, and came home to wave it like a triumphal banner in the bosom of the excited family. The tattered paper still exists, folded away with other relics of those early days, so hard, and yet so sweet, when the first small victories were won, and the enthusiasm of youth lent romance to life's drudgery."

—THE introductory editorial in *The Critic* of Jan. 13th, entitled "The Critic as a Weekly," is one of the spiciest editorials that we have met with in some time. The inimitable strokes of pleasantry, the beautiful metaphors,

and simplicity of expression makes one feel it is all too short. The editors speak but few words and they are quietly spoken, yet beneath it all you observe they are conscious of success; and we are glad of it. None has a better right to it. War has been declared "on literary fraud in the name of literary merit." Carefully *The Critic* has proceeded, "unlike Sir Garnet Wolseley, who dashed into the Egyptian wilderness before he had a steam engine to draw his trains or a mule to carry water for his troops." Too much was at stake to venture without due precautions, for "had we not that good gray chieftain, whose drum-taps had roused the continent? Were we not supported by the leader who alone could lift the sword of Thoreau? Could we not count on all who were mighty in criticism, theology, science, and the arts?" There will be an engagement with the enemy once a week. "No foul blow will be dealt, no harm done to those out of the contest." We give a lusty cheer for *The Critic*, and bid it "God speed."

—*Vanity Fair* tells a story of how Mr. Anthony Trollope once heard two novel reading youths, in a wayside inn, discussing one of his "eternal" characters of whom they were tired. He rose, acknowledged himself to be the author, and promised to go home and kill the character. In the following instalment she died of apoplexy.

—IT is related of the late Henry James, that his son and namesake, the famous novelist, once said to him; "Father, I am thinking of making painting my profession." To which he replied: "Henry, you make a very clever sketch, but will never get beyond that." That seems to be true, *mutatis mutandis*, of his work in literature.

—MR. TROLLOPE died with two serial novels of his publishing. One of them, *Mr. Scarborough's Family*, was finished, and the MS. is all in the hands of the publisher of *All the Year Round*. The other, *The Land Leaguers*, was all finished but a few chapters, and these are carefully mapped out, after the fashion he always adopted with his stories.

—*The Sun*, of New York, says that almost all the poetry it is compelled to decline because it conveys immodest thoughts or suggests indecent pictures, is submitted by women. It is some comfort to learn that the centre of this intellectual disorder is so far West as Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

—WHAT are we to believe about *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret?* One day we read that it lets us into the chambers of Hawthorne's mind, where we can see the magician at his work, and that again we have the old, well-known charm of the great writer; the next, we read, "A son could hardly have done worse by the memory of a great father than publish a work so hasty, so inferior, so comparatively valueless as *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*."

—THERE is no question that *The Youth's Companion*, published in Boston, holds the first place in the world among literary papers for young people. It reaches and delights not only the young, but also every member of the family. During the last year it entered on its books 91,000 new subscribers, and now sends out every week

more than 300,000 papers to actual subscribers. Says a correspondent of *The Examiner:* "Every Baptist may feel an honorable pride in the success of its publisher, who is also its editor; and all the more, because its large income is devoted with a rare consecration to Christ and his church."

—THERE are many reminiscences of a very amiable character which illuminate the memory of the Earl Beaconsfield, especially the affectionate and grateful regard he always entertained for his wife, whom he always esteemed as the founder of his fortunes and the copartner of his fame. She was fond of travelling with him, and on his more public ovations, witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honor which greeted him. A friend of the Earl was dining with him, when one of the party—a Member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste nor grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the Viscountess with him. I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock wherever your wife goes with you." Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively, and said: "I don't suppose you can understand it, B. I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could ever in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—FALLING FROM HEIGHTS.–It is a common opinion that a person falling from a great height is suffocated before reaching the ground. Hence many suicides fling themselves from lofty columns looking, for easy death. This notion is contradicted by the dropping or diving of acrobats from 60 to 120 feet upon a net without the slightest discomfort. Further, persons have sustained fatal injury by a fall, but lived some time afterward.

—OREGON MOUNTAINS.—Joaquin Miller, in the February *St. Nicholas*, insists that the sublimest scene in all the world is presented by Mount Hood and his lesser brothers, "a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks." Some of the European mountains are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory; but, lying far inland and being set on the tops of other hills, they seem small in comparison. "Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as high. And being all in the

form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of Europe."

A FORMIDABLE SHARK.—Some fishermen at St. Paul, in the Island of Reunion, had seen it following their boats for some time. It was caught with a baited line, and pulled ashore by fifty men. It proved to be a female of the species *Carcarias prionodon*, and measured 16 feet 8 inches in length, and 12 feet in circumference at the middle. It was stranded at a point where a man would be beyond his depth.

—THE VITAL SPOT.—One of the principal difficulties in the way of securing valuable specimens of sharks for the aquarium is their apparent preference of death to captivity, for they commit suicide by striking their noses against the sides of the tank. It is said that the nose contains nearly all the sensitive nerves of the shark, and that, while the fish will live for some time after being cut nearly in half, it will die almost instantly if struck on the nose.

—DOES IT PAY?—The following remarks of Herbert Spencer concerning the high-pressure life of Americans, deserve to be remembered. The nation must, in the end, suffer from the consequent deterioration of its citizens. He writes:

"Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burden that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who have themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to the stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork, or had been permanently incapacitated, or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all observant persons I have spoken to, that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined." He adds, "Damaged constitutions reappear in children and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good."

A PRIZE.—By decree, June 11, 1882, the French government instituted a prize of 50,000 francs in favor of the man who shall discover the economical application of electricity in one of the following directions: as a source of heat, of light, of chemical action, of mechanical power, as a means of the transmission of intelligence, or of the treatment of disease. It will be awarded in December, 1887, and until June 30th of that year, the competition will be open to the *savants* of all nations. The Minister of Public Instruction will nominate the commission for the examination of the invention specified by each candidate. It is not inappropriate in this connection to say that, in liberal aid to scientific inquiry and appreciation of its possible results, France stands in the front rank.

—A HEAVY BRAIN.—Many distinguished men have had large brains, but that fact is no warrant for the opinion that a large brain invariably indicates extraordinary mental power. Indeed, the brains of persons not re-

markable for intellectual ability have occasionally equalled those famous for size and power. A few weeks ago there died in the hospital of Columbus, O., a mulatto named Washington Napper, aged 45 years, whose brain was found to weigh 68 3-4 ounces, nearly five ounces more than that of the great Cuvier. He had been a slave till 1862, and had never been regarded as particularly intelligent. He was illiterate, but reserved, meditative, and economical. He was six feet in height; his lips were thick, and the lower jaw was prominent; but the forehead of the massive head was large and well developed.

—The Cormorant has a unique way of feeding its young. The hungry fledgling is allowed to poke his head down the parental throat and draw out of the stomach the partly digested fish.

—The Number of Earth-worms.—In Darwin's *Vegetable Mould*, it is calculated that there are 53,767 worms per acre in garden mould, and about half that number in corn-fields. But in a late communication from New Zealand we have a much larger estimate founded upon many tests on various parts of the fields. These tests showed from four to twenty-six earth-worms in each square foot. The alluvial flats, slopes, and richer portions of the upper lands averaged eight to the square foot, or 348,480 to the acre. The number of these lowly creatures helps explain the enormous changes which in time they effect in a given locality. It is stated that in New Zealand the worms not only leave their burrows, but climb up trees in search of food, chiefly in the night, but till a late hour on damp, warm mornings.

—Glass Soluble.—The slightly soluble character of glass is a point which has proved of special concern to photographers. Independent of the action of moisture in destroying the surfaces of the lenses, the manner in which the surface of the glass plates is acted upon is a matter of great importance, so many are the cases where stains in negatives are due to what might be termed "corroded" glass. Recently a paper was read before the London Chemical Society, giving an interesting account of the phenomena of glass in relation to certain reagents. In these experiments the hardest Bohemian glass was employed, and the substances were sealed up and then exposed to heat for some days. On being taken out and analyzed, the contents showed the following most remarkable and unexpected result: One hundred grams of simple water dissolved ten milligrams of the glass, the same amount of strong ammonia from seven to eight milligrams, and weak ammonia forty-two milligrams.—*The Sun.*

—Paper from Bark.—The strongest and commonest of the several Japanese papers is made from the bark of the *Mitsuma*, a shrub which attains about a yard and a half in height, and blossoms in winter, thriving in a poor soil. When the stem has reached its full growth it is cut off close to the ground, when off-shoots spring up, which are again cut as soon as they are large enough. A paper of superior quality is made from the *Kozu*, a shrub of the mulberry family, which grows to the height of two

and a half yards. It is a native of China, and has not long been imported into Japan, where it is now much cultivated. The stocks are planted two feet apart, often serving as hedges for separating the fields. The shoots which, under good conditions, attain their full size, are cut down in October, on the fourth or fifth year after planting. Paper is made with these two descriptions of bark in the following manner: The twigs are steeped in water for a fortnight, when the outer portion becomes detached, and is carried away, if in running water. The inner bark is removed, washed and dried, and then subjected for three or four hours to the action of steam and boiling water, which softens it. It is then struck with staves, until a fine paste is formed, which, mixed with water, serves to make paper by a process similar to that employed in Europe. *Kozu* paper is very strong in the direction of the fibres, and to obtain paper of equal resistance in every direction, two, three, or four thicknesses are superposed with their fibres running in different directions. It is thus that the strong papers are obtained, that serve for covering umbrellas and other similar purposes, as well as artificial leather.—*Scientific American.*

—ALUMINIUM.–Next to silica there is, perhaps, no more abundant mineral than alumina. It exists in all clay formations, and is the prominent material in many of the common rocks. Its metallic base is aluminium, which science has succeeded in obtaining pure. But the cost of production is great, so that an ounce is worth from fifty cents to a dollar. It is better adapted for many purposes than iron, being little heavier than the hard woods, and strong as steel, and not affected by heat or cold. It will doubtless supplant iron in the arts if the reported discovery in England of a cheap process for its manufacture proves true. It is more abundant in nature than iron, and, therefore, the cost of preparation being the same, must be cheaper.

CIGARETTE SMOKING.—Scarcely less injurious, in a subtle and generally unrecognized way, than the habits of taking "nips" of alcohol between meals, is the growing practice of smoking cigarettes incessantly. We have not a word to say against smoking at suitable times and in moderation, nor do our remarks at this moment apply to the use of cigars or pipes. It is against the habit of cigarettes in large quantities, with the belief that these miniature doses of nicotine are innocuous, we desire to enter a protest. The truth is that, perhaps, owing to the way the tobacco leaf is shredded, coupled with the fact that it is brought into more direct relation to the mouth and air-passages than when it is smoked in a pipe or cigar, the effects produced upon the nervous system by a free consumption of cigarettes are more marked and characteristic than those recognizable after recourse to other modes of smoking. A pulse-tracing made after the subject has smoked, say a dozen cigarettes, will, as a rule, be flatter and more indicative of depression than one taken after the smoking of cigars. It is no uncommon practice for young men who smoke cigarettes habitually to consume from eight to twelve in an hour,

and to keep this up for four or five hours daily. The total quantity of tobacco used may not seem large, but beyond question the volume of smoke to which the breath organs of the smoker are exposed, and the characteristics of that smoke as regards the proportion of nicotine introduced into the system, combine to place the organism very fully under the influence of the tobacco. A considerable number of cases have been brought under our notice during the last few months, in which youths and young men who have not yet completed the full term of physical development have had their health seriously impaired by the practice of almost incessantly smoking cigarettes. It is well that the facts should be known, as the impression evidently prevails that any number of these little "whiffs" must needs be perfectly innocuous, whereas they often do infinite harm.—*Lancet.*

—"FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS," ETC.—A correspondent of the Nashville *American* tells of some curious footprints in sandrock at a place about twenty miles west of Nashville. "At this point Harpeth River forms a horseshoe bend, making a circuit of six miles, and doubling back on itself to within 80 or 90 yards. In the heel of the shoe rises a ridge, forming almost a perpendicular bluff on both sides, extending about half a mile south in the direction of the toe of the shoe. It rises to the height of about 400 feet, and at the highest point is not more than eight feet wide on the top, with a perpendicular face on the east side for 100 feet or more—that is, a plumb line suspended from the edge of the precipice at the top would hang clear for 100 feet or more before it would encounter any obstruction. The ridge at the bed of the river is some 90 yards wide, but the slope which brings it to that width at the bottom is mostly on the western side.

"At the highest point on the crest of this ridge is a flat surface rock, and on that rock are imprinted six and a half tracks of human feet. These tracks are indented into the rock as much as a quarter of an inch, or in some places more. The tracks are of bare feet, toes all pointing in the same direction—toward the east. Most of the tracks are as perfect as if they had been imprinted on moist sand or earth. They are in three pairs. The first or largest pair is furthest north. They are less than the average size man's foot, and larger than the average size woman's foot, one a little in advance of the other. The next pair is on the south side, but near to the first. In size and appearance they represent the tracks of a child fifteen or eighteen months old. The track of the right foot of this pair is turned in a little at the toes, and the toes of that foot are turned down, as we often see children, when first learning to walk, seem to endeavor to clutch the floor with their toes, as if to avoid falling or slipping. The topographical relation of these tracks to the large ones indicates that the child might have been holding to the finger or hand of the larger person.

"South of these little tracks, but near them, is the third pair, indicating a child some four to six years old. These last were made by a beautiful pair of feet, and are as pretty tracks as a child ever made in the dust or soft earth. All of these tracks are

within three or four feet of the edge of the precipice on the eastern side, as already described. But I have said there was a half track, which is the most interesting feature on the tablet. This half track is printed on the very edge of the precipice, and represents the heel and hinder part of the foot from the middle of the instep back, and would indicate that the toes and front part of the foot projected over the precipice, or that the rock had broken off at that point. This half track is of the large size foot, or foot of the adult person, and is immediately in front of the large pair of tracks already mentioned."

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Eu. Sr. Editor.

—THIS issue comes out just on the eve of Anniversary. Will give full report in our next.

—MR. MARION PUREFOY and Miss Lucy Brodie were married on Thursday evening, Jan. 25th, at 8 p. m. It was done so quietly that this is all we could find out about it.

—PROF. TAYLOR is back again, and will remain a short while. He gives interesting accounts of his trip North, though it snowed every day but one while he was gone.

—IT gives us pleasure to see among us again Mr. Robert E. Royall, class of '70, who has left the scene of his labors near Eastman, Ga., to visit home, friends, and Alma Mater. We wish him a pleasant visit, and many happy returns.

—WE are looking forward with much pleasure to the arrival of the new books for the Library. The Faculty will make a larger purchase this time than ever before. The list is already made out, and in a few weeks we hope to be turning the fresh pages of some of the charming books referred to in our "Literary Gossip."

—SINCE our last number we have had some fine sermons, which we wish thousands in North Carolina could have heard. In this connection we wish to express our gratification at the marked improvement in the attendance upon the Sunday-school. The teaching force has been fortunately augmented by the services of Prof. Johnson.

—THE boarding and day school of Mrs. A. V. Purefoy continues to be well attended. It numbers at present about forty. We consider any children fortunate in having such a teacher.

—WE wont say who wrote this because we don't know; but it is good advice for some parties in and about the College:

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.—In promulgating your escotric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological

observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversation possess a clarified conciseness, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations, flatulent garrulity, jejune bubblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descanting and unpremeditated expatiations have intellibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely, and don't use big words.

—Dr. William T. Brooks died at his residence on the Hill, on the 16th of January. The funeral services occurred at 11 o'clock on the 18th. A number of friends from Raleigh and other places came out on the morning train to be present. Prominent citizens were the pall-bearers. The selection of Dr. Wm. Royall to preach the funeral sermon was peculiarly appropriate. His text was Acts, 11:24: "For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." The preacher said that twenty years ago four preachers supplied the churches in this vicinity; three of them were gone, and it was now the duty of the last one to conduct these sad services. He made an analysis of goodness, and showed how its elements were all illustrated in the life and character of Dr. Brooks. He made similar application of the other points in the text. At the conclusion of the sermon, Dr. Skinner, at the request of the family, made remarks which showed his high appreciation of the deceased as a man and as a preacher. The exercises of the College for the day were suspended, and there was a large attendance of our people and those of the neighborhood. There will be a sketch of the life of Dr. Brooks in our next issue.

—Our roll shows 167, distributed as follows: Latin 93; Greek 67, Mathematics 109, and Natural Science 58. These are merely the leading classes.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a handsome invitation from the C. O. V. A. and P. N. A. Societies of the Chowan Baptist Female Institute, to attend their concert on the 13th inst. Many thanks, Masdemoiselles. We would be especially pleased to attend.

—The members of the New York Medical Club were recently treated to the following classic invitation to attend a regular meeting of Dr. Paine's

"Scieus, Socialite, Sobriete."—Doctores! Ducum nex mundi nitu Paines; tricitum at ait. Expecto meta fumen tu te and eta beta pi. Super attento uno Dux hamor clam pati, sum parates homine, ices, jam, etc. Sideror Hoc. "Festo resonan floas sole."

Now, fellow students, answer without concealment; *wouldn't you have gone on such an invitation?*

—We are glad to inform the many friends of the College, that Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D., of Chicago, has accepted the invitation to deliver the Annual Sermon before the graduating

class of '83. He is a native of Scotland, the land of orators and scholars, and is widely known throughout the North and South, having been pastor of churches in Louisville, Ky., Albany, N. Y., and Boston, Mass., as a popular minister, a genial Christian, and a brilliant orator.

—READING ROOM.—We notice on the tables of the College Reading Room many of the foremost magazines and papers of this country, some of the most important of which we give below:

On the Magazine Table: *The Princeton Review*, *The North American Review*, *The Eclectic Monthly*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, and *The Century*. On the Journal Table: *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, *The Continet*, *Scientific American*, *The Examiner*, *The Witness*, *Religious Herald*, and others. There are also *The Daily N. Y. Herald*, *The Daily Avalanche*, *The Daily News and Observer* and *The Daily Morning Star*.

—WITH this issue, W. F. Marshall, former Senior Editor of the STUDENT, from the Eu. Society, retires from duty, and Mr. G. C. Briggs takes charge. Mr. M's labors as assistant teacher in Latin and Greek, and Natural Science, necessitates his resignation. He says he will work on hygienic principles, prescribing "exercise" for the former classes, and dosing the latter class with "physic(s)". While we are sorry to lose Mr. M., whose services have been so efficient, we are happy to welcome to our editorial ranks such an experienced and facile writer as Mr. Briggs. He was Associate Editor last year, and now for no other reason than his sterling worth he is called to us again as Senior Editor.

THE following handed us by a lady friend has been in print before, but every one will see that it is timely and sensible:

—GIGGLERS IN CHURCH.—Giggling is described in the dictionary as the act of "laughing with short catches of breath," as "laughing idly, tittering, grinning." It is silly and childish enough anywhere, but in church it is abomniable, and yet there is no place where giggling is more common. It is natural in school girls, but when met in young women of nineteen or twenty it is unpardonable. It is frequently a characteristic of young men with incipient moustaches, who think they qualify themselves for manhood by affecting contempt for what their elders revere. They giggle at anything. If they catch the eye of an acquaintance, they giggle; if an old woman rises too soon for a hymn, they giggle; if a baby cries, they giggle; if some one drops a book, they giggle; if the clergyman coughs, they giggle; if the plate is handed to some one who puts nothing in it, they giggle; if some one near them sings out or repeats the responses loudly, they giggle; if the choir makes a mistake, they giggle. In fact, nothing is too small or insignificant to arrest their notice and produce a giggle.

—THE following was found. Of course every one will recognize it as coming from some railroad man who has been wrecked, and is giving his views on the accident:

"*My once dear little Girl:*

"And has it come to this? Oh, is it only a dream? Is it, oh can it be that she who was once my life, my pride, my hope, my joy, my all, and

to whom has been offered a heart so true that it has its first time to deceive, could now be so cruel as to refuse such a heart and such love? Can it be that that little spark of love which was rapidly growing into something far nobler must now be forever extinguished? Must all of those joyful anticipations of a bright and happy future, which have been entertained so long be now blighted by the very one that was to give this joy? Must I only look upon these as things of the past, never to be realized again? Oh, how can I?

"Darling of my heart, do come back to me, and say you will not leave me thus to suffer. Oh, for the sake of him who loves you, and would die for you, say that you will at least give it one moment's thought! But you say you can never love me; and I know it is but too true.

"I despair to write more—I die!"

—THE following letter in the *Biblical Recorder* of July 29, 1835, will, no doubt, be as interesting to many of our readers now as it was to those of its day. We give it in full, just as it appeared:

"*Dear Sir:*

"It may be gratifying to some of your readers to learn that the birthday of American Independence was celebrated at the Wake Forest Institute by the Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies. We were all roused at the usual time in the morning by the ringing of the bell, and as we hurried from our various rooms to the chapel, wide awake, we congratulated each other on the fine appearance of the morning. In the chapel a few pithy remarks were made by the Principal relative to our deportment during the day—the benediction of Heaven was then invoked, and we were dismissed. The early part of the morning was employed in the activity of preparation. About 10 o'clock, the company began to assemble, and the young gentlemen were seen moving through the grove, or standing in groups, distinguished by their peculiar badges—some with the blue rose, and some with the white. In the grove north of the dwelling, was the place fixed upon for the celebration. Here the Committee of Arrangements had erected a rostrum, which for its taste and simplicity, commanded the admiration of all beholders. The pillars and arch were covered with white paper and wreathed with ivy. In the centre of the arch was a *boquet*, with the badge of each Society. In front were the seats for the company, enclosed by benches placed in a semicircular form, for the members of each Society. As the company made their appearance, they were conducted by the members of the committee to this grove.

"At half past 10 o'clock, the bell rang for the assembling of the Societies. The Philomathesian first formed in the chapel, and marched round in front of the balcony. Here the most interesting ceremony took place. The Societies were to receive their banners. The standard-bearer now advanced, supported on the right and left, to receive the banner from the hands of Mrs. Wait. Mrs. W., in presenting it, delivered the following address:

"'*Sir*:—In committing to your protection the banner of the Philomathe-

sian Society, permit me to express my sincere desire that all the members of this association may become highly distinguished in the Arts and Sciences and Literature, and that you may ever cultivate all the principles of the gentleman, the scholar, and the Christian. Let the pure white of this standard, the emblem of purity and innocence, characterize your future lives. Ever bind that Gospel to your hearts, which you have, by the very significant emblem on one side of this banner, professed to hold in the highest veneration. You are among the first sons of Wake Forest Institute. Its future character, in a great degree, rests with you. Act nobly, and become its *pride* and its *glory*.'

"The banner was then handed to the standard-bearer, the band playing 'Hail Columbia.' The speech, the silken folds of the banner gracefully waving in the breeze, the countenances of the young men intensely interested, the music, the silent wave of the hat, produced a sensation that forced eyes to glisten in their tears. The Philomathesians then marched off, and were succeeded by the Euzelians. The same ceremonies were now repeated, and the following address delivered by the same lady:

"'*Sir*:—In committing to your care the banner of the Euzelian Society, allow me to express my ardent desire that the Arts, and Sciences, and Literature, and an honorable course of extensive usefulness may ever characterize the members of this association; and that you may ever cherish all those kindred virtues, which happily blended, form the basis of true excellence and true greatness. You have chosen your course. The motto of this banner proclaims that you will surmount every opposing obstacle which may impede your progress in the pursuit of knowledge. Go on; and while the vital spark shall continue to animate your throbbing bosoms, set no limits to your researches, and when you shall have passed the boundary of time, may it be yours to explore new fields of knowledge in the regions of unsullied felicity.'

"The same interest was felt, and the same effect was produced. The Societies now proceeded towards the grove, the Philomathesian taking the right. On the extreme left were the officiating clergymen, the two presidents, and the reader of the Declaration of Independence, and the Orator of the Day. If now you can conceive of a hundred young men paired off according to size, two deep, and six feet apart, moving to a slow march, and two splendid banners waving to the breeze, you may form some idea of this youthful band. In the grove were assembled the beauty and fashion of the Forest, and of the surrounding country; and when it was known that the line of march was commenced, every whisper was hushed, every ear listened for the first notes of the music, and every eye looked for the first sight of the banners. And now the music, floating on the breeze and softened by the distance, first reaches the ear, the crescent of the white banner glistens in the sun, and through the distant foliage the banner gradually rises to full view. Now the crescent of the blue appears, then the white banner is distinctly seen, and a long line of young men present themselves

by a slow march. The effect was electrical. When the right reached the stand, a halt was commanded—the columns opened, and an inward countermarch was performed, which brought the extreme left to the stage. The Clergymen, the Reader, and the Orator were conducted on the rostrum by the two Presidents. The Societies then advanced to their appointed seats, under their respective banners. The banners were placed one at each end of the rostrum, and the music at the extreme of the company, directly opposite the front of the rostrum. After the music ceased, Mr. Dennis offered an appropriate and feeling prayer. Mr. Reyner then rose and read the Declaration of Independence, with a distinct voice and happy emphasis. After appropriate music, W. Dockery rose and delivered the Oration. Much might be said of his performance, but the Oration will be published, and the public can judge for themselves. After the ceremonies were closed, the Societies left in the same order in which they came on the ground. The invited guests remained in the grove while the tables were being set in the Students' Hall. About 2 o'clock, the Societies returned to escort the ladies to the dining hall. They were formed into open columns—the music and banners in front, and the ladies, three abreast, advanced between the columns, and as soon as they had passed the rear, an outward counter-march was performed, which kept them within the columns until they reached the hall door. After dinner an hour or two was spent in rich enjoyment in the grove. Here were the feasts of raisins and flow of lemonade. At five o'clock Wake Forest Institute was the same quiet and retired spot as usual. Much credit is to be given to Mr. Wise and Mr. Johnson, the marshals of the day.

A STUDENT."

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'57. Mr. Chas. S. Ellis formerly of Wilmington, N. C., but now of Savannah, Ga., was married in the latter city on the 1st of February. He is still merchandising. While here he had the reputation of being one of the most brilliant students Wake Forest ever had.

—'60. Rev. Dr. F. H. Ivey a few weeks since resigned the important pastorate at Goldsboro to assume the executorship of the estate of his wife's father. While performing the duties of this position, he will be in Atlanta, Ga., and necessarily deprived of the regular ministration of the Word. Of course when this business is finished he will remember to return to North Carolina. It is the opinion of a recent visitor in Goldsboro that there is but one preacher in the State who has won greater esteem from the other denominations in his community than Dr. Ivey.

—'61. Col. T. F. Toon is in the Legislature representing Columbus county.

—'62. Rev. George W. Sanderlin, who a number of years ago filled so acceptably a pastorate in Baltimore, has lately moved from his country home in Wayne county to Goldsboro.

—'75. Rev. R. C. Sandling is pastor of the church at Mt. Olive, and of others in the vicinity.

—'77. Mr. James W. Denmark, under the firm name of J. W. Denmark & Co., has opened a book-store in the city of Raleigh. He occupies a commodious room in the *Recorder* building on Hargett street, and is, we understand, "well fixed up." Soon after his graduation his predilections looked this way and toward this business, for which he seems specially qualified, he has been steadily gravitating. We wish him the large success which he deserves.

—'79. N. Y. Gulley, Esq., is not now in charge of the graded school in Franklinton. He still resides in that town, but devotes himself to the practice of his profession, the law. He runs up to Wake Forest now and then.

—'80. We are pleased to learn that Mr. J. T. Alderman has a flourishing school at Fork Church, Davie county. While a student at college he was often seen with two or three little children in a game or off for a walk; and we doubt not that his fondness for the little ones makes success in his chosen work sure and easy.

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—We take the liberty of making the following extract from a private letter of Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, written Jan. 20th. He certainly has a right to speak, and many will be interested to know what he thinks on this subject.

"As to the Alumni Association, something must be done. I suggest an Alumni supper given either by the people of the Hill, or by subscriptions from the Alumni, or by the two Societies. The Association might be a power for good. As it is, it is worse than a cypher. Stick to it that none but graduates are Alumni. If the supper idea has good objections to it, as it may at this juncture, how would an "Alumni Reception" do on Tuesday night after the Address? Have it in one of the Literary Halls or Library, where some little refreshments, as ice-cream, etc., might be served. Let it be understood, I beseech you, that we will never again, while the world stands, have an Alumni meeting in the afternoon. It strikes me that it would be very appropriate to have an "Alumni Reception" in the Library just after the Address on Tuesday night, when, for an hour, we could be entertained with ice-cream and five minutes speeches."

There, gentlemen Alumni! what say you to that programme for the next commencement? The committee must soon decide upon some programme for that occasion, and would be glad of a general expression of opinion beforehand. We confess that the suggestion presented above, viz.: the "Alumni Reception," seems to us at present to be the most feasible and to promise the best results. W. L. P.

—ALUMNI ASSOCIATION AGAIN.—*Messrs. Editors:*—I have been greatly enjoying the discussion in the STUDENT and *Recorder* recently upon this subject. Am glad to see so many and

so earnest men *taking hold* of the matter. Am still more delighted that most of the suggestions take such a practical turn. This is what is most needed. The Association, if it ever accomplishes anything, or amounts to anything worth the name, must have a definite end in view.

I agree with Bro. Mills, that there is no connection between an Alumni Association and a big dinner; and yet it is pleasant to have these social reunions. We need to know each other better, and by putting our hearts and heads and hands and *pocket-books* together in free and social converse, the views of many a modest man can be gained, which we otherwise might lose. As the brother intimates, I am in favor of making the repast secondary, or, if necessary, "*tertiary*."

As to the membership, I guess it will have to be left open, until we can have a meeting, and then come to a determination. Of course, the limitation will cut off some whom we fondly love, and yet it will not wound the feelings, nor impair the zeal, of any *true heart*, which, under other circumstances, would come to our aid. Every candid mind must see the necessity of the course.

But what is the most tangible thing upon which we can expend our efforts for the present? I mean between now and next June. As some have suggested, the campus, the library, the laboratory, the course of study, &c., are all objects for our consideration. And yet it strikes me that there is yet another still more claiming our attention under the circumstances. And, while I admit that it may be no more the duty of an alumnus to endow the College than of any other citizen who is a well wisher to education, yet I should be glad to see before the next Commencement $10,000 or $15,000 added to the endowment by the Alumni. And this can be easily done by an effort on the part of all. What say you to this proposition? The Faculty are putting forth mammoth efforts to raise the remainder of $100,000 necessary to the partial endowment of our *Alma Mater*, and this is what Wake Forest needs now more than anything else. Now, will we not come to the rescue and interest ourselves specially in this movement? Some of us can give $100, some $200, some $500, and others $1,000. But by all means let all give something. What say you, my brethren, to such an undertaking? Don't you think it will stimulate others to aid in the good work, when they see us putting forth special efforts in this direction? At any rate, suppose we try it. I will give $100, to be paid in between this date and the Commencement next June, and to be known as a part of the "Alumni Fund." Who will second the motion, and make a speech of $100, $200, $500, or $1,000?

JOHN E. RAY.

EXCHANGES.

[COLLEGE.]

—WE have a suggestion to make to our college exchanges which we hope will meet with their approval. We desire to enlarge our exchange list, and we are aware that several other college magazines likewise desire to do so. We know there are many whose address we have not that are meritorious. If our exchanges would give the address of the different magazines when they notice them among their exchanges, it would enable all of us to exchange. We have just begun our career, and there are many magazines in the lists of our exchanges with which we would like to exchange, but do not know where they are published.

—*The Virginia University Magazine* comes with a choice selection of contributions—more so than usual. Othello writes "A Christmas Scene" in an entertaining style. "Government and Compulsory Education" was a sensible article.

We don't exactly see how the editors *find* so much poetry lying about the premises up there. Losing verses must be as natural with the University folks as losing buttons with ordinary people.

—*The Philo. Star* makes its articles short and pithy, and in this respect is a model college paper. The article "Pins in the Wall of the English Language," combines practical utility with entertainment. We would be afraid of trouble if we were to make our locals as personal as the *Star's*. The versified rejoinder to the *Crescent* was among its happiest "twinkle." Guess the *Crescent* doesn't want the "little Star" to twinkle thus again. However, we shall watch with pleasure the polemics between these two luminaries.

—*The Academy*, the exponent of Salem Academy, Salem, N. C., is conducted by girls; but in ability is by no means behind many of those edited by the so-called "lords of creation." It is one of our spiciest exchanges.

—The January number of *The William Jewell Student* is perhaps the most interesting number yet received. The editorial department is ably conducted; the appearance of this paper is neat and tasteful. In *Co-education* the most cogent reasons are brought to bear upon this all important subject—stating in perspicuous terms the evils inevitably to follow. It contains several articles worthy of special mention.

—*The Delaware College Review* is a magazine of decided merit. On every page is clearly seen that great care has been displayed by its editor. The editorials are rich, rare, and racy, short, sticky and pertinent. This number is full of good things, the articles are well written; and as a whole we like it much.

—*The Pennsylvania University Magazine* informs us of the death of vice-provost Dr. Krauth of that university. By all means let that memorial of him be a scholarship; if this cannot be secured, let it be a prize; if this cannot be done, then let it be a window. We envy the Freshman class those "Health" lectures.

—*St. Mary's College Journal*, Ky., is a sprightly little semi-monthly at $1 per year, and well worth it. We liked the piece on "Genius and Talent" best. We learn from its locals that there is a singing school in its vicinity. We sympathize with you, dear friends—though we have never looked into your eyes—and with anybody else who has to come within earshot of an enthusiastic gathering while practising the rudiments of vocal music (?).

—With *The Adelphian*, we must close this department. It comes with a tasty frontispiece designed by Prof. Whittaker. We looked in vain for those "remaining two cuts" by the students of the art department. Bro. *Adelphian*, please send us a copy containing them. We, too, hope that every issue of your paper will contain contributions from the Art Department. Just another friendly word, please. What made you let that murderous, sacrilegious parody beginning

"I want to be a senior,
And with the seniors stand"—

find its way into your columns? Did it ever occur to you that such a thing as this amounts not only to mockery of the mother's love that taught the little song, but to something worse? it borders on Ingersoll-ism.

[STATE.]

—*The Blue Ridge Baptist*, is a lively weekly, the organ of the Baptists of Western North Carolina. We welcome heartily this little weekly visitor from across the Blue Ridge. For various reasons we appreciate sermons like the "Conversion of the Areopagite" more than the one published more recently.

—*The Caucasian*'s comments on the address of Dr. Curry are timely. The map of Clinton, published in this paper, suggests what? That there ought to be a map of Wake Forest.

—WE are always glad to see *The Orphan's Friend*. This paper, formerly under the charge of Rev. J. H. Marsh, has now passed into the hands of Rev. L. H. Gibbons. We wish him much success.

—THOUGH only two of the five editors smoke, we find a pleasant flavor about *The Gold Leaf* from Henderson. It is among the most valued of our State exchanges.

—WE are sorry that the number before is the last of *The New South*. It was a meritorious journal, and deserved to succeed. See editorial in this issue of THE STUDENT on "North Carolina's Shame."

—*The Raleigh Christian Advocate* is another welcome exchange. It is the organ of the North Carolina Conference of the M. E. Church, South, and does its work well. It cannot receive too warm a support from the people it benefits so greatly. "V. A. S." gives some keen criticisms on the statistics given by *The N. C. Baptist Almanac*. We presume, however, that the statistics are given in good faith, and are in the main correct. But we were surprised at the carelessness that admitted that extract from *The N. C. Presbyterian*. One of the editors is known to the writer to be a preacher of stirring warmth and eloquence, and a man whom he greatly esteems, and from whom he expected better things. The ridicule which *The N. C. Presbyrian* man attempts to throw upon the

translation of *baptizo* falls but little short of gross irreverence. We have examined three different sizes of *Liddell & Scott* (including the late seventh edition), and find that the writer on "Immersion" is right in saying that *baptizo* means *to dip*. *Liddell & Scott* does give *baptizo* to mean "dip under," and gives "*soaked*" as a metaphorical meaning of the perf. pass. It seems to us that any one who says the authority above mentioned does not give the meaning "*dip*" and only gives "*soaked*," states what he does not know to be a fact. Sorry to see *The R. C. A.* laying itself liable by such quotations.

PERIODICALS.

The attractions in *The Continent* increase, and we are glad to see signs of improvement. It is a "weekly magazine" and no more welcome periodical reaches us. Mr. Hawthorne's "Dust" has ended, and Rhoda Broughton is treating the drama of life from a feminine standpoint in "Belinda." Among the many readable articles of the past month may be mentioned "Art for Enthusiasts," which conveyed a good deal of fresh information and suggestion. The etchings given along with this article extend through two numbers, and are the finest specimens this country has yet produced. *The Continent* well merits the success it has achieved.

—The February *Eclectic Magazine*, the best periodical in American literature, overwhelms us with its store of interesting articles. It always contains the choicest essays of the English magazines. *The Fallacy of Materialism*, *Four Months in Morocco*, *Charles Dickens*, *A Lesson on Democracy*, *Goethe's West-Eastern Divan*, *Walt Whitman*, *Ensilage*, are the most notable articles. To those interested in Ensilage, we commend the last named article.

—The first article in *The North American Review* is a symposium on "The Revision of Creeds." A half dozen divines participate in this discussion and the article has length to recommend it, if nothing else. Among the best articles may be noticed "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage" and "The Political Situation." "Physical Education in Colleges," by Dr. D. A. Sargent, is on a pertinent theme and worthy a careful perusal. *The Standard Oil Company*, by Senator Camden & J. C. Welsh, has called forth more favorable remarks from the press than perhaps any other article of this number.

—*At Home and Abroad*, our little "pink colored visitor," contains the portrait of W. E. Hidden as a frontispiece, also a sketch of the life and labors of Prof. Hidden, discoverer of the famous new gem, "Hiddenite." Written by the editor, it is one of the most interesting articles of all our magazines. The contents: *The First Editor*, *To Randolph Shotwell*, *Miss Lindsey's Amanuensis*, *University Education for Women*, *Across the Atlantic*, &c. *In Love's Livery*, a translation from the German, by Miss L. C. Bernheim, is begun in this number. The magazine will hereafter be under the proprietorship of Chas. R. Jones, Miss L. C. Bernheim being retained as editor.

—ONE of the finest literary magazines of the present day is *The Atlantic Monthly*, which is devoted to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics. The first piece in the February number is "Michæl Angelo" (part second). This dramatic poem was written by the gifted man of letters, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was more than ten years in preparing it. There is a sweetness and simplicity breathed through this poem which nothing but time and care could have given it. Many other pieces, the merit of which can be easily imagined from the ability and popularity of their authors, appear in this number. Only the productions of such authors as Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Charles Dudley Warner can find their way into *The Atlantic Monthly*.

—THE February number of *St. Nicholas*, the charming illustrated magazine for young folks, is as interesting and attractive as usual. Its contents are varied, containing such articles and stories as will interest and amuse the young and the old. Its illustrations are rich and bold; and its printing neat and clear. We were especially struck with "In the Land of Clouds"; perhaps more so, because we have a weakness for the mountains and cloud-bearing peaks of our own State. But this is a fine and sprightly piece of description. Mount Hood, piercing the clouds and sheeted with snow, standing in sublime isolation, was enough to inspire the writer (Joaquin Miller).

—UNUSUALLY attractive is *The Century* for February. The popular author of "A Chance Acquaintance," "Their Wedding Journey," "A Modern Instance," and others equally interesting, begins a new international novel in this number. The scene of this novel is laid in America, having for its principal character a young Boston girl who is poor, and seeks to earn her living by her own efforts. The novel is intended to bring out some of the most prominent phases of modern Caste. Indeed, its first name was "Caste," but by the law of evolution it has gone through two or three stages: from "Caste" to "A Sea Change," and from this to "A Woman's Reason." We are looking with expectancy to see what name it will assume next.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE.

[From The Literary World.]

In the face of Professor Morley's assertion that the times are ripe for the advent of a great literary genius, comes the opinion of a brilliant French critic, M. Renan, that literature has had its day, and that a hundred years from now everybody will be studying the natural sciences. Critical and historical studies, all that is worthy of the name of pure letters, are, it would seem, irretrievably doomed. Man in the future is to devote himself to the accumulation of facts. The world is to be *desillusione*. No one will listen to the poet who sings of love and nature, unless he bases his rhymes on physiology and the chemistry of change That this view is popular with a large class of intelligent people, there can be no doubt. In anticipation of the golden era of materialism, institutions of learning are founded to exclude "mere literary instruction and education."

A leading English journal does not hesitate to say that a century hence, not the production alone, but even the reading, of *belles-letters*, will be confined to a few eccentrics. Posterity will then turn to Darwin or Huxley as we turn to Homer or Shakespeare. To this view it is not strange that Mr. Matthew Arnold, a representative man of letters, should enter his protest; and his Cambridge lecture or "Literature and Science" so thoroughly disposes of all idle prophecies of the sort mentioned, that we need offer no excuse for stating the substance of it. Mr. Arnold, with instinctive iteration, relies upon his well-known definition of culture, "to know the best that has been thought and said in the world," further qualified to include "what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers of nature." And in support of this theory, an appeal is made to the constitution of human nature itself—to that universal tendency toward co-ordination, that disposition to generalize, which is innate, comprehensive, and which, instead of degenerating, is developed more and more with the advancement of culture.

"Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us."

Is it possible to believe that this desire, this longing for emotional activity, will be permitted to die? Where one man is impressed with Professor Huxley's assertions "that the world is not subordinated to man's uses," and that "nature is the expression of a

definite order with which nothing interferes"—where one man is satisfied with these, or with the observations that lead to their formulation, will not thousands be moved by the poet's picture?

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

For ourselves, we prefer to believe that, in the future as in the past, Poetry shall forestall Science; that to paraphrase the characterization of Emerson's works by a scientist whose ardor for facts has not overcome his sense of beauty and order, it shall be in time to come the mission of Literature "to take her brother Science by the hand, and cheer him with immortal laughter."

EDUCATION.

[From The Princeton Review.]

Education should begin with simple ideas and proceed to those which are complex. The child proceeds thus in its own efforts at study; and in beginning any new subject, even in more advanced life, this is a good rule. We should avoid beginning with "first principles," which are not beginnings at all, but results arrived at from collection and comparison of facts. We must have the facts first, and then go on to the conclusions. We must be empirical first, afterwards rational; gaining the materials of knowledge before arranging them in scientific formulæ. In all this the learner must be active, not passive; he must have interest in the subject, pleasure in adding to his stores of knowledge, satisfaction in working them into scientific form and practical use. If "cram" can be defined to be "partaking of food without previous appetite or subsequent digestion," true education must be the reverse of this. Above all the educator must bear in mind that the pupil is alive and growing. The teacher is not an artist hewing wood or marble into a statue; he is a cultivator training a growing plant. If this fact of constant, continuous growth is neglected, there can be no true education; or, in other words, the growth itself will be the education, and the work of the so-called educator will be a mere patching of extraneous matter upon it, like tying artificial flowers or leaves on a living plant. There may be something worse than this; for if the work of education runs counter to the growth of the pupil's mind, the result may be like that of laying a board or tile over a tender plant, a struggle against the interference, which ends in a growth blanched, deformed, and stunted, and perhaps neither beautiful nor useful.

AT LAST.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice if it—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease.
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*Atlantic.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

MARCH, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

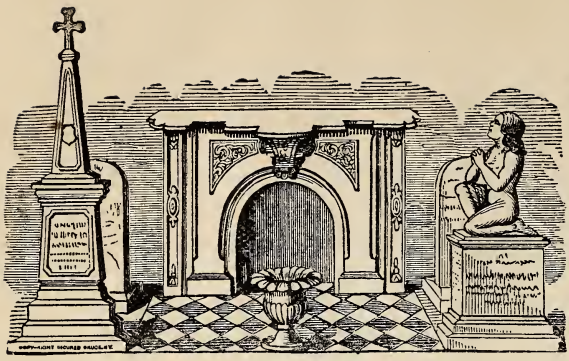
		Page.
The New South,	THOMAS DIXON.	283
Loose Links,	N. R. PITTMAN.	292
Creeds,	DR. WM. ROYALL.	294

EDITORIAL.

No Conflict between Science and Revelation,	G. C. B.	301
Short Speech,	W. H. O.	303
Gentleness,		304
Educational,		305
Literary Gossip,		309
Science Notes,		314
In and About the College,		316
Wake Forest Alumni,		323

WORTH REPEATING.

The Progress of Female Education,	THE CENTURY.	326
In the Old Church Tower,	T. B. ALDRICH.	328
Again,	FRAZER'S MAGAZINE.	328
Don't take it to Heart,	TINSLEY'S MAGARINE.	329



—IF YOU WANT—

Monuments & Headstones

AT BOTTOM PRICES,

WRITE TO

I. W. DURHAM,

Raleigh and Winston, N. C.

1883. 1883.

Fashionable Clothing

—AT—

D. S. WAITT'S.

Short Sack Diagonal Suits, Four Button Cutaway Suits, White Vests, Nobby Style Walking Suits, Light Colored Short Sack Suits, Black Doeskin Pants, Fine D. B. "Prince Albert" Coats and Vests, in Diagonal, Granite and Black Cloth, Light Fancy Cassimere Pants. My stock of Hats, Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Notions and Small Wares is also complete.

D. S. WAITT,

52 Fayetteville St., RALEIGH, N. C.

J. W. DENMARK. EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.

J. W. DENMARK & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Booksellers and Stationers,

No. 2 Recorder Building, RALEIGH, N. C.

School and College Text Books, Religious, Law and Miscellaneous Books, and all kinds of Stationery and School Supplies.

mr7-12t.

W. H. HUGHES,

CHINA, CROCKERY,

Glass-Ware, Lamps, Table Cutlery,

PLATED-WARE, REFRIGERATORS, TEA TRAYS, &c.,

RALEIGH, N. C.,
Opp. Post Office.

AND 67 HIGH STREET,
PORTSMOUTH, Va.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

MARCH, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 7.

EDITORS:

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR----------G. C. BRIGGS.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR--------D. M AUSTIN.

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR----------E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR----------H. B. FOLK.

ALUMNI EDITOR----------Prof. W. L. POTEAT.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed to H. B. FOLK.

THE NEW SOUTH.

BY THOMAS DIXON.

[Address of the Euzelian Orator on the occasion of the Anniversary of the Literary Societies, February 16, 1883.]

I shall ask you to go back with me some twenty-five years, and we'll take a little trip from Columbia to Washington, to see the country. As we journey we find the South presenting a different picture indeed from the present. Her wealth astounds and her beauty charms. No bleak hillsides mar the landscape. Where the old field pine and red gulley flourish, we find waving fields of ripening grain or acres of snowy cotton. We pass vast plantations tilled by busy slaves, while on yonder sloping hill, with shady grove and carpet of green, lives the rich old planter, with an ease and luxury the art of which this age has forgotten. There the matron and her daughters know no drudgery. We pass by the University and find its halls crowded with six hundred students supported in affluence. Arrived at Washington, we find the superiority of Southern representatives universally acknowledged. Though a minority, they sit as despots in the legislative assembly. The voices of our peerless orators ring throughout those two chambers, and a nation stands entranced. Whether enchanted by the silvery tongues of Clays, or writhing beneath the sarcasm of a Randolph, whose squeaking voice and bony finger made nerves tingle, or spell-bound by the magic tones of a Yancey, they feel themselves in the hands of masters.

But by-and-by our Northern friends held little meetings around, and, after they "whereased" several times, finally "*resolved*" that they did not approve of our institutions and ideas of government—in fact, that they were wrong. Trouble was coming. And it came. The Devil loosed a demon spirit—the wild spirit of war—whose thirst could be quenched by blood alone. It seized the people, and rea-

son fled. The young and ambitious went mad, mature men were intoxicated, old age forgot history and experience. War, which Sherman says "is hell," was inevitable. The drum's loud call is heard as the long roll is beat, the bugle's shrill voice rings over hill and dale, and from every city, town, village, hamlet and country seat they came—the yeoman with the millionaire, the student with the farmer boy—high and low, great and small, they came—to die. The sullen roar of those cannon at Sumpter reverberated over the Gulf States, and their sons heard the summons, and from the Lone Star's farthest plains came her matchless horsemen; it echoed up the valley of the Mississippi, and thence over the tomb of Washington, and his children's children rallied beneath a strange flag. Then, all was gay and hopeful. We marched to meet the enemy with banners waving and bands of music to stir the soul and fill the air with melody. Two years of the most brilliant victories that ever emblazoned a warrior's escutcheon crowned the colors of the South. But the poetry of war had passed away, and left us face to face with its grim realities. Practically without railroads, telegraph, or even the means for furnishing the necessities of life, we had undertaken to conquer a people numerically much stronger, occupying a country run by steam and electricity, which, with its ports open to the world, had for its granary the inexhaustible West. We were thrown upon our own limited resources. Then was evinced the spirit that has marked Southern character as historic—that spirit which is to-day working wonders. Surrounded by all these obstacles, we proudly (perhaps not wisely) scorned the numerous compromises offered by the enemy, and began to sacrifice and invent. Without a navy, or the money to build one, native talent constructed a little craft able to cope with the heaviest ironside of the North, and invented the system of torpedoes which immediately revolutionized modern naval warfare. Without lead, the tubes and vessels of our laboratories, and the bells from our church towers, were moulded into bullets and sent on their mission of death. Even when the shadows of approaching doom began to deepen—when Albert Sidney Johnson, Ashby, and Jackson were numbered with the dead—when the ranks of our army were daily growing thinner and thinner, with not even old men and boys at home to fill them—the spirit of our people was yet unbroken. As Lee's ragged and half starved veterans lay in their trenches around Richmond, they heard undismayed the heavy tramp of marshalled thousands coming to crush them, and, clutching their bright muskets, the smile that played on their weather-beaten faces said, "Come on." Saying we would do or die, we walked to the very brink of ruin, and, gazing into its awful depths, made the final plunge. As long as men shall continue to read of the deeds of their fellows, so long will the sons of the South who figured in that sublime tragedy be known as heroes. With poor equipments, fighting against fearful odds, they achieved victories whose splendor stands without a parallel in history. Half paid, half clothed, not fed at all, they fought

to the bitter end with a desperation truly wonderful. They had carried the bonnie blue flag triumphant over a hundred blood-stained fields, and but a handful were left to furl it in dust and gore on that fatal spring morning at Appomatox—the rest were dead, and many who remained envied their lot. Such implicit faith had they in their great leaders, such confidence in their own prowess, they had not thought of surrender, though starving and surrounded by an army five times their superior. The memory of our dead soldiers we will forever hold as sacred. Well has Theo. O'Hara sung:

"On fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thoughts at midnight haunt
Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn, no screaming fife,
At dawn shall call to arms.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how you fell:

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb."

We staked all, and from the wreck saved only honor. And around that honor flocked some lonely companions, whose names were Poverty, Misery, Woe, Desolation. The political fabric was torn into atoms. To make the social midnight darker, six millions of ignorant slaves were loosed upon the secne. Wealth vanished like a phantom. In one day two billion dollars' worth of property was swept away. Our proudest cities lay mouldering in ashes. Ghostly chimneys upon hills hardened by the tramp of soldiers, and the cannon's heavy wheel marked the spots where once the vine-clad cottage or princely residence stood. Not a home but had been darkened by the shadow of the Black Angel's wings as he had spread them over the land of sunshine and flowers. Old men who had been reared and had lived in affluence, woke to find themselves paupers—and died. Cutting want, if not famine, was abroad.

To complete our ruin, the vultures came. A proud and sensitive people, goaded to desperation by taunts and insults from low-born ruffians, and galled by the power of former slaves, at length could endure no more. A great league was formed. It spread like lightning. Within three months from the date of its organization two hundred thousand men answered its roll-call. From its secret chambers went forth mandates that made the minions of the power it hated pause and tremble at their work. It was a master-stroke at the National power, and, as Tourgee says, was a conception of such magnitude and sublime daring, that it could have been conceived and executed only by the Southern people. But it was unlawful, and grievous were its fruits. It outlived its purpose. The latter days of the Invisible Empire not only disgraced the South by its acts of need-

less violence, but placed us again under the bayonet, thus, for a period, stagnating business and paralysing every industry.

Could it be possible that amid all this confusion there were lying dormant the seeds of prosperity which would ultimately spring up, blossom, and mature? Such was the case.

Those of you who think that I have reviewed to-night the melancholy past to stir feelings of sectional animosity, to produce sad thoughts of the cause we lost, have made a mistake. In making this review, I have only intended, as the first proper step in the thorough examination of the new plant, to analyze the soil out of which it has sprung, and from whose life-giving principles it now receives daily sustenance. No! The things about which we have spoken are past, dead! Would to God our people to-day realized that solemn fact!—that they could have realized it long ago!

In speaking of the New South, I wish to give no rose-colored picture of fancy to please and delight, but deceive. The truth, as it is, is what we want. We discover in the preliminary examination of this new plant that it is no foreign sprout. When the old tree was hewn down, an abortive attempt was made to engraft upon it—to reconstruct and patch it up—but the old trunk had been cut too close to the ground, and we had to wait for another growth.

What is the first indication of a new South? A new spirit is abroad. You see it in the quickened step of the business men, in the straightened fence-row, and new cultivator of the farmer; the press pulsates with it; you hear it from the platform, see it in the smiling face and hear it in the cheerful tones of our citizens; you feel it in the very atmosphere we breathe—it buoys us up, invigorates and nerves us for action. Whence comes this spirit? Are the ruling principles of the great people of the North being disseminated in our midst? Is it *their* spirit that has reached us and is infusing life? I do not believe it. Nor do I say so because of any prejudice against that section. Northern ideas have not as yet penetrated the great mass of our people. That our advancement would have been more rapid had we adopted some of their principles, I have not the slightest doubt. But we have not done it. What has been done has been principally the work of Southern men. This spirit, then, is the revival of hope. It is the first gleam of the rising sun after twenty years of darkness. Our people have been engaged in a life-and-death struggle with poverty. They are just now getting on firm ground—on dry land, and the world looks brighter, the flowers fresher, the birds sing more sweetly, and the pulse beats quicker and stronger, infusing new life.

What is this new spirit doing? First, it is developing the South *materially*. Business is awakening in every department of industry to its minutest ramifications. Our farmers are becoming more intelligent, wealthy and happy. Agricultural fogyism, with its thriftless ways, is yielding to progressive and economic plans. The old wrought iron plow is giving way to the new cultivator, the scythe and cradle to reapers driven by horse power. The old-fashioned three-cornered har-

row, with a log on it and two little negroes a-straddle of the log, has seen its best days.

Within the South are to be found the richest deposits of coal, iron, lead, copper, silver, gold, and precious stones. New and rare gems have been recently discovered in abundance. Corporations are being formed daily for the operation of these mines, which, with the modern appliances for the management of ores, yield as rich returns as those of California and Nevada.

Our railroads are coining money and improving their facilities for the accommodation of passengers and the rapid transfer of freights North and South. New companies are forming, and our legislatures are being besieged with petitions, asking that new charters be granted for the construction of thousands of miles of roads, cutting our territory in every direction. Many of these roads are already more than prospective, and their early completion is a certainty. Where they are penetrating, antiquated towns, as quiet and unobtrusive as Rip Van Winkle in Sleepy Hollow, are waking to new life.

The manufacturing industry of the South is becoming varied and profitable. Though speakers may tell you that everything we use is made at the North—our knives and forks, cups, saucers, dishes, chairs, tables, hoes, plows, rakes, pins, clothes, buttons, shoes, pens, pen-knives, pencils, and *tooth-picks*, I say though much of this be the sad truth, a mere glimpse at the number and variety of enterprises that have sprung up within the last few years, will astonish you. Besides the cotton mills, there are in successful operation in different States of the South, many factories for the production of oil and oil cake from cotton seed, artificial stone, ice, fertilizers of various kinds, medicines, paper, toilet preparations, flour, tobacco, beer, whiskey, lime, cement, soap, soda water, artificial legs and arms, saddles, sashes, blinds and doors, furniture, lumber, wagons and carriages, plows, steam engines, boilers, cane and sugar mills, cotton presses, iron store fronts, cotton gins, staves and barrels. The production of oil from cotton seed promises to develop into a business of gigantic proportions, one that will coin millions for the South.

Among all our industries the only *boom* proper is in cotton mills. The movement seems to be wide-spread—universal. At last it takes a firm hold upon the people. There is not a city, town or village of any importance throughout the length and breadth of the South whose business circles have not been agitated within the last two years by an enthusiastic movement for the erection of a cotton mill. Many of these agitations have been successful. Companies have been formed with sufficient capital to sustain immense operations. The enthusiasm continues to spread. Just one month ago to-day, there met in the city of Atlanta a large number of our representative manufacturers from all parts of the South, who organized the Southern Cotton Manufacturing Association, whose object is the advancement of this great industry. The theories of Northern statisticians are being fast exploded, and we are proving that the manufacture of cotton goods near the fields *does* pay, and that

we lose when they are made in New England. The statistics for the State of South Carolina may be taken as an average, and illustrate the enormous proportions of the new movement. They tell us that within the last two years her mills have more than doubled their capital and capacity. Old companies are enlarging their capacity and replacing their old machinery with the Lowell-made of the latest and most improved construction. Some of these powerful corporations are now interfering with, and will soon rival the factories of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Their goods are consumed faster than they can make them. They ship large quantities to New York, Chicago, Shanghai, and other remote parts of the world. All things point to success.

Our tobacco trade, already enormous, is increasing with astonishing rapidity. The finest grades of tobacco in the world are grown and manufactured in the South. In new regions the weed is being successfully cultivated, and there factories are springing up. Dull little villages of two hundred inhabitants are suddenly transformed, as if by magic, into bustling towns of three thousand. It is needless to say that the business of many of our great houses is immense. The sign-boards of Southern firms are seen across the streets of Shanghai and Canton, in Montreal, and the cities of South America, beyond the Atlantic, in the Boulevards of Paris, and the streets of London and Berlin. The Autocrat of Russia and the Sultan of Turkey, the Kaiser of Germany, and the Emperor of China, know the merits of our brands, and smoke accordingly.

There is one other industry I must mention, which I would omit but for its universality and importance. It numbers in its stockholders the millionaire and the single "gallused" coperas-breeches clod-hopper who modestly tills the soil with his little red steer. The commodity is manufactured or sold everywhere. Somehow, they nearly all love it. Babies cry for it, old men sigh for it, and the mature man has been known to die for it. Once upon a time, a certain foolish people sought to put it away, but they nearly all *voted* for it. There is an indefinable charm in the music of the stopper, as it is drawn from the bottle, that attracts our people with a fatality as certain and fearful as the voice of siren did the sailors of old. Persecuted by law, the smoke of its furnaces ascends from mountain fastnesses, hollows, and caves. If the women and our few sober men finally succeed in driving it from the face of the earth, men will burrow into the depths under the earth, and make it there. When smoked out of this retreat, the last great problem of the age—aërial navigation—will be solved. They will construct a machine in which they will migrate to the moon. If the moon is a *free* country, they will establish a regular line of communication with earth, send back missionaries to tell the good news, and depopulate this globe in less than twelve months. Heaven has given the Southerner a warm, genial, and sympathetic soul, endowing him with social qualities which rank him superior to any race of men yet evolved. The Evil One has invented this accursed poison to deform those beautiful traits. At

this point only I lose patience with the New South—she is yet joined to her idols.

The new spirit has touched politics. Do not understand me to say that the fundamental principles of our party faith have recently undergone radical change—for there are no fundamental principles to be changed. War annihilated the one great principle upon which the Democratic party was founded—that of State Rights in one form or another. Our politicians have spent their time in attempting to breathe life into the old ghost. The Republican party has perpetuated its life upon the carcass of slavery. Stunned by a blow so terrible and far-reaching in its effects as that of the war, our people are just now beginning to accept as a reality its results—that it is useless to howl about the centralization of power, when the bayonet has decided that question. Whether for better or worse, the fact is patent enough, that we are gradually deserting the principles of the Jeffersonian Democracy to embrace, with more or less enthusiasm, the Hamiltonian theories of the North. Vain hopes, long deferred, have been postponed indefinitely, and then abandoned. To-day we are all asking the National Government to assist the cause of education with its money, thereby acknowledging the right of the General Government to interfere with the business of separate States. Upon the whole, less attention is given to politics and more to work. The people find it doesn't pay, and prefer the more tangible.

Sectional hate is dying. I know it will be late in the evening when the heroes who carried the Palmetto Tree in triumph over the fields of Manassas, Chancellorsville, and a hundred more, and who saw its tattered folds sadly furled at Appomatox, will be ready to give a hearty handshake over the bloody chasm; but a new generation has grown up, who know of that war only as tradition or history, who admire—even worship its heroic actors, but whose minds partake of the prosy and practical. Their fathers were once wealthy; they have been reared in poverty, amid dreams of wealth. In visions they have walked in magnificent residences, whose velvet carpeted halls gave no echo, and they mean to see those visions realized. Mark the words and actions of young men as they grasp the helm of the Press. Are its columns filled with bitter references to a dead past? No! They seize the living, breathing, pulsating questions of the day. The young South loves the memory of the old, but will not perpetuate the endless quarrel with which it was burdened. There is no time for it. Had we the power we could not turn aside to pay off the old grudge; for greater questions demand attention—questions upon whose speedy and successful solution may depend the very existence of this Republic.

In the social world the new spirit is felt. Pride has been humbled by necessity, and ideas of sham gentility have yielded to a wholesome recognition of the true dignity of labor. The Southerner is naturally lazy—our warm sunshine and a bountiful nature make it so. But we are becoming more active and energetic. Since the last census the cause of education has

received new impulse. Mammoth graded schools have been organized in almost every important town, and are doing great service. Notwithstanding the startling figures on illiteracy, the South has done well. Our colleges are better attended, and are all enlarging their capacity, extending their influence, as well as elevating the standard of scholarship. The munificence of Johns Hopkins, the merchant prince of Baltimore, has established within our borders the highest University in America. At this institution, which is yearly growing stronger, are assembled the elite from Harvard, Yale, Amherst, and other of our higher seats of learning, as well as students from the great Universities of Germany and France. The students graduated from the institutions of the South are of better material, and are, in fact, better equipped for life than the average Northern collegiate. They are poor, have made sacrifices, appreciated their advantages, know what hard work means, and this nation will feel their power.

The noblest womanhood that ever graced this earth is being evolved on Southern soil, nourished by our sunny clime. The Southern woman has acted her part nobly, grandly! It was her prayers and undying devotion that sustained the stricken South, as she walked through the valley of the shadow of death, and her words of inspiration to-day are urging the young South to the achievement of a grand destiny. Of the Southern maiden my personal knowledge is exceedingly limited, but I have seen and read and thought much of her. I do not mean to depreciate those who live elsewhere, but somehow I have a notion that I like our girls better. O! there is a gentleness and a delicate sweetness about their nature that I almost worship. I hope that however much they may progress, those natures will remain the same, at least for a few years.

Upon the whole, our advancement has been phenomenal. Go search the annals of history, and find, if you can, the record of any nation presenting such a spectacle as the South in her present prosperity. But a few years ago the garrisons of a victorious army held every foot of her blasted and desolate soil—her bravest and best were dead on the battle-grounds of Virginia, leaving a nation of women and children—all form of government gone—society a wreck—her surviving citizens plunged into bankruptcy and ruin—presenting to the eye one vast ocean of chaos and death. Still, we have progressed. In one sense our achievements have been marvellous; in any another they are small. They are small when we compare Southern poverty with Northern wealth. The New South is grand and poetic, not in what it is, but in what it promises—what it WILL be! We have done well; we are doing well, but we can do better, we will do better. How? What do we need?

We need more hard work. We say "Labor to Live." Our neighbors' motto is, "Live to Labor." They believe in the omnipotence of labor—they all work, men, women, and children, with a ceaseless grave-populating avidity. I do not say carry it to the extreme they do. The rosy cheek, sparkling eye, and soft, rounded form of the daughter of the South need not

be changed to hollow-eyed and pale victims of overwork. No! Ten thousand noes! I had rather we should live and die as poor as Job's famous old gobbler, who had to lean against the fence to gobble, than that we should become a nation of Rothschilds at such a sacrifice. Yet, we might all work a little harder without serious danger.

She needs men and money. We are poor, exceedingly poor. Capital is needed to be invested in cotton mills and the thousand undeveloped industries which could be made successful. Our schools and colleges need millions. Hear the President of Harvard call for only $400,000 to endow the library. We have been striving fifteen years for $100,000 with which to endow this whole Institution—Library, Reading Room, College, Boys, Faculty, *John* and *Len!* Our neighbors have the money. How are we to get it *now?* By quarrelling? Not much. Collections made on that basis will never amount to millions. The fact is, while older heads have been quarrelling, young men of talent, of promise, of sense, have been leaving. As they have reached years of maturity and scanned the broad horizon that stretches before the young American, they have chosen more inviting fields in which to cast their lot. Men of the South, if you expect to hold these boys, you must wake up!

What is the destiny of the New South? The sons of the men "who met the red storm of blood and fire at Chancellorsville," who piled their corpses around the heights of Gettysburg, and made the sublime record of '61 to '65—the sons of such men, nourished by such mothers as they have had, cannot but achieve a noble destiny.

The last spark of sectional hatred will soon die away. The two great political parties that now divide this Republic will soon sleep side by side in their graves. For that day, I shall thank God! I shall hail it as the bright, bright harbinger of a brighter future. They have both outlived their usefulness, and are doomed to certain death. One will soon rot of its own corruption. The other, in its final rush for the White House, wills tumble and break its neck, and they will both be buried in the same grave. Then we will have a revival, and take a new start. The fiat of war has said: "This government shall be more centralized." Let it be so. I am willing to spell nation with a big N. Southern people are born leaders, born rulers of men, and just as certain as this Republic stands, just so certain will the supremacy of Southern oratory and statesmanship again assert itself at Washington. Southern brain will again shape the nation's policy.

Unincumbered by the burdensome and unprogressive institution of slavery, the South has begun to ascend. With a territory extending from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, embracing within its enormous boundaries an area of over 100,000 square miles, more than all the free States east of the Rocky Mountains—with such an area, she will be developed. The boundless prairies of the Southwest will be transformed into fields of grain and cotton, and acres long left idle will again yield their due increase. Railroads will cut the great piedmont

sections of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany, and piercing their passes will form a net work of trade lines connecting West, South, and North. The ascending smoke from ten thousand lofty chimneys will tell us of so many manufactories transforming timber from our forests into furniture, vehicles, and implements of agriculture. The low hum of millions of spindles will tell us that every pound of our fleecy product is being converted into the finished fabric. The depths of the earth will yield up their treasures. The world's commerce lies within our grasp. Mexico, South America, and the Dark Continent across the waters, all require the products of our fields, mines, and factories. Her destiny! Ah! That is the thought that thrills. As I peer into the future, I see the lights gleaming on high, and they shine only the brighter because of the dark back-ground that lies behind. I see a picture out yonder whose beauty and grandeur would even send a glow to the cheek of the old man whose hopes are dead and whose heart is broken. The days have been dark and dreary, but we will be the better for them. There can be no *full* man who has not tasted sorrow's bitter cup. The memories of the terrible past will be hallowed and wholesome.

"Yes, give me a land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom,
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

LOOSE LINKS.

BY N. R. PITTMAN.

WHY?

That inconvincible why? with its interrogation point. "Peter's cap." 'Peter's' is a proper noun. Why? Possessive case. Why? Why?—all through the interminable school books. Why?—all over all the black boards. Laughing through the thick walls of penitentiaries. Flashing across the sky. Burning in the volcano. Plaguing the angels of Heaven. Standing a pitiless piece of statuary between the worshipper and his God. Why? Do you stop and tell the inquisitive thing why you pray, why you love, why you laugh, why you weep, why you long to lose yourself in the Infinite?

Why "Loose Links?" A sunny spring morning marching through the world with singing birds and wreaths of flowers and pretty clothes and sweet faces can never stir up any feelings like a visit to a blacksmith shop. Why? There again. One must rationalize sentiment, and worse than Bellerophon must ride Pegasus. Of course, there is no special fascination in the unwritten history of Tubal-Cain. No wealthful "Alpha and Omega" in the busy life of Elihu Burritt.

But the broken traces and worthless bits of files and saws and worn-out scythes and axes and rusty nails. There they are, thrown away. They've

had their day. So shall we. A blacksmith shop of a world is this. And poor jobs do some of the smiths turn out. Well it is that God has a forge where things may be mended.

CLOUDS.

Marie and I were on the joggling board in the porch. Mrs. C— was in the parlor playing on the piano and singing of that wonderfully constant woman who said,

> "I just tell them they needn't come wooing to me
> For my heart, my heart is over the sea."

As an interrogation point only is this radiant Marie like John Randolph. The clouds had been thick on the sky a dreary week.

"What's a-doing behind the clouds, you reckon? Wonder if the sun is gone a-wooing to the moon?"

Marie is not too old nor too prim to artlessly make you wish to kiss her a thousand times. And you know how like lingering forever close to some dear one you do feel, when the sunshine goes away and stays.

Poor, wayward, thoughtless thought that tries to know everything but itself. What's a-doing behind the clouds? behind the sun? behind the sky? behind the vast unseen? A very beauty is in such vagueness. The sun and moon and their family of sky children have been vexed with the criticisms of thousands of human generations. And to-day that honest sun looks this guilty world out of countenance. But who does not get tired of perpetual publicity? Behind the clouds let them hide from the world's tireless scrutiny.

They are shining behind the clouds. All things are not visible. All visible things are not seen. There are Grays elegiac, Miltons mute, inglorious. America was behind the clouds fourteen hundred and ninety-two Christian centuries. Unwritten histories are behind the clouds. Great, grand lives there, too holy for the mutilation of earthly biography. They are written in Heaven.

Avalanches of clouds plunging in the wake of cataracts of sunshine down the mountains. And down under the bewildering, chaotic clouds have I gone, when above me was a fair, sunny sky. Carlyle and Bonaparte had stomachs! With clouded brain, Napoleon thought more of digestion than of victory at Leipsic and Borodino. Stuffed mutton darkened his sunny history at Dresden. He who could proudly say, 'There should be no Alps!' surrenders ambition and fame before a dish of onions and mutton. Verily, Esau hath an Oliver. I take it that though one may be very loftily intellectual, and very severe against the base fleshliness of unfortunate Esau, yet, in sweet confidence, he might wittingly tell of a certain *rain of tears* that fell from the dismal smoke-clouds of a mess of pottage.

SPARGEFACTION.

The dictionaries have put it on the superannuated list. Little does that matter in the land of the free—in the land of post mortem excruciation and post mortem coronation. I wanted a word with the anthem of a March storm in it. One gets wearied out with these slow, monotonous winter clouds, and wants swift, business-like March to scatter them somewhat. Quite a lively winter in the main.

April showers melted January snows. *Taurus* and *Capricornus* tangled up the zodiac in the Baptist Almanac.

Does not take much salt for the metaphors in rhetoric and poetry. Takes more grace than salt to save the whole world of porkish things that come bleeding from the shambles of literati butchers. But don't you admire the meteoric genius of Coleridge? His zigzag *modus operandi*; his loose links; his luckless laxity? He didn't ride a hobby to death! In one of his transcendental moods, he said in conclusion, "Life is not a *thing*, a subsistent hypostasis, but an act and a *process*." He did not see the wind back of the windmill. Can the river at Buffalo keep back from the rapids at Niagara? One's volitional machinery is a mysterious vastness. We may see the hand writing the "*mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*" without seeing the writer. Coleridge saw the acts—not the *thing*.

But Dr. Dickinson declares that one preacher under the wide heavens stuck to his text, and received a ten dollar wager for performing the miracle. That text, if I mistake not, is in the third chapter of Romans and the first part of the second verse, and reads perspicuously, "Much every way." No spargefaction, no Jack Surprise, no wild, cloud-tossing March wind in that sermon. Bless the *veteris vestigia flammae!* "Beware of dogs." Dogs are new things. Beware of the untrodden hedges! Much as we weaklings can do to hold our own. Better to get a text and stick to it, and never open ears or eyes to hear or see anything else. This be a dangerous age. Like and lack practical conservatism. Apotheosize regularity and worship at its shrine through the ages. Be sure to get the spirit of the editor who was in my *sactum sanctorum* twenty-four hours ago. He said that his boyhood's almost mortal trouble was the thought that he would have to wash his face every morning as long as he lived.

SHADOWS.

A jaded joy. The shadows were growing short when I began to write. Now they are lengthening for the sunsetting. It has been a battle with the clouds all day. But as he goes down, the sun shines back a radiant blessing upon the clouds that had sought to impoverish his wealth of light. So did the world's Redeemer. So did St. Paul. So may we.

CREEDS.

BY WILLIAM ROYALL, D. D.

The word "creed" has come to be restricted in its application to that peculiar form of doctrine which is held or supposed to be held by any Christian denomination or sect. As soon as difference of opinion about the teaching of God's word at any point began to be developed, it became necessary for the parties concerned to define their respective beliefs. This they

were forced to do largely in the use of terms which were extra-biblical. Because the controversy generally originated in the divergence of views respecting some biblical terms. The question to be settled, was: In what sense is this term to be accepted? The words or phrases which the Holy Spirit employed to impress divine doctrine, were derived from the vocabulary of two languages mainly—the Hebrew and the Greek. These words may have been clearly intelligible to those who used these tongues, at least to the more cultured and better educated classes. But it is reasonable to suppose that foreigners would need instruction in regard to the use and signification of many of them, even supposing them acquainted with the languages in which they were found.

Indeed, it is true that most *technical* terms are to be accepted in a peculiar sense—represent ideas which are modifications of those which they are known originally to have suggested. Some of them, too, are manufactured for the purpose of expressing a thought in science or literature which is either absolutely new, or has a new application. The honest thinker must acknowledge that one of the marvels of Revelation is, that with such a theme —so grand—so heavenly—so spiritual, and so new to the world at large, there should be such clear and fitting words found in human speech for its expression, statement, and unfolding.

The wonder is not that Paul once heard things that are "unspeakable," but that he, or even a greater than he, ever found the terms in which to "tell us of heavenly things." By what process short of the divine could Grecian learning and Grecian mythology be made to furnish the vehicle for conveying a knowedge of the mysteries and the deep things of Redemption and of Heaven and of the Christ, to the ignorance of man? Surely, to have accomplished this, was no less a miracle than to raise the dead.

Is it at all strange, then, that men who differ so much even in regard to objects which address themselves to the senses, should soon differ in their interpretation and use of Scripture terms, when, from the causes just hinted at, we see the room for disagreement and for difference on every page?

The Holy Spirit has doubtless given us as clear an exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity, e. g., as is possible under the circumstances. But because the doctrine is one in itself above our comprehension, it is not to be supposed that all will alike and to the same extent comprehend the terms employed in detailing to us the part which every person in the Holy Trinity performs in the grand scheme of Redemption. And when the lines are clearly drawn between these, it then becomes necessary for each party to define his understanding of Scripture phraseology. And as each party may conceive that the particular view which he holds on this one subject colors and modifies the whole system of divine truth, so he is under obligation for truth's sake, to draw up a scheme of doctrine which shall be consistent with itself, and present what he regards the faith "of God's word in its proportions." All the leading formularies of the different Christian denominations have had this history.

The terms which have provoked

most discussion, and given rise to the more important creeds, are the following: Trinity, Justification, Redemption, Repentance (Penance), Imputation, Transubstantiation (Consubstantiation), and Eternity. Upon disagreements with reference to the meaning of such of these as are scriptural, and with reference to things thought to be found in the Bible represented by others, turn most of the controversies that have been had among theologians and sects. And the creeds differ essentially upon points of doctrine and systems of theology which hinge upon one or more of the cardinal truths symbolized by these terms. If we add to this the minor differences founded upon rites and forms which do not affect necessarily vital truth, but which serve oftentimes in no small degree to modify systems as a whole, we think there is fairly before us the ground upon which we are authorized to proceed to make a few remarks suggested by the question: "What is to become of our Creeds?"

But before answering this question, it may be proper to further pave the way thereto by considering what ends, good or bad, creeds have served in the past.

1. Being attempts to formulate and systematize Divine Truth, they have gratified a desire natural to the human mind, and pertaining to all objects of knowledge revealed or unrevealed. Order is pleasing to even the rudest and most unlettered. And we seldom rest until we have classified and arranged upon some principle the facts which we have gathered. There are great advantages, too obvious to need mention, connected with this practice.

This much we may say: it is easier to grasp a system as a whole, and to recall its parts, than to understand and treasure up these same parts as they lie scattered up and down in Nature or in Revelation.

And yet this attempt, so natural and generally so profitable, becomes the fruitful source of evil when applied to the Bible. As in nature space is limitless, and lines that shoot out from us as centres are lost in the far off regions, and we are forbidden by the nature of the case the pleasure of putting boundary lines around the universe, so the attempt to force Theology—the doctrine of God and of Divine Truth—within the limits of even as many as "The Thirty-nine Articles," or of the "Larger Catechism," should be set down as a failure; or, at least, a feeble attempt to do the impossible. Why, the lines of Divine Truth which converge upon Calvary reach away into the depths of the remotest Infinity, and angels' eyes fail to follow them as they sweep out towards the ever receding shores of the unbounded. Who, then, can hope to form a system of Divine Truth, in the proper sense of that term? And yet it is claimed to have been done by several men; and their followers have striven to force their "Articles of Faith," their "Systems of Divinity," their "Creeds," upon others as containing "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The tendency has been, so soon as these creeds have had a respectable following, to regard them as of equal authority with the Bible itself; and if one dared slightly to deviate from

the "Standards" of the Church in their interpretation of God's word, or in the "Imperative Definition" which they have given of a term, such as "Imputation," his relations to the brethren became exceedingly uncomfortable. And if fire is not called down upon him "from heaven," it is no fiction that the time was when he was literally roasted by earthly fire; or, worse still, figuratively roasted by scorn, contempt, and ridicule.

2. It may be as well to bear in mind that veneration for the compiler of a creed sometimes leads to his semi-deification. At least this has been the case in the past almost invariably, It would be invidious to mention instances which exemplify this tendency. The man regarded as an embodiment of his doctrine, and that doctrine regarded as divine, it follows that the man himself must be more than human. His opinion, his slightest word of comment, or of criticism, is law; and the dome of St. Peter's or St. Paul's trembles at his nod. And as the human soul is finite, and can only take in so much of the divine and no more, it follows that when the God-like Bellarmine or the Demi-God Augustine enters, there is a quantum sufficit of the Ineffable for a poor mortal—as much as one human soul can contain. Thus Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas, are, even in the face of their most urgent protestations, exalted to thrones, and "lord it over God's heritage." It is really painful to think how the spirits of the "The Fathers," who are theoretically at rest, must be disturbed as they, if they can, view the homage which is paid to *them*, which they now know even better than when "they sojourned here below," belongs to Him at whose "feet they cast their glittering crowns."

Is it any wonder that creeds, the productions generally of one man, have led men away from the Bible, and that a word from him who frames a creed counts for as much as, or even more than, a word from Him "who spake as never man spake"? And is it strange that the "jealous" God, who "will have no other gods before him," should tolerate an Iconoclasm led on even by infidel scientists, heretics, schismatics, and sensationalists—that God who wrought out his highest purposes of mercy through the agency of a Pharaoh and a Judas? He whose "ways are not as our ways" can deliver his elect from the Moabites by loosing the tongue of the "dumb ass" of Science, if his rider will not hear "the heavenly voice." And the discoveries and revelations which Nature makes of herself to those who study her laws, may so enlarge and liberalize hearts that they will not be pent up within the narrow limits of dogmatic theology.

3. This leads us to say farther, that creeds in their conceptions of Divine Truth, in so far as they employ "man-made" words and phrases to express them, are liable to become "old and vanish away." Divine Truth is ever new, never changes; but finite apprehension and comprehension of it may vary—must be expected to vary from age to age, with increasing light and added knowledge. The diminutive vessel which a christianized Hottentot holds out to catch and receive the divine doctrine, must be replaced by one more capacious when it is to be

transferred to the full grown Christian of England and America. And, so, as light and knowledge flow into the soul, it outgrows what is merely human in Creeds or Confessions of Faith, and clamors for a terminology which shall express more nearly the higher conception of Truth which Christian experience and closer study of the Book and of Nature bring.

This is no mere theory. It is a fact which we are witnessing to-day, as history informs us of it in the past. The Christian sects are outgrowing their founders and creed-makers, and not even the threat of inquisitorial or purgatorial fires can much longer put off the day of judgment.

4. And the tendency of things in this direction is not at all affected by the consideration that almost all of the creeds contain saving truth, and are upon the whole in accord with the genius and spirit of Christianity. If these creeds were accepted only as summaries of so much of divine truth as the human intellect could take in, and not as full and complete *systems* of biblical truth, it would be well. But they have generally been received in the latter view. And, in consequence of this, whatever error, great or small, may have found its way into the system, has tended to modify and weaken the power of the truth contained in the system; as a tiny rock thrown into the mill-hopper will sadly derange the machinery, and be felt clogging the wheels and interfering with proper action throughout.

So that it is not strange that a wrong view of an ordinance or of worship when forced to align itself with the "doctrines of grace" which a creed contains, will, as we have seen it do, strain the machinery so unnaturally that it will be found easier and make things work more smoothly, to reverse the process, and to make the "doctrines of grace" align themselves with this wrong view of the ordinance or other matter pertaining to worship or to the externals of religion. And is it surprising that rational beings should insist that doctrine be systematized on *logical* principles, and that each part of the system be construed with reference to all the other parts, and that if an ordinance have an undue importance attached to it in the system, its influence be felt as legitimate in modifying and even degrading the "doctrines of grace"?

And although thinkers in all denominations whose creeds partake of this character, strive to break the logic in the given case, and thus save the "doctrines of grace," such is the relentless spirit of the "*dictum de omni et nullo*," the conclusion must and will come out from the premises to the utter dismay of the believers in the creed, and to the serious detriment of the truth itself. As this article is not intended to provoke controversy or "injure feelings," we are forced to speak in general terms; but to all observers of the times and readers of history, predicaments of the kind described, into which creeds and their advocates have fallen, abound. Who has not been pained to see and hear the fruitless efforts of church dignitaries to put such a construction upon one article in a creed which has reference to some foundation truth as shall make it harmonize with one, teaching something quite different, in reference

to an ordinance or an external act of worship or mere rite? And who has not at times witnessed the converse of this?

5. As creeds have crystallized and become fixed, they have imparted something of their fixedness—have stamped their definitive impress upon those who have accepted them—have produced in some instances peculiar types of piety and a distinctive religious spirit. But especially is this effect seen in the ministry of the different creed-holding denominations. It extends here, not to externals only, but to the very spirit and life. There is an air and bearing and mode of approaching and handling divine things so marked, sometimes, that the most casual observer at once determines the particular denomination to which the man belongs. Now, as the great Head of the Church provides amply, we suppose, for the diversified needs of mankind and for the different orders and classes of men by the "diversities of gifts" he has bestowed upon those called to work in his vineyard, we must think that whatever goes beyond the measure of diversity he has established is to be regarded as ultimately injurious to his cause. Or, to state it somewhat differently, it may please the Head of the Church to carry on his work through men "of like passions" with us—men of different temperaments, degrees of education and orders of intellect, so that each may be reached by being brought into sympathy at some time or other with one like himself. And this is enough. The preacher, as an individual man, reaches the man who sympathizes with him at this vital point. But the preacher, as the exponent of a sect, reaches him at a point with which personal piety and allegiance to God as such have nothing to do.

6. But have not creeds served to indicate at once and without doubt the status of those who hold them, and by vouching for their orthodoxy facilitated the work of the Church, and especially of the ministry? Have they not served as a letter of introduction to the stranger and his message, and given him at once a hearing, and his message a favorable reception? It is so easy for an avowed believer in the Bible to preach error—fatal error—to an unsuspecting audience, and there are so many who handle the word of God "deceitfully," that it would seem highly proper to indicate in some way what is "the faith" of the man who proposes to preach to us, and what especially are his views of questions of vital importance, such as Sin, Redemption, Rewards and Punishments, and others which will readily occur to the reader.

And now we are better prepared to answer the question, "What is to become of our creeds?" The answer is based upon the assumption that we are intent rather to find out what ought to become of them, than what will become of them. And yet in arguing with Christians there should practically be no difference between the questions.

First, then, some creeds will be discarded altogether. Such as enter minutely into the rationale of Divine Truth, and require you to receive it only as methodized and systematized by some leading mind, will be aban-

doned altogether. Our reasons for this have been already stated.

Secondly, some creeds will require more or less revision to accommodate them to the divine idea as expressed in the language of the Bible, this idea having been better apprehended than it was originally. Whether they will be revised depends somewhat upon the will of man, but, fortunately, not altogether. Divine Providence is revising these in his own way. If the denominations holding such creeds do not eliminate human matter from them, then God eliminates his elect out of such denominations, and leaves the denomination stranded upon the rocks of a "High Churchism" as bleak and desolate as St. Helena.

Thirdly, the creed of the future exists in posse. It is useless to aver that you have no creed. From the very manner of Divine Revelation, if you have faith in it, you must have a creed. You may say, "I believe in the Bible; that is my creed." But when you come to tell me in your own words what you think the Bible teaches, then you give me your creed. It may not be written. That is not material.

Now, then, when we have the "credos" of the whole of God's saved ones voiced in the words of God's Book, arranged so as to point to the great Central Figure, Christ, we shall have the "Creed" upon which all "who see eye to eye and speak the same thing" shall unitedly stand. And the day that shall witness this grand event is in its early dawn.

EDITORIAL.

NO CONFLICT BETWEEN SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

There has ever been a constant warfare between science and religion. Not because the science of Religion and the science of Nature are contradictory and incongruous, has this warfare existed; but because, in every age and in every clime, bgiotry and narrow-mindedness have never been absent.

The theory of the rotundity of the earth was for centuries received with contempt and ridicule, and as antagonistic to the teachings of Holy Writ; so much so that its champions and believers were put to the rack and the stake as heretics and infidels until in the early part of the sixteenth century a bold and daring sailor, ambitious for renown, started from one point, and, sailing in one direction, arrived at the same point whence he set out. The Copernican doctrine also, was received with scoffs and mockery, and was claimed to be unscriptural, because Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. And for a long time the belief that the universe was created in six natural days was incorporated in religious articles of faith, and deemed necessary to salvation. Such have been some of the so-called conflicts between science and religion, due rather to the ignorance of the teachings of Revelation bearing on the subject or theory in question, and especially to the existing popular opinion, than to any real antagonism between science and Revelation.

The progress of thought and scientific discovery has been so rapid and startling, however, that it is not surprising that apparent conflicts should arise even between science and science, as well as between science and Revelation. Indeed, the world may be profoundly astonished that the harmony is so complete, the differences so small, and the incongruity so meagre, when it is remembered how bold and daring the researches and achievements of the one, and the immensity and incomprehensibleness of the other; how limited and incomplete the one, and how complete the other.

The most interesting and amusing war in the religious and scientific world for some months past is that waged by Dr. Talmage against the Agnostic School of Evolution, the champions of which are Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer. He calls them atheists and infidels, and playfully reminds Mr. Spencer of the sumptuous feast given in his honor recently, consisting of turkey, lamb, pig, beef, etc., or in other words, his (Spencer's) illustrious ancestors and kinsfolk. He ridicules the idea of the "survival of the fittest," in a manner sarcastic as well as ludicrous; but at the same time, in some respects, incommensurate with his powers of reasoning and convincing. "And so we go right on up forever. Beautiful! Garfield dead in September—Guiteau surviving the following

June." If this is what is meant by the "survival of the fittest," we must confess that we have less respect for the great champion of science than ever before. Did Darwin mean that armies of desperate and crazed men, buzzards of the national capital, should be turned loose upon society, armed with dog pistols and short sabres killing and slaying the best citizens, when he said that the best in nature survives and the weakest disappears? This would evidently be suspending the regular order of things for a violent manifestation of Mr. Darwin's fundamental principle of science, a thing which, in our opinion, is not taught or even implied in his theory.

However unhappy the reference to the "survival of the fittest," it is but too amusing, how he took up the pot of protoplasm and hurled it in Mr. Huxley's face with a force which must have made the latter imagine that, for once, he had realized the happy dream of his life, namely, "spontaneous generation;" but of its taking place in the region of the eyes and nose and mouth, and just in this way, he had, perhaps, never dreamed.

This, however, is no issue between science and Revelation; because Atheistic Evolution is not science. It endeavors to make a world and people it out of matter only—no, out of nothing only. Nor is Agnostic Evolution science; for while it may be a little more greedy than the other, in that it must have some few germs of life in the little bit of matter it takes for a basis, it falls in the same category. Kant says: "Give me matter and I will explain the formation of a world; but give me matter only, and I cannot explain the formation of a caterpillar." Yes, and it is thus with all those who have leaped the bounds of science proper, and have striven to account for all natural phenomena without recognizing divine power in it. And it is just on this ground that we claim there is no conflict between science and Revelation. Is it not very plain that it is not the part of science to create worlds and endow them with life and activity? And is it not equally plain that it *does* belong to God? This is what evolution—a certain kind of evolution—tries to do; and in doing this virtually denies the exercise of divine power in natural development. So if this does not belong to science and does belong to God, then is there no conflict between science and Revelation; for there can be no revelation without a *divine something* to reveal. Likewise, if evolution be true, then there is no God, and, therefore no Revelation, and, therefore, no conflict, &c. So the same conclusion is reached by either process. Indeed, were these hypotheses true, the question of Divinity and Revelation would be removed from the field of conflict, and the contest would be between science and evolution alone.

Having disposed of evolution, and shown what is not the province of science, the question arises, what is its mission? Science and Revelation are two things, separate and distinct, having missions differing as widely as the fields in which they work. The one triumphs in the natural or physical universe, while the other rules in the spiritual. The one seeks and searches out the truths which are hidden in the earth and nature, and investigates the

laws which govern them, while the other is truth and law itself. One cannot take the place of the other; yet, they are in harmony. While science seeks to know the occult forces and laws which govern the universe, Revelation sets forth in unmistakable language the great sources of these phenomena. They are handmaids to each other. Every new discovery and every fresh achievement in science are but so many testimonies of the unmistakableness of the truths of Revelation and the eternity and omnipotence of its Author.

SHORT SPEECH.

As a writer of keen-witted observations, Mr. John Burroughs, the essayist, has no superior. He lends to every day sights an unwonted charm, and gives to things that lie in the pathway of all a flavor which they were not known to possess. In his presence the birds sing to a more musical key; the flowers emit a sweeter perfume; the brook teems with new forms of life; and the woods speak a diviner language. He can sit by the stream or lake and patiently glean facts, which, when passed through the heart or the imagination, are given to his reader in coin of poetry. And what he has to offer is served to his guests in such a manner that it carries with it a double relish.

His last article in the March *Century* on "Signs and Seasons," is one of the finest specimens of that art of which he is master. He knows how to make us take an interest in what he writes about; instead of beclouding our minds with the misty froth of words, he draws away the veil and lets us see. His is "no science peddling with the names of things." The wonder is that with the scientific accuracy of his observations he keeps clear of that freight of verbiage with which science is too often beset. In the essay mentioned, we took the pains (it was rather a pleasure to examine the tools of one in whose hands they were so well kept) to note the character of the words used. Out of eight thousand and eighty words which it contained, six thousand five hundred and twenty were monosyllables. This makes nearly eighty-seven per cent. of monosyllabic words.

In this choice of language, we think the writer shows his own wisdom no less than he delights those who seek to follow him into the enchantments whither his instinct is wont to lead.

He wants to show us some bits of things which are infinitely small, and elude us in our eager grasp for the infinitely large; and to let us into the secret nook where truth lies hid, or to some retreat where beauty has hid herself from the vulgar gaze, his guides are little folks, else they could not enter and invite us in. Were they the burly creatures that bespeak a Latin or Greek ancestry, they might not be able to get into these deftly cut niches of nature's recesses, or getting in, be so bulky themselves, as to shut out the only worthy companion of words.

To what end are words, any way? In the hands of another they are mere symbols, by which an intelligent being would acquaint us with the lessons he

has learned from nature. Those symbols serve to that end only so far as we know for what they stand. What think you of a man who should take you into a museum and talk to you however learnedly about the various specimens in a tongue which you did not understand? Life, as well as nature, is a great museum, and those who speak to us of what is contained therein should send along with their thoughts such guides as may be able to interpret what is in any way involved. Besides, it shows a healthy state of mind to use a curt and intelligible speech, if Emerson's diagnosis may be trusted. He says: "Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints, and gods use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centres. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun."

GENTLENESS.

It is characteristic of men, women, boys, and girls, to have aspirations to accomplish such objects as their innate desires may prompt. Various notions are entertained as to the most successful way to accomplish them. Some believe that wealth is a special prerequisite to position and esteem; but this is not necessarily so. It is a noted fact in almost all history that many of the most eminent men have arisen struggling against the greatest opposition—such as poverty, illiteracy, and want of true friends. Extended intelligence is a boon to be coveted, but even without this many have been able to occupy honorable seats, and hold sacred trusts. It is possible for a man to have his safe full of coin, his thousands of acres of land, has granaries filled with the fruits of the soil—and yet fail to make life enjoyable to himself and others. How often we meet those who appear as if everything were going wrong, and in fact life were a miserable failure after all. Such persons are usually shunned on every walkway and in every sphere of life. Some of them see so little in life to be appreciated, that they likely reach the conclusion of Elijah, as he lingered under the juniper tree: "And he requested for himself that he might die." When you think of congenial spirits this class of rough, uncouth, grumblers is entirely left out. If you wish to steal away from the active duties of life for a little recreation, the home of the gentle is sought, because there you feel the warm welcome presented by those of gentle demeanor. If gentleness has attraction, is it not true that every one who is endeavoring to reach prominence or usefulness would be helped on by possessing such a trait of character. Gentleness is a natural and also a cultivated grace. He who has this principle well developed is never without position, friends, or words of commendation. When places of trust are to be filled, it is not always the millionaire, or the man of gigantic mind who is solicited, but more frequently he who has ingratiated himself into the affections of those with whom he has been thrown, at the very small cost of gentleness.

The man of gentle demeanor is often permitted to hold stations in life, that money, birth, friends, reputation, all combined fail to purchase for others. Railroad officials have picked up boys

and placed them in business for their politeness. Merchants have called in the tattered street boys, clothed them, placed them before the public for their politeness in demeanor. It gives position in the social circle, in politics, and nowhere is its influence more decided than in religion. Pastors have gone from good fields to bad ones, just for the want of a little more of the spirit of gentleness. It is a medium by which the usefulness of men is determined. This world of ours has too many attractions, too many varied pleasures, for us to put on long faces, fail to see beauty in anything, and sternly turn from everything that is calculated to make us and those about us happy. Men have lived who were so fully developed in gentleness, that they have entirely revolutionized communities, towns; yes,nat ions have felt the tender influences stealing over them as the breezes of the morning.

The names of Sir Philip Sydney, Lord Chesterfield, and others, can never be forgotten, on account of their influence on society, the result of their gentleness of spirit.

EDUCATIONAL.

—ONE thousand and four hundred students are attending the different departments of Oberlin College, O.

—PRINCETON College has sustained a grievous loss in the death of Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, D. D., LL. D., who filled the chair of Logic and Moral and Political Science.

—WE have never seen so much interest in the subject of education shown in the press of the country. It is discussed in the reviews and journals from *The North American* down. We take it as a hopeful sign.

—HON. JOHN C. SCARBOROUGH, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has issued in neat cloth binding his Biennial Report for the years 1881 and 1882. It contains 196 pages. The earnestness of his nature and his devotion to the cause of education in North Carolina are manifest in all he says.

—THE Senate passed, on February 16th, a bill establishing a normal school at Boone, Watauga county.

—REV. N. B. COBB has been elected President of Judson College, Hendersonville, N. C. That is a fine opening for a grand work. He has not yet made known his acceptance.

—NORTH CAROLINA'S population is 1,399,750. Of her voters, there are 145,294 who cannot read the ballots they cast. The number of illiterate voters in 1870 was 101,780. Increase in ten years (1880), 43,514. It is, however, to be remembered that the total population in the same period increased 328,389.

—COMMENCEMENT at Trinity College, N. C.: Dr. A. G. Haygood, President of Emory College, Georgia, will preach the annual sermon, and Mr. James W. Reid, a rising young lawyer of Wentworth, N. C., will deliver the literary address.

—PROF. W. W. CARSON has resigned his professorship in Davidson College to enter business in Memphis.

—HEIDELBERG and Königsberg, two prominent German Universities, lately disagreed and determined upon the ancient plan of settling the matter by a contest between three representatives of each institution. Königsberg won, drawing blood fourteen times in the presence of a delegation from all the German universities. Who does not think of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii?*

—THE ACADEMY, of London, has this to say of Johns Hopkins University: "We have never read a more encouraging report than that just issued by President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Only next after teaching and study is the duty of publication. In this respect, Johns Hopkins may claim to be doing better work than any other institution in the world." It publishes regularly a Journal of Mathematics, a Journal of Chemistry, and a Journal of Philology.

—THE most promising trait of modern politics is the general spread of education. Nations seem once more united in one common aim. It is a crusade against ignorance. It is a pacific rivalry and contest that may end in securing everywhere the solid victories of peace.—*Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Weekly.*

—THERE are in North Carolina thirteen towns and cities which have graded schools: Charlotte, Durham, Fayetteville, Franklinton, Goldsboro, Greensboro, High Point, New Berne, Raleigh, Rocky Mount, Salisbury, Wilmington, and Wilson. Of these, eight were organized within the past two years. The amount of aid received from the Peabody Fund for the graded schools of the State for 1882 is $2,900.

—IN the State Normal College at Nashville, Tenn., there are twelve students from North Carolina holding scholarships given by the Trustees of the Peabody Fund. These scholarships are worth $200 per year, besides free tuition, and are continued for two years, provided their conditions are complied with.

—THE NATIONAL FREE SCHOOL ADVOCATE begins its course with the issue of February. It is to be published monthly at Washington, and, judging from its appearance, we should say it would succeed. It calls itself the organ of the common school system. These are two planks from its platform: "We are in favor of fixing a definite date after which all who who become voters shall be able to read and write." "Ignorance is the fertile soil in which crime is bred. We are therefore in favor of compulsory education, supplemented by generous appropriations of public money for common schools." The existence of such a paper is evidence of the growth of these sentiments.

—IT is frequently said that the diffusion of intelligence will diminish crime; and in the present state of society in the United States it is, in our opinion, true. But it may be well to bear in mind that in France an analysis of the criminal classes is declared to show—

1. That the degree of perversity in crime is in direct ratio with the amount

of instruction previously received by the criminals.

2. That in the departments in which instruction is most disseminated crime is greatly more prevalent.

3. That relapse into crime is much greater among the instructed than the non-instructed portion of the community.

If these statements are correct they are no argument against education, but are a strong demand for more and better instruction in morals.

—EIGHT more Sophomores, making twelve in all, have been expelled from Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Me., for hazing.

—BROWN UNIVERSITY has chosen Dr. Edward Everett Hale as the Beta Kappa orator for next Commencement.

—THE Alabama Legislature has increased the school appropriation $100,000, and will also give $60,000 to the University and $30,000 to the Agricultural College.

—THE Chapel Hill Trustees at their last meeting in Raleigh decided the troublesome dancing question. After the next Commencement no college building will be used for the purpose of dancing.

—SAMUEL WILLETS, a leading member of the Society of Friends, who died recently in New York City, left an estate of $3,000,000, and bequeathed nearly $600,000 to educational and charitable objects, $100,000 of which goes to Swarthmore College, Pa.

—CO-EDUCATION.—The experiment began in Oberlin with its first college class in 1834. It has been repeated now by about two hundred of the chartered institutions of the United States, or more than half the number that claim the name of college, exclusive of those under the care of the Roman Catholic Church. Many, indeed, are colleges in little else than name; but among those which are best known are the Universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Indiana, California, Mississippi, and Vermont; Cornell and Syracuse Universities in New York, Washington University in Missouri, Wesleyan University in Connecticut, and Boston University.—*North American Review.*

—TWENTY-ONE Colleges, east and west, were canvassed and the following figures give some of the results: In the 21 schools there are a total of 6,638 students, of whom 2,236 are in a course of preparation for the college; of the whole number, 3,280 are professed Christians, but of these only 360, or 1 in 18, are proposing to enter the gospel ministry; and if it is said that some who are not written down as ministerial students, will, no doubt, in the end, find their way into the ministry, we answer, and so, also, a larger number of those now having the ministry in view, will, in all probability, fall out by the way, and never enter or prosecute the work. As to our own schools, the statistics for the year 1883 have not yet come to hand, but those for 1882 were as follows: In seven theological seminaries, 447 students, all proposing to enter the ministry; in twenty-nine colleges, 557 students for the ministry; and since the course in the seminaries is, in general, three years, we may expect from this source 149 each year to supply the demand for 26,000 churches.—*Central Baptist.*

—DR. CARTER has raised $100,000 for Williams College in the two years he has been its president.—*Ex.*

—IT is stated that the income of the University of Wisconsin was over $125,000 last year.

—THE University of California is endeavoring to establish a course of Spanish in its schools.

—PRINCETON College, N. J., is having many of her buildings repaired; and it is said that it is work long needed.

—A college has been opened in Persia under government protection. The professors are all graduates of European colleges.—*Ex.*

—THE Board of Trustees of Columbia, with the exception of President Barnard, are unanimous in condemning the co-ed. system.—*Exchange.*

—DURING last month fire broke out in the building occupied by the male students of the Hamline University, near Minneapolis, and consumed it. Loss estimated at $65,000.

—PROF. CLIFFORD R. BATEMAN, of Columbia College, died on February 6th. The Chair of Administrative Law, which he filled, was created for him, and was the first established in America.—*Central Baptist.*

—THE the accessions to the Library of the Pennsylvania University for the past year amounted to 9,192 volumes. The present number of volumes is 296,066, and of pamphlets 222,427.

—THE University of Vermont has received a bequest of $115,000. A handsome gymnasium is to be erected. A bronze statue of Lafayette, who laid the corner stone of the University, is soon to be unveiled on the campus.—*Exchange.*

—THE public school system of New York State cost the people $11,181,980 last year. A million and a half of this went for new buildings, repairs, etc. The remainder employed 31,232 teachers and furnished free schooling for 1,047,000 scholars. The value of school property owned by the State has reached the large sum of $30,333,-641, and the school district libraries number 705,812 volumes.—*Central Baptist.*

—SOME statistics furnished by the delayed report of the National Commissioner of education for the year ending June, 1880, are of interest as noting the progress of American education. The report shows the aggregate school population of the states to be 15,351,875, and of the territories 184,405. In the thirty-eight states, the number of pupils enrolled in the common schools is 9,680,403, and in territories 109,118. The number of scholars in daily attendance upon the schools, however, was only 5,744,188 in thirty-four states, and 61,154 in eight territories. Twenty-one states report 561,209 pupils in private schools. The total colored school population in the South is 1,803,257, of whom 784,709 are enrolled in 16,669 schools for black children. The number of teachers in all the states is 280,034, about equally divided between the two sexes. The public school income for the states is $82,684,489, and in the territories $1,255,750. Thirty-three states have a permanent school fund aggregating $119,184,029, and the es-

timated value of public school property, including buildings and sites, in thirty-one states and seven territories is $180,069,427. The report shows that the appropriations of land made by Congress from time to time amount in the aggregate to 7,658,438 acres. This vast domain, if turned to profitable account, should render many of the states practically independent of other revenue for educational purposes.—*National Baptist.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

By Phi. Sr. Editor.

—RICHARD WAGNER, poet and composer, died at Vienna Feb. 13th.

—A COPY of Petrarch's songs, printed at Venice in 1470, and consequently very scarce, brought the neat sum of $9,750 at a late London sale.

—THE CONTINENT has begun the issue of a monthly part, made up of its weekly issues.

—*The Pall Mall Gazette* treats some recent American novels roughly, and says in particular that it is better for young people who read romance to be interested in the sorrows of the Bride of Lammermoor than in the jealousies of an ill-tempered American woman whose husband drinks too much beer. —*Ex.*

—MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE leaves his wife about $130,000.

—THEY are fussing over the exact day on which John Howard Payne died. Mr. Corcoran who is erecting the monument says April 10th, 1852. The tombstone at Tunis was dated April 1st. Harrison, his biographer, gives April 9th as the date of his death.

—A Greek translation of *Hiawatha* has appeared at Leipsic.

—AN impatient reader exclaims that if Mrs. Burnett expects her serial, now publishing in *The Century*, to run "through one administration" only, she must rely upon a "third term."—*Critic.*

—MR. J. O. DAVIDSON is travelling in the South for the purpose of making sketches for *Harper's Weekly*. The article to accompany his pictures will be written by Southern writers, and will aim at giving clear and correct ideas of the character, resources and prospects of the South.

—*The Century* for February contains a pleasing sketch of Mr. George William Curtis. He is the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and occupies the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*. He was born in Providence, R. I., Feb. 24th, 1824.

—JOHN RUSKIN is in the Chair of Art at Oxford, England. He declines to lodge in any of the crowded brick streets of the town, and resides in the country. His friends are all pleased, for they take his acceptance of the position as a sign of his restoration to health.

—THE citizens of Leaksville, N. C., are not a little proud of their townswoman, Miss Annie Johns, the author of *Cooleemee*. She has visited England and travelled much in the United States. She interests herself in the welfare of her community, being particularly prominent in the temperance cause. Of the merit of her novel, which was published in Leaksville, we are unable to speak from personal knowledge.

—THE printer made us say in our last issue a very naughty thing about *The Continent*, viz.: "*Our Continent* has become *The Continent*. Well that is 'out West.'" That welcome magazine is in comfortable and reputable quarters in the East, nor do its contents partake of the character of frontier productions. This fact we mention by way of atonement: it is more in demand than any publication that reaches our Reading Room.

—MR. P. M. HALE has written a book on the Woods of North Carolina. It is said to be a credit not only to the author, but also to his State. Our wealth of timber is as a sealed book; and probably the main result of this work will be the influx of capital to utilize the unbounded material which it reveals.

A STATUE of Edgar A. Poe is to be unveiled this spring in the city of New York. Prominent men in literature will be invited to be present. Mr. Cable, of New Orleans, and Mr. Hayne, of Georgia, will be among the Southern literati.

—MR. GROSSCUP, who is engaged with Mr. Ziegler in the preparation of the book now in press entitled *The Heart of the Alleghanies; or Western North Carolina*, is now in Asheville, where he will remain some weeks. His work will be out about the middle of March. Messrs. Alfred Williams & Co., of Raleigh, have been made the Southern publishers, and it will be handled in the North by the American News Company, of N. Y.

—*The Bystander*, a quarterly of observation and criticism, is the most independent of Canadian journals. Its editor, Mr. Goldwin Smith, possesses remarkable literary and historical accomplishments, which, if not given to some important historical period, are then best given to the elucidation of his own times. Its field of observation and criticism is the world, and, according to *Harper's Weekly*, that field is watched by no acuter eye.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT, during a prolonged and painful illness, dictated the greater part of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, the whole of *The Legend of Montrose*, and almost the whole of *Ivanhoe*. He sometimes groaned while he finished the sentence in the same breath. But when a dialogue of animation was in progress he rose from his couch, and walked up and down the floor, giving to his words a spirited and natural intonation.

—THIS remark by *Harper's Weekly* is worthy of a place in the memory of every aspiring young man: "If any one should be disposed to argue from the stormy and irregular life of Gambetta that moral strength and loyalty to principle and purity of well-ordered life are not essential in great political

leadership and statesmanship, he has but to look from the dead Frenchman, exhausted at forty-four, to the greatest of living Englishmen at seventy-three guiding with increasing wisdom and undiminished power the political destiny of his country."

—Dr. Edward Judson, of New York City, is writing the life of his father, the great missionary to India. That certainly must prove a satisfactory biography.

—The April *Century* from all accounts promises to be a most interesting number. Among its contents we note an article on "Visiting the Gypsies," by Chas. G. Leland; a poem by the late Sidney Lanier, the most novel feature of which will be Mr. Elbridge Kingsley's full-page wood engraving, "At Sea," designed and engraved without drawing or photography. Special mention was made of this remarkable piece of work in a recent lecture at Chickering Hall, by Dr. Seymour Haden.

—Joel Chandler Harris, author of *Uncle Remus*, will have in an early number of *The Century*, a new story entitled "At Teague Poteet's." It will be printed in two or three parts. We are anxious to judge of its merits, for it is the author's nearest approach to an extended work of fiction. "Teague Poteet" is a moonshiner, and the story is the raiding of the mountains by government officers in search of illicit whiskey.

—The little Latin monthly, *Latine*, noticed by us in a recent number, is making a decided hit. Its suggestions are good, and it gives many reliable hints to students of Latin. Among its supporters are college professors of fifteen states.

—*The Quarterly Review* has in its last issue a long, and on the whole appreciative, notice of American Literature. Judd and Simms, Brockden Brown, and other worthies of former times are praised, and the writer seems not insensible of the attractions of some of the novelists of the present day, such as Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Cable, and Mr. Edward Eggleston; but he singles out from his praise Mr. Howells and Mr. James. Their novels, he declares, are prosy, devoid of incident, &c., and have no story to tell. The whole essay is interesting.—*Critic.*

—A good many people will be astonished to learn that 105 editions of the New Testament in Greek, and sixty-nine editions of separate parts of it, have been published in this country. Of these twelve were printed abroad. The number of these editions testifies to the widespread interest in the study of the New Testament in the original among the clergy and laity of this country.

—The *Publisher's Weekly* gives a review of the publications of last year, with a statistical summary, from which we cull a few facts of special interest. The "Weekly Record" kept by that journal includes 3,472 entries of books, exclusive of new editions, or an increase of 481 over 1881. The publishing business reached its *minimum* in February and its *maximum* in December. The books of the year comprised 767 in fiction, 337 in *belles lettres*, 326 in theology and religion, 278 "juveniles," 261 in law, 221 edu-

cational works, 188 in medicine, 185 in travel, 184 in biographies, 118 in history, and 218 in science. The large preponderance of fiction is largely due to the popularity of the various "Libraries" in cheap reprints, but even with these fiction embraces but a little over 20 per cent. of all the books published—which is not a discouraging fact, especially when the excellent quality of most of the fiction of last year is considered.

—WORKS of fiction do not bring their authors so much money now as formerly. The London *Truth* says the prices now paid for works of fiction are small compared with those of 20 years ago. Mr. Anthony Trollope received more than £8,000 for two of his principal novels written between 1860 and 1865. Mr. Wilkie Collins received more than 5,000 guineas for *Armadale* before a line of the book had been written. George Eliot received £15,000 for one of her works, and on none did she make less than £8,000. At the present time Mr. Wilkie Collins probably makes most money by his books, but then he only writes at the rate of one in two years and a half. Novel writers who are dissatisfied with their returns may console themselves by remembering that £250 was the highest price ever received by Miss Edgeworth for a tale, and that Sir Walter Scott only obtained £700 for *Waverley*; for the copyright of *Evelina* Miss Burney was paid £20!

—THE first volumes of a complete edition of Martin Luther's works will be brought out this year in Germany, in time to celebrate the four-hundredth year of his birth; and three volumes a year will be published thereafter. It is a pity that the project was not undertaken at an earlier date, so that the completion of the edition, instead of its beginning, might have occurred at the coming anniversary.

—A Norwich publisher announces a book by the Hon. James G. Blaine, to be entitled *Twenty Years in Congress*, covering the period from 1861 to 1881. The book will be an inside view of the political history of the country during Mr. Blaine's public life, prefaced by an elaborate essay on the causes of Civil War. The work will make two octavo volumes, which will be profusely illustrated. This announcement awakens much curiosity as to the contents and value of the forthcoming book.

—MR. CHARLES H. PHELPS makes in the last number of the *The Nation* a circumstantial charge that Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft is parading in borrowed plumage. His books, it is said, are written by under-secretaries, Mr. Bancroft doing little more than revise the proofs, and not always even that. At most he is only the editor of the work done by a *corps* of ill-paid subordinates. Mr. Bancroft says the charge is untrue. The magnitude of the task requires the employment of assistants, but he writes at least one half of the mss., besides thoroughly revising the rest, and making it his own. It will be remembered he is writing the history of the Pacific States.

—A letter from Shelley, recently published, describes a visit to an Italian convent where Allegra, the short-lived child of Byron and Clare Claremont was at school. "Allegra," wrote

the poet, "yet retains the beauty of her deep blue eyes and of her mouth, but she has a contemplative seriousness which, mixed with her excessive vivacity, has a very peculiar effect in a child. Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children there. She seemed a thing of a finer and a higher order. At first she was very shy, but after a little caressing, and especially after I had given her a gold chain which I had bought at Ravenna for her, she grew more familiar, and led me all over the garden and all over the convent, running and skipping so fast that I could hardly keep up with her."

—Mr. Will Carleton, author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and other popular poems, is attracting large audiences to his "original monologue entertainments," entitled "The Golden House," and "The Science of Home." These are lectures in verse, illustrated with recitations of some of his published ballads and poems.

—Our Earliest Novelists the Best.—Any one who will go back to the works of the originators of American fiction will remark at once how thoroughly imbued were their minds with the traditions and national feeling of their own country. For them the awful forests and prairies of America and the heroic struggles of its early settlers against innumerable difficulties had infinitely more attractions than the "gilded saloons" of Paris and London, or even than the canals and palaces of Venice. The men and women who passed across their stage were peculiar to the land of their birth, and the land, as well as the people, was brought with marvellous distinctness before the mental vision of those whose eyes had never gazed upon either. It is true that these writers could not boast that they had made fiction a "finer art" than it ever was before, and they did not enjoy the opportunity of publishing elaborate praises of each other's performances in the pages of illustrated magazines. The most successful of all "fine art" in the present day—the art of puffery—was then comparatively unknown.

Another writer, whose works are far less known than they deserve to be in this country, but who produced numerous powerful sketches of genuine American incident, was William Gilmore Simms. No one, perhaps, in these days, reads the series of stories which Simms linked with events in the Revolutionary war, but they are much better worth reading than many of the novels which have made fame and fortune for inferior writers. Apart from their interest as stories, they have a permanent value for the fidelity with which they describe the South, and especially South Carolina, in the Revolutionary epoch.

Thousands of boys, it has often been said, have been sent to the sea by reading *Robinson Crusoe*, and with equal truth it might be affirmed that hosts of emigrants have been attracted to America by Cooper's fascinating pictures of the pleasures of wild life

in the wilderness. Most settlers found out, sooner or later, that across the Atlantic, as everywhere else, there is a very wide difference between romance and reality, and perhaps few of them have encountered Indians so noble as Chingachgook and his son Uncas, or hunters quite so unselfish as Leather-Stocking. These characters, and many others which Cooper brought into existence, will outlast all the creations of the school of Cooper's countrymen who have since risen up to profess the great and solemn principles of "æsthetic realism."—*Quarterly Review.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

ABOVE THE SEA.—The average height of the continent of Europe above the level of the sea is, according to Prof. Dana, 974 feet—the material of the Alps being equivalent to 22 feet of earth spread out over the entire area, and the material of the Pyrenees to 6 feet. The height of Asia is 1,150 feet; of Africa, 1,600; of N. America, 748; of S. America, 1,132; of Australia, 500. The highest of the continents, therefore, is Africa; the lowest, Australia.

—THE LARGEST PEARL.—The largest pearl in the world was recently found in Lower California (Mexico) by one of the pearl divers of a firm at La Paz. It has the shape of a lemon, and weighs 75 carats. Its length is one inch; thickness three-quarters of an inch. The largest known before this, which at one time adorned the crown of the Queen of Spain, was found on the same coast; and there is no doubt that Lower California is rich in pearls.

—TO SPLIT PAPER.—When one wishes to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article which is printed on both sides of the leaf, the leaf may be split in the following way: Paste a piece of cloth or strong paper on each side of the leaf. When dry, violently pull the two pieces apart, and it will be found that one side of the leaf has adhered to one piece, and the other side to the other. The paper is easily removed from the cloth by moistening the paste in water.

—BRAIN WEIGHTS.—The fact that the brain of the great French Republican, Gambetta, weighed only 39 ounces, while the average European brain weighs 49 1-2 ounces, has led to the publication of a number of brain weights. An illiterate bricklayer heads the list with 67 ounces, provided the statement in our last issue prove incorrect. We stated on the authority of *The Scientific American* that the brain of the mulatto who died recently in Cincinnatti, weighed 68 3-4; it is stated elsewhere to have weighed

only 61. Cuvier's weighed 64 1-2 ; the brains of Dr. Abercombie (physician) and Schiller, 63 ounces; Napoleon's and Daniel Webster's 57; Sir James Simpson's 54 ; Chalmer's 53. A man's brain generally weighs four or five ounces more than a woman's. In this connection it is interesting to learn that the average Chinese brain is heavier than that of any other nation, being 50 1-2 for males, 45 1-2 for females.

—Prof. Huxley is now more closely connected with Cambridge University, England. He delivers this year one of the regular courses of lectures, and will act as elector to the professorships of Anatomy and Physiology. *The Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., speaks of "Huxley, the great German evolutionist." He was born May 4, 1825, in Middlesex, England, was graduated from an English institution, has spent his life almost exclusively in England, and now resides in London.

—Seeing by Electricity.—The telephone is now followed by the electroscope, which makes it possible not only to speak with your distant friend, but actually to see him. Just as in the former instrument vibrations of air are transmitted, so in the latter vibrations of light are conveyed by means of electricity. To Dr. Gnidrah, of Victoria (Australia), belongs the distinction of the discovery. The trial of the wonderful instrument was made at Melbourne on the 31st of last October in the presence of some forty scientific and public men, and was a signal success. They sat in a dark room and saw projected on a disc of burnished white metal the race course at Flemington with its moving crowds. As they looked at the picture through binocular glasses, it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually moving among those whose actions they could so completely see.

—"The Missing Link."—It is claimed by some that this troublesome link, which figures so largely in discussions on the development theory, is at last found in Krao, "the human monkey," now on exhibition at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster. A writer in *Nature*, who has seen the curious creature, says that while she certainly presents some abnormal peculiarities, they are of scarcely sufficiently pronounced type to justify the claim. Krao is distinctly a human child, about seven years old, and possessing an average share of intelligence and the faculty of articulate speech. The low forehead down to the bushy eyebrows is covered with black hair. The whole body is overgrown with a less dense coat of hair a quarter of an inch long. The nose is low and short, with broad nostrils, merging into the full pouched cheeks, into which she seems to have the habit of stuffing her food, monkey fashion. The feet are prehensile like those of the anthropoid apes. Krao and her parents, also hairy people, were found last year in India by Carl Bock. If not the missing link, she is proof of a hairy race in further India.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

By Eu. Sr. Editor.

—ANNIVERSARY has come and gone.

—"HOW did you enjoy the speeches?"

—THE weather has been warm enough for moonlight strolls and the rustic *tete-a-tete.*

—WE are now on the home stretch. The brow of the hill was turned the 15th of January. Anniversary was the first mile post; Senior Speaking in April, the second; then—Commencement.

—THE election of marshals for Commencement in the Literary Societies results as follows: Phi., C. D. Ray, J. B. H. Knight, R. S. Green. Eu., J. H. Lamberth, I. G. Riddick, W. V. Savage.

—ONE of our young men who desired to make an eloquent speech on "patriotism," read carefully the life of "Doubting Thomas," hoping there to find a grand illustration.

—WE were glad to see several of the members of the General Assembly present on the occasion of the Anniversary. Among them Hon. H. R. Scott, Col. Toon, and Mr. J. Y. Phillips.

—WE inadvertently failed to mention in our last issue that Mr. W. O. Allen, formerly of the firm of Allen, Purefoy & Co., has associated himself with Frank and Adler, wholesale dealers in boots and shoes, Baltimore, Md. This house may well congratulate itself on the business talent, and long experience it has secured in Mr. Allen.

—Quite a number of the Alumni were with us on the 16th ult. Messrs. J. E. Ray, W. H. Pace, C. S. Farriss, W. N. Jones, B. F. Montague, and J. N. Holding, of Raleigh; W. E. Daniel, of Weldon, E. F. Aydlett, of Elizabeth City, W. J. Ferrell, of Wilton, L. T. Carroll, of Morrisville, and D. L. Ward, of Wilson.

—MESSRS CLIFFORD & AIRREY, the blind musicians, gave an entertainment in the College chapel Monday night, Feb. 26. Their comic songs of course brought them rounds of applause. Some of their selections were out of taste, others good.

—ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY has a man and his wife in the freshman class.—*Exchange.* We can beat that. We have a man in the Prep. Department who has a wife and four children. These he left behind, however.

THE rostrum of the College chapel has recently been handsomely carpeted. Also the windows in the rear have been covered, softening the light which was formerly somewhat painful to the eyes of the audience.

—A recent mail brought us the intelligence that the young ladies of Oxford Female Seminary had fitted up a reading room. We gladly send THE STUDENT, and hope it may find many readers among you, fair friends. Now publish a magazine, and let's exchange.

—DR. A. W. NELSON and Rev. E. F. Baldwin, are with us to preach in the series of meetings just begun.

—We extend the thanks of the College and community to Mr. J. Y. Phillips and Maj. Stringfield, of the House, and the Hon. H. R. Scott, of the Senate, for their successful efforts against the bill to abridge the limits of our protection against the evils of grog-shops. It was mainly through Mr. Phillips that the bill was defeated in the House.

—We are indebted to Mr. W. B. Pritchard, chairman of Committee of Reception, for an invitation to be present at the Commencement Exercises of the Medical Department of Central University, of Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 14th. Many thanks, Will; but your invitation came too late for us to attend.

—It was our pleasure to meet most of the Professors, and though they are all overworked, God has given them excellent health. During the past session there have been 167 students enrolled and others are expected. Prof. Royall has proven himself to be a manager of surprising ability, and the high regard in which he is held by both students and instructors insures the return of every old student and the attraction of numbers of others. *Biblical Recorder.*

—The Missionary Society of Wake Forest holds its meetings on the first Sunday afternoon of each month. Its February meeting was, perhaps, one of its most interesting. Well prepared essays were read by Messrs. E. Ward and N. S. Jones; and Mr. J. H. Lamberth's talk seemed to be enjoyed by every one. New officers were elected at this meeting. For President, H. B. Folk; Vice President, W. B. Morton; Secretary, C. G. Jones; Treasurer, Mrs. A. V. Purefoy.

—We were glad to see among us, on the 21st of February, Rev. W. P. Blake, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Weldon, N. C. His sermon on Wednesday night, so remarkable for its simplicity, was highly enjoyed by all. Mr. Blake has a peculiar power of impressing his audience with his own feelings, which results from his pure Christian candor. He will leave North Carolina in April for the Indian Territory to begin the work to which he has been called—that of christianizing the Red Man. Our wishes for his success in this noble work follow him, and we hope he may escape the blade of the tomahawk and the arrows of the bow, and that *they* may not escape the blade of the Spirit and the arrows of truth.

—One of our brother editors had a novel experience a few nights since. The night was dark. He was waiting for his chum in the shrubbery near one of the main walks. His chum was a Senior, and wore "the regulation." Presently he descried some one with a beaver coming, and stepping out took the arm of his supposed friend. Now, our brother was in trouble. His love affairs were not prospering. He began to tell his troubles—he unbosomed himself—he asked for advice, and still he did not see his mistake. You may know he was in deep trouble. With a low chuckle, his companion proceeded to advise him; but that walk had an abrupt ending. In a word, 'twas one of the Faculty.

—Wake Forest and the Local Option Law.—The Wake county members in the House of Represen-

tatives, endeavored to repeal the wholesome law guarding our College against the evils of grog-shops. The friends of the Institution certainly appreciate the timely and firm resistance of our friends in this matter, and especially that of Hon. H. R. Scott, of the Senate, and Maj. Stringfield, of Haywood county. Maj. Stringfield said that unlike most of the applications for a repeal of the local law, this Institution was the College of the largest denomination in the State—that our boys are there from all sections of the State, and it was, in a sense, a State institution, and he regarded every member of the Legislature as in honor bound to throw around it all the moral safe-guards possible. He could never consent to the repeal, and moved to lay the bill on the table.—*Biblical Recorder.*

—ONE of the most prominent members of the Junior class (looking as he does from a plain of over six feet above earth), at the social gathering in the Literary Halls cornered his "delight," and with countenance flushed with tenderness and eyes gleaming with love, was pouring into her eager ear the softest whisperings of the warmest affection. His rival, who, on the other side of the Hall, had been gazing upon the interesting scene with *his* countenance flushed with rage, and *his* eyes gleaming with fury, approached the oblivious couple; and fixing his eyes, flashing with desperation, on the tall Junior, who, by this time, was rising from his place of felicity, raved out in tones which made the listener quake: "This can be borne no longer! You shall die before the stars set and the moon hides her pale face (!)" "W-e-ll," said the other, looking first pleadingly at the *sweet cause* of this altercation, and then tremblingly at his foe, "I am as ready to go now as I'll ever be."

—REV. J. L. BURROWS, D. D., of Norfolk, Va., favored us not long since with his famous lecture on the Fall of Richmond. He described in a happy style the geographical situation of Richmond, and how difficult of approach it was by reason of the rocky, dashing James on one side, the Chickahominy, with its swamps, on the other, while high, precipitous bluffs kept back the enemy in front. Thus protected by natural walls, with the enemy outside, they thought Richmond would stand till judgment came, and when it came the enemy would have business elsewhere. But on the morning of April 3, 1865, consternation seized the people by the announcement that the lines of defence had been broken, and the enemy were marching towards the city. In the wild confusion and panic which followed, dwellings, business establishments, factories and churches were set on fire; goods of every character, including whiskey and brandy, were thrown and poured into the streets; and while wagons, carts, and wheelbarrows were gathering up and carrying off the one, the other, which was flooding the streets and filling the sewers, was dipped up and drunk by the hollow-eyed and wan—some even kneeling down and lapping it like dogs—(but dogs don't drink whiskey). Such was the horrible scene when the Federal army marched through the heart of the city. Instead of sacking

the city and spreading desolation in every quarter, as, perhaps, was expected, they set about to save it, and to establish order and quiet. So the city which was put in flames by Confederate panic, was rescued, as far as possible, by Federal effort. Dr. Burrows is quite an elderly gentleman, but in his sallies of humor and wit, happily combined with an elegant rhetoric and fine powers of description, he amuses, pleases, and entertains his audience, as though he possessed all the energy and vivacity of an earlier manhood.

—We have in truth been turning the leaves of some of the new books for the Library. The purchase, which is the largest made since the war, amounts to about $600, and is, we think, first-rate in quality. A noticeable feature of the collection is the tasty and attractive binding of most of them. The art of book-making, at least so much of it as pertains to the printing house, seems almost to have reached perfection. We are particularly pleased with the dress of the "English Men of Letters Series." We may mention but a few. In the field of history we notice Freeman's "Norman Conquest" and "English People in its Three Homes," Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea," Bancroft's "History of the Constitution," William's "Negro Race in America," "Campaigns of the Civil War," Wilkinson's "Ancient Egyptians," the History of India, of Switzerland, of Russia, of Spain, etc. In science we have the "Voyage of the Ship Challenger," Balfour's Embryology, Dawson's, Tyndall's, St. George Mivart's, complete works, Beale's "Protoplasm," "Past in Present," "Recent Origin of Man," etc. Literature is represented by Welsh's "English Literature," Oliphant's "Literary History," Montaigne's Essays, Dobson's "Eighteenth Century Essays," and others. Charles Reade, Trollope, Hawthorne, Jules Verne, Victor Hugo, in part supply the demand for fiction, and we may laugh over Mark Twain, Uncle Remus, and Artemus Ward.

—Anniversary.—"Anniversary has come and gone." That is true in part and in part untrue. The occasion, to be sure, has passed away; but much that came with it still remains, and its fruitage is yet to be seen in the future. Pleasing emotions with which a large audience was stirred, have ceased to effervesce; but the impressions have become memories as well, and will thus take on the glamour of the passing years. The anniversary celebration is an occasion in some respects the most important of the year. It is one in which the individuality of the student becomes more prominent, untrammelled by rulings of higher authorities. It is a time under the orderings and management of the students, more especially, and affords them an opportunity to try their strength, unsupported by the hands that have led them—and their weakness too, if youth has any. The occasion just passed has been, altogether, the most successful in the history of the Societies. And in some respects the most memorable. The early efforts of the most distinguished are seldom worth much in the light of later and maturer work; but they are

important items in studying those who have made a history. The essay or speech of many a young collegian has been forgotten till fame has lighted up his pathway and put his biographer on the way to earlier records. We do not mean to say that any one on the present occasion has reared a monument to himself or won his fame; but, if not deceived, we think some have furnished the very best material for the first chapter in their history, and if *we* should ever be called on to write that history, no time would be lost in serving it up in the proper order.

To particularize, we quote below from a report which we have already made and printed elsewhere:

The exercises of the occasion began at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 16th ult., with an animated discussion of the question "Ought immigration to be prohibited?" The debate was presided over by Mr. G. C. Briggs, of Asheville, N. C., in such a manner as the presence of that gentleman would insure, and Mr. H. P. Markham, of Durham, N. C., acted as Secretary. The dialectics were conducted by four young and well equipped debaters, and the delight was shared by a large and intelligent assembly. Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Charlotte, N. C., first speaker on the affirmative, said: America has always been a home for the oppressed. Hither they have come and have been welcomed. But the evils that come with those pressing in from all parts of the world overbalance the good. The castaways of Europe come here, and in their hands will soon be the balance of power. Old Worldism and superstitions are destined here to corrupt both society and government. The influence of Catholicism imported from abroad is to be looked on with dread. The Roman Catholic church is only a club for the accommodation of its members. They contaminate society and politics.

This is only one of the poisoning qualities of immigration. Immigrants, however low, become factors in our government, with all the rights of citizenship. The Nation seems safe; but if immigration goes on, the sun of the Republic will soon set in a sea of blood, to rise elsewhere, and on a people wiser than we.

Mr. D. M. Austin, of Wadesboro, N. C., in support of the negative, said: This Nation is young. Along the lines thus far are some points of weakness. But immigration is not one. The experiments have taught wisdom. Little over a century ago there were only 3,000,000 of people in this country. What did it need? The demand was for labor, and honest labor came. The industry has been quickened. This factor has rapidly effected permanent results. Witness New England. Immigrants have become assimilated with our people. They became patriotic, and fought and died for our country. It is objected that they have had their day and done their work. The country's natural resources are enormous. Foreign men and women are to develop them. Imported talent has been used in the highest offices. If these blessings have been so great, why not still? The great question of liberty is here to be solved. Here is to be broken kingly power. Here is taught the lesson that man can, and must be free. The spirit of liberty is energizing and vitalizing. Let it go

out from here to all lands that there is truth in liberty, power in liberty, life in liberty.

What Mr. W. F. Marshall, of Louisburg, N. C., had to say on the affirmative was in substance this: The presumptions in favor of immigration are, 1. That the comers are honest men ready to tolerate as well as enjoy civil and religious liberty, ready to make an honest living, to obey laws and become Americans; 2. That the strength of our civilization can assimilate all foreign elements; 3. That we have an abundance of room with no one to occupy it save those who come from abroad. These were once true, but not true now. Foreigners want *too much* civil and religious liberty. They do not assimilate with our country. American society is too complex for it. To unite with them, our standard must be lowered. It is a reflection on the rising generation to say that we cannot fill up and develop this country. Doubling every 25 years we (?) will soon have all the territory populated. It is time to stop this accumulation from abroad and go to work to develop what is at home.

Mr. H. B. Folk, of Brownsville, Tenn., in a broad sweep that shut the door against the affirmative and opened the ports of the migratory world, left nothing else to say. He said: Civilization sprang up in the East; and "westward the star of empire takes its way." What a country is here! Immigration has done good in the past. Like causes produce like effects. No one is so unreasonable as to suppose that 50,000,000 of people can develop a country capable of sustaining 800,000,000. Great plantations need men and money. Immigration brings annually $61,000,000. Records show the vigor and intelligence of immigrants to be above the average of their race. This is a composite nation. Here is seen the "survival of the fittest." Herbert Spencer thinks that here will be evolved the highest type of man ever seen. Our ancestros were immigrants. Among them are the great names of our history. Public opinion at home encourages immigration. Some nations abroad enact laws to prevent it. Restriction, not prohibition, is what we want. Prohibition violates the principles of this government. Isolation is a suicidal policy. Prohibition violates social and divine laws.

The vote was taken and the question was decided in the negative by 117 to 51.

At 7:30 o'clock p. m., the orations were delivered by the representatives from the Literary Societies. They had for a prelude the presentation of the "Magazine Medal" to Mr. W. H. Osborne, of Asheville, with some choice remarks by Senator H. R. Scott, of Rockingham co. Mr. Ed. S. Alderman, of Wilmington, Philomathesian orator, spoke on "The Homeless Race." The history of the Jews began with Abraham. Their sufferings through the centuries make that history a pathetic one. Crosses and crucifixes take strongest hold on humanity. God made the Holy Land and the poet, the one for the other. The Jews have never acknowledged any hand but God's. The greatest figures in history are Jews. What works they have wrought in art, in literature, in statesmanship! We dislike them; and we know not why. We believe in equal rights, and yet we

do not accord this to the Jews. It is a poor reason to maltreat a man now because his ancestors instigated Pilate to crucify Christ 18 centuries ago. All manner of persecutions have been heaped upon them. We should conquer our prejudices against them. What civilization is to do for the Jews and what they are to do for civilization, is the great problem of the age. It may be that after a training of 2,000 years Europe and the world will find in them a power too great to resist. The signs of the times suggest a great civilization in the East. The Turk feels that his day is over; the Jew looks for his in the future. No people has more right to glory in their ancestry. They gave us our devotional poetry, our Bible, our God! American hatred towards the Jew is a paradox.

Mr. Thos. Dixon, of Shelby, N. C., Euzelian orator, spoke on "The New South." The South, 25 years ago, was a land of beauty and wealth. War came and deluged it with blood, death, and desolation. She was still farther cursed with reconstruction, and its offspring, the Invisible Empire. The South is now recovering from those blows so terrible in their results. To-day a new spirit is abroad, which is working wonders. It is developing the country materially—her agriculture, mining, railroads, cotton mills, tobacco interests, &c. She still loves whiskey and will manufacture and sell it.

Politics have been affected by the new spirit—less attention given to them and more to work. Sectional hatred is dying. The social world has felt the new spirit—we are shaking off laziness. Education has received new impulse. The loveliest womanhood on earth is developing in the South. Our advancement has been phenomenal—no nation of history has made such progress under such circumstances. Still the New South is grand and poetic, more in what she promises to be, in what she *will* be. We need more hard work, men, and money. The destiny of the New South is inspiring. Her enormous territory is to be developed. Her boundless prairies and untilled acres will be waving fields of grain and cotton. The earth will yield up her treasures. Factories will convert our timber into lumber, furniture, and implements of agriculture, and every pound of our cotton into the finished fabric.

This speech on "The New South" is printed in full in the present number of THE STUDENT; and those who desire to read a fine address in which much of the oratory is left out can find it there.

In conclusion we say that to the judgment of these two gentlemen, we are indebted for a very important change in the character of the anniversary orations,—we mean the omission of the memorial part at the first and that taste-offending apostrophe at the close of the orations. Certainly we believe in honoring the dead; but it cannot be done in the manner hitherto attempted with any degree of sense or propriety by the young whose hilarious feelings on such a festive day can hardly be kept within reasonable bounds. W. H. OSBORNE.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

—'81. Mr. David L. Ward, who applied in February for license to practise law, has associated himself with Mr. S. C. Herren (once a student of this College), of Marshall, Madison county, N. C.

—'81. Mr. R. A. P. Cooley, formerly of Raleigh, and who also obtained license to practise law at the same time with Mr. Ward, will open his office at Nashville, Nash co., N. C.

—'77. Rev. C. W. Scarborough, of Wake Forest, has received a unanimous call to the Baptist church of Elizabeth City, N. C.

—'80. Rev. B. H. Phillips is now pastor of the important church at Reidsville, N. C.

—OUR good brother Aydlett, true to the duty and instincts of alma maternity, has gone to Wake Forest to attend the celebration of the Society anniversaries. Faculty and students of W. F., treat him nicely, for Ed. Aydlett is an honor to you.—*E. City Economist.*

—'39. ELDER W. T. BROOKS, D. D., was born in Chatham county, Dec. 6th, 1809. His father owned a farm of 1,500 acres of land, and raised a family of eleven children. The family lived comfortably, the boys doing a large part of the farm work, and the girls aiding the mother in the household duties.

It is difficult for the present generation to form any conception of the lack of schools and facilities for acquiring knowledge in those days. In 1812, there was no paper published in the State west of Raleigh; no public schools, and subscription schools were few and of short duration. Dr. Brooks has often described to the writer the school attended during his boyhood as "getting to baker and turning back schools." They continued in session long enough to enable a boy to begin with his letters and get as far as "baker," but the interval between that and the next session would be so great that he would forget everything and have to begin the second time at his letters. By the time he had reached "baker" a second time, the session would close. So it was getting to "baker" and turning back all the time.

In 1832, Dr. Brooks was baptized into the fellowship of the Rives' Chapel Baptist church, located about three miles from his home. The Baptist State Convention met with this church in 1835, and during its session was ordained to the work of the ministry. He was greatly interested in the discussion of our College during the session of the Convention, and after a long conversation with Dr. Wait, he determined to sell all that he had and get an education. It is remarkable that raised upon a farm so far off in the back country, and with so few facilities for acquiring knowledge, he should have been so quick to decide in favor of the value of an education.

In his diary kept at College, he tells us how much he enjoyed the beauties of the classics, and on the same page, how much he was troubled on account of ill health. The change from the

active life on the farm to the sedentary habits of the student occurred in his twenty-fifth year—too late for such a radical change in one's habits. Dyspepsia attacked him early in his College course, and remained with him as long as he lived.

The records of the College show that in scholarship he was "head and shoulders" above the other members of the first class graduating from this Institution in 1839. He holds an enviable position—the head of the first class graduating from our College, and the first on that long roll of energetic young men who, in spite of poverty and every other obstacle, have fought their way to an education. Such men have ever been the chief glory of this Institution. Immediately after his graduation he was called to teach in the College, and remained at his post till June, 1858. The writer met him first in 1857. As a teacher he was diligent and faithful, often enlivening the routine of the class-room with his genial wit. His health was delicate, and his digestion poor. The minds of men of robust health develop, grow round, ripen and mellow as they grow old. To men of poor digestion this is usually denied. Dr. Brooks was of the latter class. He had many gifts, and had his health been good, his life work would have been more marked. As a preacher he was tender and pathetic, and usually spoke with much power.

He was greatly beloved by his churches, and his twenty years at Henderson and thirty years at Mount Vernon, indicate very clearly his success as a pastor. Though sick and feeble during the week, when Saturday morning came, go he would to his churches. His ways in this respect often reminded me of the old prophet, —sick under the juniper tree and ready to die, but when it was time to pray God to give his people rain after a long drought, girding up his loins and running before the horses of Ahab's chariot.

He was a true friend of this Institution. He gave $500 for the erection of the old building. In 1854, he gave $500 for the endowment. In 1867, notwithstanding the war had swept away the bulk of his property, he gave $500 more, selling some of his land to pay his subscription. He often gave smaller sums. For a number of years he was President of the Board of Trustees of this College, and of our Baptist State Convention.

In 1839, he married Miss E. W. Fort, a daughter of deacon Foster Fort, of Wake county. Of this marriage four children were born, three of whom are now living. After the death of his wife, he married, in 1863, Miss D. S. Ray, who is still living.

For the last several years of his life, he was confined to his room and to his bed the greater portion of the time. But any mention of the College or the work of the denomination would rouse him at any time. And he seemed never to tire of talking about these two things.

"Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

L. R. MILLS.

Jan. 16th, 1883.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—The committee, appointed by the Association at its last meeting, held on the 5th inst. a consultation in Raleigh. The

following points in the programme for next Commencement were agreed upon:

1. That the regular meeting of the Association occur in the College Reading Room immediately after the address of the Alumni orator on Tuesday night.

2. That letters be written to the members of the Association urging a large attendance.

3. That simple refreshments be served in connection with short voluntary addresses by members.

The suitableness of the place proposed will commend itself to every one acquainted with the room. The committee thought further that it was appropriate for the meeting to occur immediately after the address, and that the time was fitting especially because the Board of Trustees would hold no meeting then, and all would not be worn out by the exercises of previous meetings. The third conclusion only conforms our programme to an all but universal custom on similar occasions. No one could object to ice-cream in June.

W. L. POTEAT,
Chairman of Committee.

WORTH REPEATING.

THE PROGRESS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

[From the MARCH CENTURY.]

In my morning journal stands five solid columns of advertisements of girls' schools. "It is fit," says Mr. Samuel Pepys, speaking of some new gown bought for his wife, "that the poor wretch should have something wherewith to content her." But it would seem that some hundreds of New York wives refuse to content themselves with these manifold educational concessions of the Pepysian spirit. For besides the journal lies a petition, very fully signed, a large proportion of names being those of women, which reads:

"We, the undersigned residents of New York City and neighborhood, beg leave to present our respectful petition: That in view of the present state of public opinion, both here and in other countries, touching the justice and expediency of admitting women to the same educational advantages as men, a state of opinion, especially evidenced by the recent action of the English Universities, of Cambridge and London, and in view of the influential position of Columbia College as among the oldest and most richly endowed educational institutions in the United States, and preëminently representing the intellectual interests of the city of New York, you will be pleased to consider how best to extend, with as little delay as possible, to such properly qualified women, as may desire it, the many and great benefits of education in Columbia College, by admitting them to lectures and examinations."

To many sober and conscientious persons, both men and women, this demand sounds absurd, needless, improper and dangerous. But do these objectors remember that every appeal for a better female education seemed, in its day, equally preposterous? It is hardly three centuries since Mademoiselle Francoise de Saintonge was hooted through the streets of her native village for proposing so disreputable a plan as the establishment of schools for girls in France, and her anxious father called in four learned doctors to determine whether this mad idea was not due to her possession by devils. The doctors pronounced her in her right mind, but her pious fellow citizens stopped the spread of immoral ideas by the conclusive argument of insults leveled at the teacher and stones addressed at the pupils. The progress of the next century and a half is recorded in Dean Swift's observation that men constantly asked each other whether it was prudent to choose a wife who had good natural parts, some sense of wit and humor, a little knowledge of history, the capacity to relish travels or moral and entertaining discourse, and to discern the more obvious beauties of poetry. The general verdict, he says, was against such attainments in women, because their tendency was to make wives preten-

tious and conceited, and not duly subject to their husbands.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague, translating Epictetus at nineteen, and sending her work to her kind friend, the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, apologizes at length for attempting a task universally pronounced unfit for a woman and certain to draw down censure upon her (excusing herself, however, by citing the opinions of Erasmus, in the Latin!) Nearly fifty years afterward, in advising her daughter concerning the education of a bright little namesake, she entreats that free scope may be accorded the child's capacity for the sake of the pure delight of learning and of her future happiness. But she adds the warning that, to insure a satisfactory marriage, the young girl's wit and acquirements must be as carefully concealed as a deformity, from a world which suspected or despised a learned woman. So strong, almost to our own day, has been this half-conscious contempt of the feminine mentality, that even Charles Lamb, that gentle and charitable soul, could speak of "L. E. L," with an unmanly sneer, and declare that a female poet, or female author of any kind invited disrespect.

It is but ninety years since an English woman published the first serious demand for the higher education of English women. Her public found the book immodest, irreligious, anarchic. Issued to-day, it would appear a harmless plea, a trifle heavy and conservative, perhaps for the thorough cultivation of the female mind, urged on social, moral, and religious grounds, and protesting against the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and the now forgotten Dr. Gregory. Mrs. Hannah Moore's dull novel of "Coelebs in Search of a wife," issued in 1808, contained, perhaps, the first argument in fiction that a ninny is not necessarily the ideal wife, or knowledge of the Latin grammar incompatible with a turn for housekeeping.

It was no scoffer but the sweet spirited Fenelon, who taught that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice. To Voltaire's love of epigram might be pardoned his saying that, "Ideas are like beards; women and young men have none." But Lessing was serious when he declared that "The woman who thinks is like the man who puts on rouge, ridiculous." And even Niebuhr, the large-minded, believed that he should not have educated a girl well, for he should have made her know too much.

It was the first care of the Pilgrim Fathers so establish schools. Girls were allowed to attend these two hours a days. But afterwards the system was remodeled in a spirit of wide liberality, and girls were suffered all day, in the summer. When women teachers came to be employed, they are required to "teach the English language correctly and the rudiments of arithmetic." In 1826, after a discussion of three years, the city fathers of Boston resolved to establish a high school for girls, on the model of its admirable high school for boys. But such an army of young women battered the gates of that educational heaven with storms of prayers, that, after a trial of eighteen months, the dismayed corporation decided—to enlarge the building and multiply teach-

ers? No, but to close the school altogether.

We smile at Monsieur de Saintonge and the sages of Boston. The two hundred and fifty advertisements refute the ancient prejudices. The innumerable names of women who have conquered success in Literature, science, art; as great organizers, administrators, educators, refute them. The very discussion of the hour puts them to silence, for it declares that the question is no longer whether women are worth educating, but what education is worth most to them. The point of view is changed because the social conditions are changed.

IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
And above on the vane,
In the sunshine and the rain,
Cut in gold St. Peter stands,
With the keys in his two hands,
And all is well.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
Ah! so loud, and mild, and sweet,
As the parson says his prayer
Over happy lovers there,
And all is well!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell,
Deep and solemn. Hark! again;
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hands upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Where all is well!

In the old church tower—
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know
All our joy and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well.

AGAIN.

Oh, sweet and fair! Oh, rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The Autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow.
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
For ever, ever more.

Oh, fit and few! Oh, tried and true!
The friends who met that day.
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said:—"Such days shall come again
For ever, ever more."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like—unlike—ever more.

For ghost unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred the harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said;
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same are not the same,
Oh, never, never more!"

—*Frazer's Magazine.*

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did we not rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we but willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding,
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming,
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heart-ache can cure.

Resolved to be merry,
All worry to ferry
Across the tame waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE OLD, ORIGINAL AND RELIABLE

PHOTOGRAPHER

of North Carolina at home again in

RALEIGH, N. C.

It is with very great pleasure that I announce to the citizens of North Carolina, and to the students of Wake Forest College particularly, that after an absence of several years, working in the interest of my profession in other States, I have returned to Raleigh, N. C., where I have fitted up one of the most complete and best equipped Galleries in the South, having procured a full set of instruments made by the celebrated optician of London, J. H. Dalmeyer, whose Lenses are acknowledged to be the best in the world. One of these instruments is particularly adapted for large groups, and I would particularly call the attention of Graduating Classes and Families to give me a call. With my long experience of over 30 years, and the best instruments that can be made, I ean guarante satisfaction.

J. W. WATSON.

Don't forget the new place, over Heller's Shoe Store, 31 Fayetteville, Raleigh, N. C.

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,

Steam

PRINTERS, BINDERS

AND

Blank Book Manufacturers,

RALEIGH, N. C.

We have just received a lot of new type and are now prepared to print

SCHOOL CATALOGUES,

REPORTS, CIRCULARS, &c.,

In the best style at low rates.

A FULL LINE OF LEGAL BLANKS at $1 per 100.

WE CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK OF PRINTING MATERIAL IN THE STATE.

If you wish anything in the way of Printing, Binding or Blank Books, address,

EDWARDS, BROUGHTON & CO.,
Cor. Salisbury & Hargett Sts.,
RALEIGH, N. C.

DURHAM TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.

These Goods are sold under an

Absolute Guarantee

That they are the **Finest** and **PUREST** goods upon the market;

They **ARE FREE** from **DRUGS** and **CHEMICALS** of any kind;

They consist of the **Finest Tobacco** and **Purest Rice-Paper** made.

OUR SALES EXCEED the products of **ALL** leading manufactories combined.

None Genuine without the trade-mark of the **BULL.** Take no other.

W. T. BLACKWELL & CO.

Sole Manufacturers. **Durham, N. C.**

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

REPAIRING WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. With thanks for past patronage, and asking a continuance of same, I am,

Very respectfully,

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL SEWING MACHINES is the LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME

BEST MADE

SIMPLE
STRONG
SWIFT
SURE

HAS NO EQUAL

IS ALWAYS IN ORDER AND WILL LAST A LIFETIME

SURPASSES ALL OTHERS

New Home Sewing Machine Co.

30 UNION SQ. NEW YORK

CHICAGO ILL.

ORANGE MASS.

FOR SALE BY

J. L. STONE,

State Agent,

RALEIGH, N. C.

SHALL BE PLEASED TO SEE you.

G. W. BLACKNALL,

Yarborough House,

Raleigh, N. C.

Table of Contents.

APRIL, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS

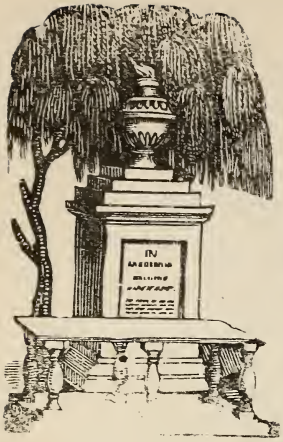
		Page.
Industrial Education,	J. H. Mills.	331
A Strange Adventure,	W. B. P.	332
The Deserter's Story,	I. G. R.	337
Graded Schools,	G.	339
Capturing a Whale,	Palmetto.	342
The Senior's Soliloquy,	T. D.	345

EDITORIAL.

Help for the Poor,	W. L. P.	347
Co-Education,		347
Self-Knowledge,		348
College Medals,	D. M. A.	349
Educational,		351
Literary Gossip,		354
Science Notes,		359
In and About the College,		363
Wake Forest Alumni,		370
Exchanges,		372
Our Book Table,		374

WORTH REPEATING.

Gambetta as an Orator,	Fornightly Review.	376



—IF YOU WANT—

Monuments and Headstones

AT BOTTOM PRICES,

Write to

I. W. DURHAM,

Raleigh and Winston, N. C.

1883. 1883.

Fashionable Clothing

—AT—

D. S. WAITT'S.

Short Sack Diagonal Suits, Four Button Cutaway Suits, White Vests, Nobby Style Walking Suits, Light Colored Short Sack Suits, Black Doeskin Pants, Fine D. B. "Prince Albert" Coats and Vests, in Diagonal, Granite and Black Cloth, Light Fancy Cassimere Pants. My stock of Hats, Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Notions and Small Wares is also complete.

D. S. WAITT,
52 Fayetteville St., RALEIGH, N. C.

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

REPAIRING WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

Students will find it to their interest to consult me before buying Badges.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

With thanks for past patronage, and asking a continuance of same, I am, Very respectfully,

E. EDGAR HIGHT,
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

PESCUD, LEE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

—DEALERS IN—

Fancy Goods, Perfumeries, Mineral Waters, Patent Medicines, Garden and Grass Seeds, Tobaccos, Cigars, Etc.,

Corner Fayetteville and Martin Streets, and 14 Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

APRIL, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 8.

EDITORS:

EU.	PHI.
SENIOR EDITOR.....G. C. BRIGGS.	SENIOR EDITOR.....E. S. ALDERMAN.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....D. M AUSTIN.	ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....H. B. FOLK.
ALUMNI EDITOR.....	.....Prof. W. L. POTEAT.
BUSINESS MANAGER.....W. S. ROYALL.	BUSINESS MANAGER.....W. B. POPE.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

BY J. H. MILLS.

Shall object lessons, Kindergarten instruction and industrial schools form a continuous course of study, and supplant the old apprentice system?

This question is before the country, and its sober consideration is a very important duty. The apprentice system is unpopular. The laws are tyrannical, and young America, even when anxious to learn a trade, is unwilling to submit to them. It involves hardship; requires patience and continuous endurance. On the other hand, object lessons are amusing; the Kindergarten is lively and attractive, and affords relief to toil-worn mothers. Industrial schools are popular, and promise to teach trades in hours usually devoted to sport. Most of the schools are yielding to popular demands in teaching calisthenics, gymnastics, attitudes, and military movements. The famous Dwight School, of Boston, has opened an industrial department, where boys learn to "strike square blows," to "cut a chamfer," to "make a tenon," to "dowel a plank to a post."

Gen. (Census) Walker thinks the Institute of Technology could furnish teachers for the industrial departments. But these industrial departments are expensive, and will add at least twenty dollars a year to the expenses of each boy. In the North, this sum is inconsiderable. Besides, expenses there can be reduced by the sale of work. In the South, we cannot raise the money to furnish a respectable literary course to half the boys competent to receive it. Then, our people have a blind prejudice against every thing made at home. They call for "store clothes," "Yankee soap," "Indiana wagons," and "Cincinnati buggies," when all these articles made in North Carolina are known to be superior to those they buy. Our farmers pay forty cents a quart for onion sets, when the same

articles (guilty of the crime of being raised at home and adapted to our soil and climate) are offered at five cents a quart. So, then, if Southern schools should incorporate the industrial feature, expenses would be increased, no profit could be realized on articles made, and attention would be diverted from solid attainments in letters.

No objection to attitudes, drills, quadrilles, calisthenics, gymnastics, and the like. Brass buttons are useful. They gratify the girls and escort the boys through the brazen age before they reach manhood. But, after all, boys need patient continuance in the Languages and Sciences until their thorough acquaintance is formed. They must love learning for its own sake. They must subdue the impatient rage to make money. They must learn to utilize (and not idolize) their pocket-books. I look back at the boys and girls whom I have known during the last fifty years, and, in the light of thoughtful observation, advise parents to see that their children spend as many years as possible with the most competent teachers of modern and ancient languages, mathematics, natural, moral and intellectual sciences.

When the literary course (whether long or short) is completed, a trade, a business, or a profession will be in order. Our country needs mechanics, factories, and clear-headed men in every profession. Jack-legs and pretenders will always give place to brain and brawn, which are each essential to the other.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY W. B. P.

Tom Bodine was a doctor, not a regular allopathic M. D., but an itinerant peddler of marvellous cures for corns, sprains, headaches, and the like. He called himself Doctor, and since almost anybody these days can be a doctor, nobody disputed his title. Tom travelled with an assistant, another doctor, whose name was Allen—Alfred Allen. As a rule, they met with more than average success; and it was a bad day indeed at the end of which they couldn't count up four or five dollars clear profit. They were given, however, to a species of amusement known as "getting on a spree," and these same sprees were of very frequent occurrence, and in consequence their finances were very frequently at a low ebb. Tom Bodine was born and reared in Taylorsville, my own native village, and he and I were thrown together in consequence most of our lives. Tom, however, was a wild, reckless sort of fellow, and had a great propensity for doing nothing. One summer's morning about five years ago, Tom disappeared, nobody knew where; but his parents were accustomed, and had been for some time, to his wayward habits, and they didn't feel any particular alarm, knowing full

well that Tom was possessed of the happy faculty of looking out for Thomas Bodine on all occasions. So, aside from a little momentary excitement, Tom's departure did not create much interest. Five years passed by, and, meantime, Tom had written a letter to his parents, telling them he was all right, and making money "practising medicine."

I had been travelling in the interest of a well known tobacco house, and being called to Jacksonville, Indiana, on business for the firm, I had arrived as far on my route as Evansville, a little town on the Ohio river, where I had been compelled to lie over to await the subsidence of the flooded river in order to cross, the bridge being considered unsafe. I had reached the place a little after midnight, and stopped for the night at the Buckingham Hotel, which was near the depot. Glancing over the hotel register as I signed my name, I was not a little startled to see there, in bold outlines, the name "Thomas Bodine, M. D., Taylorsville, N. C." I had hardly recovered from my astonishment, when the identical Tom himself appeared, coming up the steps from the hotel bar. Tom had evidently been down there some considerable time, judging by his flushed face and unsteady gait. He didn't know me at first, but catching a glimpse of my face as he started out of the office, his own face assumed an appearance of the most intense surprise, which was comical in the extreme.

Looking at me again—"If that ain't Dick Dunston, I'm a sardine!" he exclaimed.

"Of course it is, Tom. Where did you come from? How are you?"

"Well, this takes the cake! Where did *you* come from?"

Of course mutual explanations followed, and Tom turning round introduced me to his companion, whom he called Dr. Allen, telling me Allen was his partner at the same time. As a matter of course, Tom's next move was an invitation for all hands to go down and "nominate their pison." Declining his invitation on the ground that I never indulged, he next proposed that all three adjourn to his room and talk over "old times." This was a very agreeable sort of proposal, and we all went up to Tom's room, the clerk joining us after closing the office. In the course of the conversation, I noticed Tom and his partner, Dr. Allen, were constantly making allusions to some event which had occurred a day or two previous to this time, and finally, my curiosity becoming aroused, I asked what it all meant. Tom at first refused to tell me, and tried to put me off with a mere statement that the various remarks and innuendoes referred to, related to some experience he and Allen had undergone, which had been of a very unpleasant nature. Of course this didn't satisfy me. I was doubly curious and must know all about it now, at all hazards. So after trying to dissuade me from my purpose by telling me that I wouldn't sleep for a week afterward, that my hair would turn gray from horror, and such like, he finally agreed to disclose his tale of horror. I say now, and I am not ashamed to say it either, that had I known what I do now, I never would have pressed

the point, I would have taken his word for it, that I would afterwards regret having heard it.

"You see," said Tom, "Allen and I have been travelling through this state since Christmas, selling our own Patent Corn Remover (made of lye-soap, flour-paste and rose-water), and we were making money fast. We used to get our materials shipped to us ahead, writing to headquarters to ship to the next town on our route, and we would only carry with us a limited supply. About three weeks ago we came to a little town in eastern Indiana, Maysville by name, and we were financially strapped when we got there, and didn't have much 'corn-cure' on hand either. We put up at the hotel, however, and started to work and did a pretty good business as long as our stock lasted; but that gave out in about ten days, leaving us with about twenty-five dollars, and our next supply depot twenty miles away. You see we never carried money with us as we deposited all we made whenever we took out a new supply of medicine, to keep from "spreeing" it away. Well, as I said, we were there in Maysville with only twenty-five dollars, no stock, and the stage came only twice a week, and this was early in the week, and we had to wait for the next Saturday stage to go on to the next town, where we could get a new supply. We both got left, however, and lost all our money too, by imbibing 'most too fully of Kentucky corn juice, and so you see we were in a bad fix—no money to get away with, and we owed our landlord $12. We determined to walk it, and started for our valises, telling the landlord we would forward the money from the next town. He didn't see it that way, however, and told us we could pay him, or leave our baggage to be held until he *was* paid. Of course we couldn't do anything else, and so we put out for our destination with a twenty mile walk before us, no money, and in fact nothing but the clothes on our backs. 'Twasn't any use making a fuss about it, though; so we made the best of it and made a pretty lively start. Allen, here, and I walked on pretty well for about nine miles, and I began to get about as tired as you ever see anybody, and I told Allen that we must order a halt at the first house we came to. He was in favor of keeping on, but it was growing dark—we started at three o'clock—and I was so completely done for that he agreed to hold up for the night at the next house. We kept on for about a mile further, and had started into a cottage on the side of the road, when we heard some fiddles squealing away at a great rate just up in the woods a little piece off. That stopped the cottage business—you can just bet I was going where the fiddles were.

We walked up to the house and met the old man of the ranch at the door. He at first took us for common tramps, but our clothes were tolerably good looking, and Allen, here, has got such a soft tongue that the old man thought better of it, and may have believed our story. Any how, he asked us in, telling us we were in time to get a good supper and have a good jolly time, as his daughter was to be married that very night. We went in, were introduced all round, and as soon as Allen got at his ventriloquism (he's a ventriloquist, you know), we were in the

popular favor immensely; and when I took one of the fiddles and began to knock off the old Virginia reel, they couldn't do too much for us. We were the lions of the evening, old boy, and you can put your dollar on it that we had a lively time of it. After a while we all went in to supper—and it was a glorious spread, with plenty of twelve-year old apple-jack to wash it down—then we danced again, and as it was about one o'clock and we were tired, we thought about the sleeping part of the programme. I mentioned the subject to the old gentleman, and he was considerably worried about it, but told us he didn't have a bed in the house to spare—his house was full and run over, too. He told us he could put us in a mill-house of his, about a quarter of a mile off—that is, if we were not afraid of ghosts, and that was the best he could do. Now you know, Dick, I never was a believer in ghosts; I mean I didn't believe in them before that night—I'll tell you my present opinion on the subject later. I told the old man just to show us the way, and we'd try the ghosts any how. Allen didn't like the idea so well; he didn't care so much about it; but Allen's a sort of chicken-hearted fellow when you talk about ghosts any how (I'll have more respect for his opinions hereafter), and I finally persuaded him to go.

The old man got a light and went ahead to show us the way. He didn't render Allen's mind any easier on the way, by telling how two men who had slept in this mill before, had never been seen since, but I only laughed at both of them. We walked along by the mill pond, and I confess it *did* make a sort of creepy, crawly feeling run over a fellow to look at those dark shadows on the water, in the pale moonlight, and to hear the hoarse, harsh croakings of about ten thousand green-backed frogs. But I laughed at at my own feelings, and went on whistling, laughing, and talking, up the old mill stairs to an upper room, where the old miller who had once owned the place, had lived. He had died there too, and been buried in the pond, leaving instructions to his heir, (our host) that nothing in his room was to be disturbed. I looked around, seeing a nicely prepared room, with a soft, rich carpet on the floor, large, clean looking bed, and all the appurtenances of a well furnished room, and as soon as our host left, I began to shuck off my clothes. Allen didn't seem to be in such a hurry, but when he saw me preparing to retire, he undressed in a hurry, and was in bed before I was. He didn't mean to get left, I can tell you—the old man's tales had affected him not a little. I finally undressed, and, much against Allen's will, blew out the candle, and jumped into bed. Allen, from some cause or other, notwithstanding his fears, was soon asleep; but tired as I was, somehow I couldn't, for the life of me, get even into a doze. I was lying there, cursing my luck, when I thought I saw a light through the chinks of the door—yes, it certainly was a light, and while I looked, the door opened (I had locked it), and a woman came stalking into the room with what looked like a candle in one hand, and something that had the appearance of a sword or rapier in the other.

Gentlemen, I confess I was, to say

the least, taken by surprise. At any rate, it was my first experience in receiving visitors at that hour, and my want of hospitality in not offering her a seat, you will grant me, was excusable. I can joke about this now, but it was decidedly no joking matter then, I can tell you; for the perspiration came out all over me, cold as ice. I began to shake as if I had a chill, and I don't know about it, but perhaps even my hair stood out on end. This woman, or whatever she was, started towards me, but that was just one too many for me. I raised up on my elbow and asked if she wanted anything. I didn't know what else to say just then, and was bound to say something. I asked her very politely, but she answered never a word. She merely beckoned with her finger for me to get up. I told her I'd of course do anything she said, but I proposed that my partner be awakened first. She shook her head and frowned a negative—not *very* fiercely, but at the same time I thought I had better not do it—always give up to the ladies, you know. I got up, and throwing my cloak over me, at a sign from her I followed her out into the passage. I had noticed whenever a breeze would come in a line with her towards me a peculiar earthy, mouldy, and sickening smell, disagreeably suggestive of grave-yards; but I followed on—I didn't dare do anything else—and she went first right up a winding stairway to the attic of the mill, through several rooms, and then over to the other side, where she went through a door in the back part of a room there, and down some steps which I soon began to think would never end. I really had an idea that the old gentleman below wanted me bodily, and was sending for me in this way (lots of men, you know, are led this route by the fair sex). We finally reached a door, through which my strange, weird guide passed and closed as soon as I had followed; and taking the lead again, with her ghostly candle throwing curious shadows along the walls, we went on through several slimy, snaky passages, until we came at last to a low-roofed, dark, damp-smelling chamber or vault, and right in the middle of the room, resting on two supports, was a long black coffin-shaped box. Gentlemen, there's no doubt about it, my hair *did* rise then, for I thought I was to be buried alive, and that I was looking on my own coffin. My thoughts on the subject were put to flight by hearing the woman speaking to me:

"Take this rapier," she said, "walk round that coffin three times; at the end of the third round, thrust the rapier, with all your strength, into the head of the coffin."

She handed me the rapier, and holding the light up in her right hand as high as she could reach, stood looking at me. With terrible forebodings for the consequence, and yet not daring to disobey, I started on my walk—my knees trembled and knocked together, my arms shook; my eye-balls protruded from their sockets; a cold, clammy sweat broke out on my forehead as I slowly, but with unerring certainty, approached the fatal end of my third round. At last it was reached. I paused—my agony was terrible! my fear was agonizing! I raised the sword aloft, and closing my eyes and with a

half-uttered prayer for mercy. I thrust, with all my might, and—*waked up to find I had rammed my finger half way down Allen's throat.* It took me ten minutes, too, to persuade him I was not trying to murder him.

Tom Bodine is still alive, but he owes it to his legs, for it certainly is not my fault.

THE DESERTER'S STORY.

BY J. G. R.

Some years ago it was my pleasant duty to carry one of Gen. Lee's veterans a long distance in a buggy. After having amused myself for some time by listening to the monotonous whir of the wheels in the sand, I, as small boys generally do, became restless, and in my fidgetings reminded my companion of my presence by frequent punches in the ribs. And to stop my rather uncomfortable movements, he related to me "The Deserter's Story." It was in that dark and terrible period of the winter of 1864. Gen. Lee was slowly but surely retreating, pressed back by the overwhelming forces of Grant, fighting and stubbornly contesting every foot of ground gained by his adversary. In that retreat none rendered more efficient aid than the cavalry of that staid and almost irresistible cavalier, Wade Hampton. It was to his command that the hero of my story belonged.

After a day which had been spent in hard fighting combined with long, weary marches, a few of his veterans were sitting around their camp-fire, cooking their scanty rations, and enjoying the soldier's delight, a corn-cob pipe, full of "old field" tobacco. While thus employed, they were talking of one of their comrades who had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared some time previous, when the sentinel challenged. Imagine their astonishment, when, looking in the direction indicated by one of the number, they saw their comrade standing before them, ragged and worn-out, with a look on his face that said in language stronger than words, "There is no more for me to live for now." They immediately crowded around and began asking him where he had been, and what he had been doing, but the only answer they could get from him was, "I am a deserter." Although surprised beyond measure that one so faithful and devoted to the cause of "Dixie," as he had been, should now himself confess that he was a deserter; and although much grieved to do the least harm to such a favorite, yet they knew their duty; so they arrested him, and took him to their General. After he had been carefully examined, and having admitted everything with which he had been charged, the general rendered the verdict "guilty

of desertion," and then was pronounced the harsh, but just sentence, "You shall be shot."

Then it is we see the true man in all his manliness, the true hero in all his heroism; for, though knowing when he received his sentence that he had but a short while to live, yet he never flinched, nor by the movement of a muscle did he betray any feeling. At length all the arrangements are completed. Our hero is standing leaning on the cannon to which he has been bound, while at his breast are aimed twelve muskets, in the hands of his sorrowing comrades, waiting for the command to be given which would send him into eternity. Having been asked if he wished to say anything before death, he made the following statements:

"Comrades, I thought once that I would make no explanation of my actions, and let God alone judge me, for I know I will get justice there. But again considering that there might be some friend who would be glad to know that I am not altogether the degraded wretch deserters are thought to be, I have concluded to explain. Just two months ago to-night, as I was on my way to relieve the picket, the chaplain handed me a letter. In the direction I at once recognized the unsteady scrawl of my little girl. And in my imagination I was at home, sitting on the front steps with my loved wife beside me, while on the grass plat, under the old cedar, that stands just at the door, my darling little girl was at play, and her peals of merry laughter sent a thrill of joy to my heart. But this pleasure dream of happiness was broken by dreadful forebodings of evil, and it was with trembling hand I tore open the letter, and read the following:

'Dear papa:—Mother is sick in bed, so she told me to write and tell you to come home, if you wished to see her any more in this world. Papa, please come! It is so lonely here at night, and Mamma just moans and continually calls for you. And oh! Papa, my head aches so badly that I would go to bed myself, if it was not for Mamma. She says you are fighting for "Dixie." Can't you leave "Dixie" for a while and come to us?"

Comrades, I went immediately to the proper persons and showed them this letter, and asked for a furlough of two weeks. After three weary days, my petition came back, and across it were written the words, "Not granted." I was shocked at this injustice, and in one brief moment, every spark of love for the cause I had fought for, died. And in my agony of mind, I said aloud, 'I will go to my wife and babe, no matter what the consequences may be, even though I die for it.' That very night I started for home on foot. After weary tramping, on the eve of the third day just as the sun was setting and throwing a halo of glory on all nature, I came in sight of my home, and with faltering steps I approached the gate. There was no loving wife sitting on the door steps, to rush into my arms and drown me with kisses of welcome. No darling little girl was playing on the grass to drop all her playthings and run and take Papa by the hand and lead him to the house. So, silently lifting the latch, I walked in. Comrades, should I live a thousand years I should never forget that

scene. My wife lay in an utterly unconscious state, so pale and deathlike from the ravages of fever, that I scarcely recognized my once blooming and happy bride. She gazed at me from her glassy eyes, as if I were some demon; while ever and anon there escaped from her thin and parched lips a low moan of pain and agony which pierced my sorrowing heart through and through. At her bedside sat my little girl, and in her tear-filled eyes was that same wild, indescribable look which characterizes her disease. Hearing me enter, she looked up, and recognizing me, flew into my arms, saying, "Oh, papa! I am so glad you've come," and then fainted. I laid her by her mother, and all through that night I attended to their wants as best I could. Just as the first faint glimmerings of light begun to appear, and as the first little birds began to sing their welcome to the coming day, a smile almost divine lighted my wife's countenance, and, seeing it was I bending over her, she called my name just once. Then I could almost feel the breath of her pure spirit, almost hear the rustling of the angels' wings as they swiftly bore her upward to dwell with her Maker. In the afternoon our little girl quietly passed away, and went to join her mother in that beautiful home above, where there is no fever. I buried them in the same grave, under the same old cedar that our little girl used for a play-place, and with them I buried every tie that bound me to this life. Without stopping to shed one tear over the grave of my all, I have returned to camp to pay the penalty of desertion. Comrades, I don't expect what I have said to have any effect on my sentence, for I would not change it if I could. I am ready, willing, and anxious to die. And, my fellow-soldiers, whose painful duty it is to take my life, towards you I bear no ill-will. I know you do it only because it is your duty. I have finished."

Immediately the command was given, and our hero fell, pierced by half a dozen bullets. I leave you, reader, to judge for yourself whether he was a deserter, or not; and as such, whether he deserved his hard fate.

GRADED SCHOOLS.

BY G.

An attempt to express a few thoughts on this subject vividly reminds me that Teaching was a jealous mistress, but Law is an exacting one; so time would be wanting, even had I the ability, to roam the enchanting fields of polite literature, culling rhetorical flowers and binding them in literary bouquets. Then, too, Modesty lifts her hands in horror, and suggests the propriety of a blush, even at the bare announcement of this subject; for we may truthfully say with Locke, "The commonwealth of [teaching] is not at this time without master-builders whose mighty designs in advancing

[education] will leave lasting monuments to the admiration of posterity."

All the way from where the Atlantic's boisterous billows chase each other over our eastern sand dunes to the very crest of the Smoky Mountains, from the borders of the "Old Dominion" to the "Palmetto State," our people are on the *qui vive* in regard to education. We think we can see already along the horizon the roseate tints of the coming dawn when the "Old North State" shall arouse herself from her Rip Van Winkle slumber, and become the New North State. The number and nature of "school bills" before the General Assembly of 1883, teach us in language unmistakable that public education is imbibing new life and vigor. Ignorance, affrighted, will plume her pinions for more congenial climes. This is but the beginning of the good that must come from our Graded and Normal Schools.

In considering the subject before us, two questions arise: 1. What is a Graded School? 2. What peculiar advantages does it possess? Simple as seems the first of these questions, there seem to be some erroneous ideas prevalent as to what a graded school is. One thinks of a graded school as one in which the teacher does all the work, and by some means the pupils derive the benefit. No view can be more fallacious. As well might one expect to develop his muscle by gazing admiringly on the feats of some renowned gymnast. Another thinks of it as a school where old ideas and methods are forever banished, and a new order of things prevail. Instead of the old spelling-book is found the Reading Chart; other school apparatus have superseded the time-honored birch, to the musical movements of which many a luckless urchin has danced, and—not sung, but there was a vocal accompaniment of some sort; songs and calisthenics have displaced the music and motions of former days. These are good changes, if properly attended to, but they are not distinctive features of a graded school. Still another thinks of it as a school in which all the pupils of about the same attainments in different branches are classed together. This is approaching the truth, but not exactly correct.

"A graded school," says Wells, "is a school in which the pupils are divided into classes according to their attainments, and in which all the pupils of each class attend to the same studies at the same time." This latter clause of the definition is a very important one, as we shall see when we turn to the second division, and look for the advantages of the system.

We would notice: 1. It makes division of labor possible. To the real, true, conscientious teacher, who believes with Dr. Channing, that "there is nothing on earth so precious as the mind, soul, and character of a child," the work done in our common schools is very unsatisfactory. Suppose the school consists of twenty pupils, ranging in height from two to six feet, their mental capacities and their attainments are more varied than the cut and color of their clothes. Would it not require a magic touch from some fairy's wand to reduce such a heterogeneous mass to order? Classify as far as possible, and still not more than fifteen minutes can be devoted to one

class during the day. Then very few people can step gracefully from an imaginary stroll with Horace about his Sabine farm, or from following Æneas through the streets of burning Troy, or from listening to the cries of the shades of the departed as they gather around the "much-contriving" Ulysses, or from the conversation of Socrates as he prepares for his draught of the fatal hemlock, down to b–a ba. Numerous other transformations, equally as difficult, must be made during a day. Nearly all of our villages have five or six teachers employed, working separately, and all working under these disadvantages. Now, if they were all combined, they could be properly graded, and each grade could have at least half of the teacher's time and attention. Better order, better teaching, and better results would be secured from this division of labor.

2. A better opportunity is thus afforded for the study of the pupils. The key to success in teaching lies in this one thing. The teacher must know what is known and what is unknown to his pupils, that he may know what to teach them. He must know their likes and dislikes, that he may know how to teach them. He must know their feelings, their whims and fancies, that he may know when to attempt to teach them. In short, no amount of studying a subject, important as it is, can ever compensate for a want of study of the pupil's nature. This second advantage, then, is the better opportunity for studying the objects as well as the subjects taught.

3. The indolent are forced to apply themselves to keep pace with their grade. This is free, too, from most of the objections urged against prizes, medals, etc. These in many cases lead the delicate and already overtasked, but ambitious, boy or girl to put forth efforts that work a life-long injury, while the lazy ones are not at all influenced by them. But the possibility of falling behind the grade urges the most indolent to more faithful application.

4. Uniformity of mental development is secured by the graded school. Every pupil must master every subject of his grade before he can leave it. In most of our common schools children are permitted to give more attention to one branch than another, and they are permitted to join the higher classes as soon as they are sufficiently familiar with that one particular subject, even though that familiarity be obtained by neglect of something equally important. How often do we find a child with the highest class in Grammar and the lowest in Arithmetic, and *vice versa!* The teacher conscientiously believes he is following the dictates of Nature, and allowing the child to do that for which he has talent. It has even been said that any other course would be an attempt to shape every mind in the same cast-iron mould. This is a sad mistake. It is the weak points both of body and mind that require most exercise, that they may be equally developed with those more favored by Nature. Of what service would a giant's arm be if attached to an infant's body? Abnormal mental development is equally worthless. It is uniform powers of mind that enable us to reach "the heights by great men gained and kept." This is the kind

of education of which Milton was thinking when he said: "I call a complete and generous education, that which fits men to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices both public and private, of peace and war, inflamed with a study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with the high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous for all ages."

These are but a few of the advantages of the system, others will present themselves to those interested in the subject.

CAPTURING A WHALE.

BY PALMETTO.

"Strange creatures round us sweep;
Strange things come up to look at us,
The monsters of the deep."

The dawn of morning at Charleston on the 28th of September, 1879, disclosed a sky overcast with clouds. Weather indications had pointed to the 29th as the time when the equinoctial storm would occur; but it needed no weather prophet's eye to tell what would take place in a few days. Already the wind had veered round to the east, and black clouds were hastening to their rendezvous in the western sky, where they were being marshalled and stationed to await orders for a general charge. The storm signal flag was hoisted over the Custom House; and the full-spread white wings of the fishing smacks and pilot boats could be seen as they were making their way for their moorings in order to abide the storm.

Word reached the city by one of the fleetest of these crafts that a huge whale was seen hovering off the bar. The sudden news of the advent of Queen Victoria could not have spread more rapidly throughout the city.

"What brought him here?" some asked. "How came he here from his 'pasture ground' in the Polar sea without any mariner's compass?" "Oh, he is probably some wanderer over the broad ocean, and, seeing a terrible storm making, has put into land to rest in safety and feed calmly on small fish instead of the ocean blubber!"

It was told that the foreigner seemed inclined to enter the harbor; but, whether, unacquainted with the shoals and reefs, he was seeking a pilot, or merely awaiting high tide, was a matter of doubt. In a short time the wharves and whole water-front became thronged with people, eager to see the monster of the deep—a sight novel to the oldest inhabitants of "the city by the sea."

The men set themselves about preparing means in order to give him a reception in keeping with his majesty's importance. Some procured

lances, some with difficulty unsheathed the rusty war sword, while others with their rusty Confederate bayonets—all embarked in boats, excited with the anticipation of a whale-fight.

Sure enough, at high water the whale was descried at intervals, as he came up for air, cautiously wending his way into the harbor. On, on he comes: now he is opposite Comings' Point; now he is between Forts Moultrie and Sumter, round which he lingers a little while, as though admiring its historic, war-battered ramparts. Is he not afraid that he is travelling over dangerous ground? Does he reflect on what fate other invaders met on this same ground in '63?

Again he resumes his course toward the city, too unconscious of the great ripple of excitement that he had already occasioned, and the fate that was in store for him. Coasting past Fort Johnston, he sped past the quarantine station, wholly regardless of our quarantine laws. Approaching the city, he glides along the water-front, eliciting the admiration of the gazing multitude.

When fairly opposite the city, a sailor in a little boat which chanced to be in his way, cast, prematurely, a pike that grazed his back. At this, his first note of welcome, the animal made a tremendous spring, and reared his whole body above the water—to the great delight of spectators.

He continued his course as far as the light-ship station at the further end of the harbor, and wheeling around this, began retracing his path, rising at short intervals, and each time, from his water-spouts, jets of water, fountain like, spurt into the air. When just off Castle Pinckney the steam tug Wade Hampton stole in his course, and the harpooner hurled his weapon, which had only the effect of making a slight incision, and enraging the animal. He darted aside, and lifting his tail to a perpendicular position, lashed the water with a violence that sounded like the roar of a distant tempest, and could be heard for several miles off. He then disappeared again.

The surface of the water for some distance around is dotted with small boats, and the question is asked, Where will he rise next? Each crew is struck with the presentiment that they may at any moment be shot up into the air, should the whale in his frenzy rise under them. Relief comes as he is seen making his appearance near the tug Republic; and, indeed, so near does he come that it seems to make him desperate, and he again places his head downward, and, lifting his fluke, drives in the door of the engine room of the tug-boat, and vanishes to the bottom.

Once again dismay seizes the breasts of those in small crafts, at the thought of his second rising in their midst. They had not long to wait, for suddenly all eyes are drawn to the sight of a small ship-yawl which shoots up ten feet into the air, precipitating the occupants some distance harmlessly into the water, and itself coming down bottom upwards. The monarch, appearing to feel himself master of the occasion, plays around a little while on the surface of the water, ever and anon emitting volumes of vapor and fluid.

The boatmen, plucking up courage, drew around him in a circle, and at a

given signal, a myriad of missiles were launched against him, many piercing in various parts of his body, but the majority whizzed harmlessly over him and buried themselves in the deep. Writhing with pain, as he was on the point of going down again, a well directed harpoon, from the hands of an old weather-beaten tar, sunk itself in the back of the whale. To the harpoon was attached a rope, several hundred yards long, carefully coiled in the bottom of the boat.

When struck, the whale bounded forward with a rapidity which caused smoke to come from the friction of the rope in the process of uncoiling. Ah, what do you imagine would have been the fate of the harpooner had he not warily avoided the coil? Doubtless that of the ill-starred whaler in the Arctic sea, whose leg was wrenched off and body hurled fifty feet into the air. On dashed the whale, and out spun the rope. It soon became apparent that the rope was reaching its end—then what? They had scarcely realized their full peril, when, in the twinkling of an eye, they felt themselves jerked so abruptly that they were toppled over on their backs; but the helmsman, standing on the stern seat, was thrown overboard, and afterwards picked up. When the others regained their seats, they found themselves rushing through the water at such a mad speed that they were compelled to sit in the stern to keep the bow from running under water.

The whale, piling high the foam and spray before it, was making for the open ocean. What would become of them? At this thought, they were frozen to their seats with terror. However, as he neared Fort Sumter he seemed to miss the channel, and, instead of keeping a straight course, made a circuit, and cruised along the Mt. Pleasant shore of the harbor. At length, the men in the boat gradually felt their speed lessening as the animal's strength was declining; until at last, wearied and exhausted with loss of blood, like a sea-beaten bark, he stranded on a reef jutting out nearly to the channel of the ferry boats.

During the excursion of the whale around the harbor, the whale-fighters, who had been left in their positions of attack, had been looking on in breathless suspense; and as soon as they observed the halt made, they bent their muscles to the oars, and approached the spot. There lay the monster panting, his life apparently at its ebb. So passive did he seem that many eager ones were entirely disarmed of further fear, and were on the point of moving up to him, when the body was observed to twitch, move forward, then gathering up its final resources, with a tremendous effort, swept the surface of the water with its tail, raised it aloft and brought it down with a force that would have shattered any of the small crafts to atoms, had they approached a few feet nearer. 'Twas death's struggle, for in a minute after he rolled over on his side, and gasped out his last breath.

When probed and proved to be dead, a stout hawser from a steam tug was "made fast" round his tail, and he was towed to the city, where he was hauled up on the marine railway and put on exhibition.

On measurement, he was found to be 40 feet long, 15 feet across, and 12

feet deep. The head of the whale is disproportionately large, measuring one-third of the entire bulk; and the jaw-bones to this one were 16 feet long. The lips, when ajar, display a cavity capable of receiving an ordinary sized fishing boat with its crew. The blow-holes, more familiarly known as water-spouts, which have been compared to natural "jets d'eau," are located on the very crown of the head, and present a very unique feature in the structure of this animal. Its two "swimming paws" are placed immediately behind the eyes. These are said to act only as rudders to guide the whale, while the tail serves as propeller.

If their age can be determined by the notches on the whale-bone, then this one was twenty years old—lacking five years of being full grown.

When the whale had stood the test and satisfied the curiosity of at least twenty thousand eyes, he was turned over to a gang of experienced Norwegian sailors to perform the operation of flensing, or extracting the oil and whale-bone. Lodged beneath the skin, and surrounding the whole body, is a deep layer of fatty substance called blubber, which yields, on expression, nearly its own bulk of "thick, coarse, viscid oil." "It is by this covering that Providence enables them to defy the most dreadful extremities of cold, and to preserve a strong animal heat even under the eternal ice of the Pole."

The sight even of the whale here described, is sufficient to confirm to the mind of any one who is disposed to question the enormity and prodigious strength of these animals, the fact that the whale is, of all animals, "the mightiest that swim the ocean stream;" that placed along side of it, Barnum's famous Jumbo dwindles into a pigmy.

THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY.

BY T. D.

We have just passed the last bend of the river, and are drifting with the current, which will soon bear us to the ocean's swelling tide. There is but a little way yet to go. In fact, as the eager ear listens, the roar of the waves can be heard, and, as the restless eye glances along the stream, their foam-capped tops can be plainly seen. Of that ocean with its ceaseless activity, its wonders, its sunshine and its storms, we have dreamed since childhood. The old seamen need not grumble if these young prospective sailors are impatient to leave the safe river channel for the blue deep. Let them remember that they were once so. They tell us that the happiest days of life are being spent now; that, when we venture out to sea, a storm may strike our vessel, and wreck will follow. This may be so, but the defiant spirit of

youth cries, "Press onward! Let come what will!"

When we think of the past, in one light, it seems but yesterday since we landed at college as fresh, as verdant, as unsophisticated as the law allowed. How dim and distant then was the closing of Senority. Four long and bloody years! What an age! What grandeur and glory and sublimity, in our mind, surrounded that far off scene! Yet, here we are, and where is all that glory and *eclat* of which we have dreamed? Oh! it has moved on some ten or fifteen years into the future, and has grown so much faster than we, that really we feel much smaller than four years ago. For every inch of mental expansion, the horizon, which bounds the range of our vision, has expanded miles.

Glancing over the past from another standpoint, we conclude that it has been truly a long time since the beginning of our collegiate career. We find we have grown older—that during this time radical changes have been wrought within. In fact, we begin to be dimly conscious of the truth that our characters have been formed. We remember crises which have faced us from time to time, and can now begin to realize the result of the decisions which settled them. Many tender memories smile at us from out the past. And, now and then, from behind some wreck, or out of some dark pitfall into which we have stumbled, an evil spirit grins. Among the shadows, too, here and there may be seen flitting the ghost of a dead hope or broken resolution.

These may have been our happiest days, but we would not live them over, again. A friend whispers that the *end* of college life and the *commencement* of a new oneare fast approaching. We cannot but say with the immortal Patrick: "*Let it come! I repeat it ,Sir, let it come*!"

EDITORIAL.

HELP FOR THE POOR.

Georgia certainly never saw a more imposing funeral than that of her most distinguished citizen, the late Governor Stephens. The interest of the occasion centred in the address of Gen. Toombs, who for some minutes was unable to begin for emotion at the loss of his friend. That was the most eloquent address; but the highest eulogy of the eminent man was spoken by Chief Justice Crawford, who said that out of his limited means Mr. Stephens had educated 122 poor young men, and that a green country boy went to Crawfordsville to solicit aid of Mr. Stephens, and forgetting his name, asked: "Whar does the man live that eddicates poor boys?" and every hand in the crowd pointed the boy to Liberty Hall, sitting on an adjacent hill.

We wish to commend this illustrious example to all who have means as not only one of beneficence, but of wisdom. There can surely be no stronger appeal than that of the youthful mind which, with just enough light to yearn for more, cries out to the generous for help as it struggles out of the darkness. To bestow one's benefactions upon mind culture is wise; for, with due care in the selection of the subject, no investment is so secure and none yields a richer harvest.

One of the things which oppress those who travel in North Carolina in the interest of education is the large number of worthy and poor young men who long for an "eddication," but know no Alexander H. Stephens from whom to get aid. There is in connection with this Institution what is known as the Student's Aid Association. Its receipts have up to this date enabled it to help but few through college. Shall it not be revived and made the channel of great blessing to our State?

CO-EDUCATION.

Just at this time, when it seems that the agitation of the Woman's Suffrage question has spent itself, a clamor is raised at the North for the co-education of the sexes. It is held by its advocates that the adoption of this system will be the means by which the universal advantages of "the higher education" that males enjoy can be extended to the females. A petition to the Board of Trustees of Columbia College, N. Y. City, a short time ago, for the admission of young women to the educational advantages of that institution, was, after due consideration, refused, the Board avowing themselves on principle opposed to young women attending lectures and reciting with the young men. They say they have not the means to set apart a separate building for them.

The question is not as to whether women are the equals of men in intellectual capacity and intellectual enthusiasm; nor whether their health will allow the same continuous tension to which young men are subjected; nor whether it is desirable that they

should go through the same curriculum ;—but it is whether the education of the sexes together as members on equal footing in the same college or university is to be regarded as a means by which the advantages of "the higher education" can be obtained by both, and at the same time, a salutary standard of morality be maintained.

We feel that it would be useless to enter into any arguments here against the system, for obvious objections present themselves to the minds of most fathers and mothers at a glance.

Some American universities, notably Cornell and Oberlin, have adopted the co-educational system; but thus far they have received but little female patronage.

If our educational advantages for women are not high enough, why may we not, with the same additional money that the male colleges would require for the new system, raise one or two of our best female colleges to the required standard? Vassar College furnishes to us a striking example of this high attainment. Well was it said by Dr. Porter, President of Yale College, that, "were womanliness in the character of our women to suffer soil or harm by any well meant theories of co-education, the loss to the country and the world would be poorly compensated by any other gain, and would be a loss from which the country and the world would be slow to recover."

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

We hear much of the "eternal fitness of things." We admire mathematical precision and exactness; we dislike superfluity or want. In nature we see perfect adjustment. There are no discords, no intrusions.

Everything in nature observes scrupulously the nicest rules of propriety. The giant oak above and the slender grass beneath are in perfect harmony. Now, if indeed this fitness exists, why is not man happy? All is for him to enjoy—but he is not happy. One of two things must be true: either he knows not of this eternal fitness, or, knowing, he ignores it. Much of the misery of this world is the direct outgrowth of ignorance at this point.

When and where does man battle against his own interests and happiness? The occasions are perhaps "legion," but prominent among them is one, which, for the lack of a better term, we call *a lack of self-knowledge*.

Man to a great extent has the control of himself, in that he has the free exercise of will. Least of all things, man knows himself, and the fault lies at his own door. Self-knowledge, the "essence of all knowledge," comes not by intuition, but by prolonged and careful study.

Man has his place to fill, and only his place. Nothing is more suggestive than the trite maxim, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." The bird for the forest, the flower for the field, the shell for the shore, and man for the place for which nature intended him.

This want of self-knowledge exhibits itself more fatally, perhaps, in the choice of professions than in anything else. This point is the hidden vortex, which swallows up so much talent and happiness.

You see one who ought to be at the carpenter's bench, launch his craft upon that most treacherous of all seas, political life. The over-crowded profession of law spoils scores of boys who might succeed at the plow handles. They rush into this or that thing because they think they will like it, and because others have succeeded. They do not stop to ask whether they have the proper qualifications. No wonder so many make failures. Some attribute their failures to unlucky stars, &c., but the real cause is, they ignorantly sat down in the wrong pew.

No man should attempt to engage in more than ten or twelve professions once. If he does, he may expect to neglect some of them.

It is not a difficult thing for us to imagine that we are what we really are not. We may over-estimate, or we may go to the other extreme and under-rate ourselves, either of which is dangerous. Let us subject ourselves to a rigid analysis, that we may be able to form a correct judgment; others have long since analyzed us.

COLLEGE MEDALS.

Those who see the glittering gold hanging from the watch-chain of the successful school boy, doubtless think of the hard work performed to obtain it, and how much benefit he has received in his effort to gain a medal.

There can be no question as to good resulting to any student who labors enough to gain a medal. Some students, having about completed their college course, without being able to string up one or two medals, suddenly become enthusiastic in the fact that students should have a nobler incentive to action than a poor ten dollar medal. They mention places of trust, laudable names, &c. But when a young man in imagination sees his own name written on a gold medal, and fancies himself on the rostrum at commencement day, receiving it, and that too in the presence of a large audience, you must offer him something exceedingly interesting, or he will keep on looking at his picture.

There is no question that should receive more careful study from the good and learned, than the one as to how young men may be induced to become *men*. Faculties, Trustees, and friends of colleges, and especially friends of young men have thought it well to give some inducement to students, in the way of medals for proficiency in study. We concur in the belief that most students need some stimulus to work, because school boys, as most other boys, are rather lazy animals. The only worthy object one may have in giving a medal is, that it may increase some one's efforts, and so result in his greater usefulness.

How do medals become useful factor's in a boy's education? When he has decided to wear a medal, or terribly frighten his opponent in the contest, he then begins to learn things perpendicularly. This is one benefit that is derived from medals that is of almost inestimable value. A little study with ordinary intellect may impart vague notions of a subject; but there is a vast difference between two students, one of whom has learned Latin, Greek, French, &c., perpendicularly, and another who has studied them at an angle of forty-five degrees. You need not tell a medalist to understand

thoroughly what he goes over; he will see to that.

This is not an age for generalizing, but one for specializing. If a student wishes to become a professor in some institution, he expects it on account of his proficiency in a certain study. If he wishes a different sphere in life, it is to his interest to study the special branches looking toward that sphere. Almost every student has mental capacity that he does not use unless something more than daily recitations arouses him. But our observation among students who contest for medals leads to the conclusion that their entire latent ability is at once summoned. Very few students know their mental capacity until they have touched elbows with fellow-students. It gives self-confidence to surpass an opponent who shows that he possesses mental ability.

The student who burns the midnight lamp, is not only benefited by having reached proficiency in his special study, but he also trains his memory, so that when he makes commitments he can get them again. But where there is no out-side impetus, the rule is to get up recitations for to-day only. The best students will get out of recitation when they can conveniently do so.

There is, then, no question about medals doing good. Their benefit does not cease with the student, but they add something to the reputation of colleges. When boys learn that a certain institution awards a number of medals each college year, they will generally be influenced by such inducement.

No college has, or can have a better advertisement than thorough students. We say then that there is value in medals both to students and colleges.

But while it is true that they have their advantages, they likewise have some opposite effects. Some boys are inordinately ambitious, and take special delight in displaying it in obtaining medals. When a student has given himself to contesting, he can hardly conceive of a sacrifice too immense to be made, rather than miss the goal for which he set out. Very few can thus contend without becoming somewhat estranged, and traits of character formed in boyhood generally mark the man.

Next comes the matter of health. No one can afford to sacrifice health for any consideration. When the contest is over, observe the vanquished and the victor; the former sadly surpassed, the latter perfectly elated. The successful one stands at convenient places to receive congratulations, and usually before they are ended he begins saying to himself: "Well, I have about completed my reputation surely;" and as a result of this more room is needed for him. The campus wants enlarging. Things generally are built on too small a scale. Thoughts of immense size swell in his mind as to what out-siders generally think of his conquest. His opponent keeps himself rather close, but is not without something to think about. He may be asking himself, "Do people think that that boy actually has more brain than I, or do they think that he applied himself more closely than I?" Each horn of the dilemma pierces him.

When a student decides to work for a medal, you need not count on him

for much of anything apart from that peculiar work. Society duties are at once relinquished.

And just at this point the medalist suffers loss and also the general interest in society is weakened by his continued absence. It is generally true that the students who could be of most worth to the other students are the competitors. Medals awarded for improvement in oratory and composition are said to fail in the intended design, because students soon learn to hold themselves in until near the time of the award, and then come forth with their accumulated force, and it is not at all certain after all that the greatest improvement will be rewarded.

There is nothing connected with the College that so affects the student's religious duties as medals. It is the law of the institution for the boys to attend church; of course the medalist goes along too. That is a very good place to get variety of speech, and when the sermon is over he also knows about how it would jingle in Greek, Latin, or French. This, no doubt, has a tendency to increase the student's vocabulary; but there is some danger as to the loss of spiritual strength.

Arguments for and against the use of medals have called forth this article. Will some friend of THE STUDENT, who feels that he can say yes or no to the existence of medals give us a contribution on the subject?

EDUCATIONAL.

—TWO colleges, the famous William and Mary College, Williamsburg, and Marietta College, Ohio, have died from want of students.

—BY the will of the late Wm. E. Dodge, Lincoln University receives $10,000; Howard and Atlanta Universities, $5,000 each, and the Syrian Protestant College, $20,000.

—THE lady students of Ann Arbor University, who number 184, are about to champion the cause of co-education through the columns of the *Amulet*, a paper they have determined to publish.

—ACCORDING to the last census there are in the United States nearly five millions of inhabitants unable to read, and nearly seven millions unable to write.

—COL. BENNETT H. YOUNG, of Louisville, Kentucky, will make the literary address at Davidson College this year.

—BROWN.—THE late George F. Wilson, of East Providence, has left a legacy of $100,000 to the college, to be used either for the endowment of a professorship in Natural Science, or for the erection of a hall to be known as "Wilson Hall."

IT is a remarkable fact that there is a smaller per cent. of persons unable to read or write, in Prince Edward's Island, than in any other portion of the world.

—JUDSON UNIVERSITY, Judsonia, Ark., is burdened with a mortgage which is about to be closed. $1500 will save the property to the Baptists, and we are sure it will be raised.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, the poet, is a trustee of Brown University, and says he hopes to live to see the time when the doors of that institution shall be open to women.

—THE Southern states spent $15,000,000 for various kinds of schools during the year 1882. Of this amount, $12,000,000 were devoted to public school purposes.

—Columbia College, New York City, has declined to try the experiment of co-education.

—Gowns have been abolished at the University of Michigan, because their long, flowing sleeves offered inducements to the unscrupulous jockey disposed to "pony."

—AT one of the schools in Cornwall the inspector asked the children if they could quote any passage of Scripture which forbade a man's having two wives. One of the children quoted: "No man can serve two masters."

—OF ministerial students Mississippi College has 32, Wake Forest 34, Richmond 45, and William Jewell, 51.

—CORNELL UNIVERSITY claims to have the only professor who devotes his time exclusively to American History.—*Ex.*

—TWO hundred of the students in the Ohio Wesleyan University have recently professed conversion, and others manifest anxiety concerning their highest interest.

—A BEQUEST of $14,210, has been left to the Theological Seminary at Due West, Abbeville county, S. C.

—W. H. Vanderbilt has added $100,000 to his $1,000,000 endowment of Vanderbilt University.

—THE amount raised for Williams by Dr. Carter is $300,000, and not $100,000, as previously stated.

—DR. DUNCAN is still receiving subscriptions for the benefit of Wofford College. The citizens of the county are said to be liberally responding. They have a spirit to educate their boys.

—The class of '82, Yale, gave $10,000 to the athletic sports. The grounds of the mere Athletic Park are to contain thirty acres. They will contain a quarter mile track, lawn tennis courts, base-ball, foot-ball, lacrosse, and cricket grounds. The ground stand is to cost $5,000.

—Harvard had 319 undergraduate students in 1853, of whom only thirty were returned as church-members, while among the present 938 there are said to be 300 professed Christians. A graduate, who is a resident of Cambridge, says: "One wearies sometimes of hearing the constant outcry against the immoralities of Harvard undergraduate life. It seems as though exaggeration must have been let loose in some of the stories of students' doings." He admits, however, that the charges are, for the most part, but too well founded.

—THE Episcopalians propose to establish a Divinity School in Colorado. It is said to be almost impossible to get pastors from the East, as the field is a hard-working and underpaid one. So it is the plan of the bishop and of the dean to found a Divinity School for the practical as well as theoretical training of young men for the ministry. The Rev. W. C. Bishop, a Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge,

has been engaged as dean or president, together with a limited staff.

—In one of the Boston public schools a novel experiment has been conducted during the past year. A room was fitted up for instruction in wood-working, and two classes were organized to give two hours a week to manual study. The experiment is said to have been an entire success. The boys, while delighted with their carpentry, did not neglect their other studies, and their marks were all high. —*Ex.*

—We are greatly pleased to hear of the healthful condition of Judson College, Hendersonville, N. C. That developing section ought to be well supplied with educational facilities.

—It has been stated that during the last year $12,000,000 were given for higher education. Such benefactions have a reproductive power. They multiply themselves and continue their good influences through the centuries. The death of Mr. Stephens has elicited the most honorable fact that during his busy life he was watchful in hunting out needy and promising men to whom he might give an education, and that more than one hundred were recipients of such thoughtful bounty. A brother, who died last year in our city universally lamented throughout his long and useful life, was in the habit, almost furtively, of aiding young men and young women in securing education. Dr. Peabody, late chaplain of Howard University, says that Nathaniel Thayer empowered him to give whatever he saw fit to needy students, the only conditions being that Mr. Thayer's name should not be used, and that no deserving applicant should be left unaided. The same Mr. Thayer assumed the whole expenses of the scientific expedition of Louis Agassiz to Brazil, and filled his life with benefactions.

The trueness and usefulness of human life may be measured by what is done for others. The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister. When a rich man dies, one of the first inquiries is, what object of charity received a portion of his estate? what contribution did he make to personal want or the public welfare?

The public stands by the coffin and makes rigid inquisition. It searches the records of the courts to ascertain what has been given to College, or Hospital, or Bibles, or Missions. Some are wise enough not to wait for a posthumous inquisition. While living and in health, they become their own executors.—*Religious Herald.*

—The history of Davidson College is publishing in *The North Carolina Presbyterian.* From the first article we learn that the College was named for the Revolutionary hero Gen. William Lee Davidson, killed Feb. 1, 1781, at Cowan's Ford on the Catawba River.

—We are glad to see that Dr. Mayo, editor of the New England *Journal of Education*, has been lecturing in the eastern part of the State on the subject of education. We have heard him at Wake Forest with great pleasure, and would welcome here again.

—Since it was opened on the 4th of September last, the Durham graded school has increased in attendance with each month, and now has 401

pupils enrolled. It will this year receive aid from the Peabody Fund to the amount of $300. The graded schools of New Berne and Goldsboro will also be aided from the same source.

—THE Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, so says *The Western Recorder*, has a larger attendance than any like institution in the United States, and, excepting the Missionary Theological College at Calcutta, India, than any like institution in the world.

—IT has already been stated in these columns that Iowa has a smaller per cent. of illiteracy than any state in the Union. The following is from a late correspondent in north-western Iowa:

"As you might expect among such a people, so you find education in a flourishing state. Every two miles you will find the white school-house with its green blinds, its teacher, and the healthy looking children. In the villages they have their graded schools; and as in Sioux City, the Grammar School and the High School. Indeed, in Sioux City, the educational advantages are as complete as they are in any like town of 8,000 souls in the grand state of New York—and this is saying a good deal."

—THE Harvard Annex, for securing the advantages of the College to women, has proved so successful under private liberality, that a vigorous movement is now in progress to secure a permanent endowment of $100,000. The pupils are taught by the Harvard Professors, outside of College grounds and hours, and an experience of several years has witnessed no harm to health or morals, while the results in scholarship compare favorably with the best work of the undergraduates.

The Boston University makes a good report of its ten years' history. It has an endowment of $1,100,000 (larger than our own Brown in its second century), with $600,000 added during the last year. It numbers in all its departments 588 students, the law department taking the lead, with 174. Contrary to all precedent, the Collegiate department, without dormitories or Commons Hall, maintains a fine *esprit de corps* in its classes, and the moral tone is said to be superior to most colleges in small country towns.—*Boston Cor. Examiner.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—IT is said that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to receive $20,000 for her memoirs, in two volumes, to be published under the titie of *Ma Vie au Theatre.*

—"THE Bible as Poetry" is made the subject of a devout and reverent article by Walt Whitman in a recent number of *The Critic*. "How more than passing strange," observes *The Standard*, "that, seeing the poetic beauty of the Bible, a man cannot accept the spiritual beauties, more real and more surely seen by the eyesight of faithful desire."

—APROPOS of the current discussion of American fiction, both in this country and in Europe, Mr. J. H. Morse has written for *The Century* a critical paper, to be printed in two parts, on "The Native Element in American Fiction." It will come down to date. Mr. Morse has studied the subject and is well qualified for the task.

—MR. JAMES R. OSGOOD, the publisher, says that the two most successful books of this century are *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Fool's Errand*, and pronounces the latter a work of no literary value. We may remark here that Tourgee himself regards *John Eax* his best as a piece of literary art.

—WE doubt not the most famous remark in the domain of letters, made on this side the Atlantic, is that of Mr. W. D. Howells in which he insists that fiction has become a "finer art" in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray. It has already been sung to every tune in the English language.

—THE frontispiece of *Harper's* for April is a portrait of Washington Irving. Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair," has some pleasant things to say about Irving. He also comes to the defence of Mr. Howells in the same number.

—THE *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of "Shakspere" as "the awkward spelling," and says that it "is most probably an accidental abbreviation, and is the least authentic of all the modes of writing the name." It cruelly adds that this spelling is "identified with a certain very noxious school of criticism."

—A GOOD story is told of an encounter between the daughter of Senator Bayard and Oscar Wilde while the latter was in Washington. "Are you going to the German, Mr. Wilde?" asked Miss Bayard, the night of his lecture there. "Yes," drawled the æsthete, "if my lecture does not fatigue me too much. Are you going, Miss Bayard?" "Yes, if your lecture doesn't fatigue me too much."

—MESSRS. GOSTWICK AND HARRISON'S *Outlines of German Literature*, an admirable book in every way, is to have a revision in preparation for a new edition. A new chapter is to be added on the general literature of the decade from 1873 to 1883, another on the philosophy and religion of the same period; while a concluding survey of "literary Germany" shows how large a territory that term embraces. A valuable index is added, in which 900 authors' names are found.

—MR. PAUL B. DU CHAILLU'S *Land of the Midnight Sun*, though a pretty high-priced book, sold an edition of 8,000 copies within a year. The presses of the Messrs. Harper were in fact unable to keep up with the demand. The author has now brought suit against his publishers for damages alleged to have been sustained by him through their failure to supply the public—a most absurd cause of action, it would seem. The interest of the publishers was at least equal to that of the author, to sell as many copies as possible. Nobody before ever thought of charging a publisher with wilfully preventing the sale of his own publications!

—MR. WHITTIER declines, on account of ill health, to write a dirge for the Payne burial, and Dr. Holmes de-

clines because he "despairs of conveying any new thoughts."

—THE French "authoress" Ouida, whose real name is Louise de la Ramee, spends most of her time in her villa, near Florence. Before her novel, "Granville de Vigne," was published, she was an unknown magazine writer. The novel brought her fame and popularity, and she now receives $6,000 and $7,000 for her works.

—OPINION varies in respect to the merits of the two great Dictionaries of Worcester and Webster. The following words in commendation of Webster's are from the pen of the Rev. Dr. T. H. Pritchard:

When Dr. Noah Webster died, he left, by long odds, the best Dictionary of the language; and this work, improved by many able men, has attained a degree of excellence that leaves nothing to be desired. It is a complete and satisfactory book in all the elements of an English Dictionary, and is universally accredited as a standard work.

—"The Elzevir Library" in an early April issue will contain the "Life of Alexander H. Stephens," by F. H. Norton, author of the "Life of W. S. Hancock," "Life of Dore," etc. It will contain a portrait and other illustrations, making a volume of more than 100 pages. Price, in paper, 10 cents, in cloth, 25 cents. We commend the Library to our readers. The only issue we have seen, "Life of Dore," we have read with much pleasure. See notice elsewhere in hese columns.

—ON the 6th of March, at Mentone, France, died the popular English historian, Mr. John Richard Green. He is best known as the author of the *History of the English People*. His other works are *Stray Studies from England and Italy*, *Readings from English History*, and *The Making of England*. He was editor of the *Literature and History Primers*, published by D. Appleton & Co.

—OF the late Alexander Stephens' *Constitutional View of the War*, 100,000 copies were sold. He was also the author of a *History of the United States*, which was issued but a short while before his death. He did not weigh over ninety pounds, and had been for a year or two unable to walk. It is thought he died from the overworking of his brain.

—THE remains of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," were received at New York, on the 23rd of March, by a committee from Washington and a deputation of the Aldermen of New York, and were later transmitted by special car to Washington. In anticipation of this event Will Carleton wrote a few weeks since:

The banishment was overlong,
But it will soon be past;
The man who wrote Home's sweetest song
Shall have a home at last!

—"THE Elzevir Library" does no violence to the honored name it bears. The Elzevirs were a family of Dutch printers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, who in succession for nearly a hundred years were distinguished for the number and elegance of their publications. The name Elve-

vir applied to a book is a synonym for typographical correctness and elegance. The Library is a semi-weekly magazine 4 x 6 inches, and in many respects commendable. It is the design of the publisher that each number contain a literary gem, the best work of the author represented. It costs $2 a year, making a volume of nearly 3000 pages. The separate numbers vary in price; at two cents each we have Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Canon Farrar's sketch of "The Burning of Rome," Wilson's "Sea-Serpents of Science," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," the "Life of Sir Isaac Newton," by James Parton, and others; at three cents each there are illustrated numbers containing "The Life of Gustave Dore," by F. H. Norton, and "A Half Hour in Natural History," by S. H. Peabody; at six cents there is a "Life of Washington Irving," by R. H. Stoddard; and at seven cents, Macaulay's famous "Life of Frederick the Great; at ten cents, two illustrated numbers, one of which is Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," complete, and the other, Charles Dickens' famous "Cricket on the Hearth." You can obtain the books from the news or book dealers, or directly from the publisher, John B. Alden, 18 Vessey St., New York.

—ANTHONY TROLLOPE wrote about fifty novels. Mrs. Oliphant has written fifty. But a Polish novelist shows still less power of resistance and is author of four hundred and ninety. We hope a better day is coming for him, when his sin shall be pardoned by a long-suffering humanity.

—MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER in *The Atlantic* for April administers the caustic of his pen to some of the worst characteristics of "Modern Fiction." "The result of a universal demand for fiction," he says, "is necessarily an enormous supply, and as everybody writes, without reference to gifts, the product is mainly trash, and trash of a deleterious sort, for bad art in literature is bad morals."

—THREE thing she knew: the shock that sorrow brings,
The woodland's secrets, and one woman's heart.
These made the gamut of his flame-wrought art,—
Grief, truth, and love: from these the poet springs.
—*Atlantic.*

—MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE "rises to explain." He affirms that he furnished the whole ms. of "Fortune's Fool" to the Messrs. Macmillan before he was paid in full. Later on he obtained the last part of the ms. again in order to rewrite and improve it, and it afterwards was mislaid and could not be found. The death of his daughter and other matters unfitted him for literary work, but he has rewritten about half of the missing part and sent it to the publishers; and the rest is nearly done and will follow soon. This makes out a good case, but unfortunately the Macmillans flatly contradict it, and deny that they have ever had the conclusion of the story in their possession. Mr. Hawthorne is confident that their denial is the result of a slip of memory, and that in conversation with them he could recall circumstances to their mind that would sustain his version of the matter. We hope Julian has got the matter right at last.

—An intimate friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne once told a charming story about the romancer to Mr. Moncure D. Conway. One wintry day Hawthorne received at his office notification that his services at the Custom-House would no longer be required. With heaviness of heart he repaired to his home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the silence to be broken. At length he falters, "I am removed from office." Then she leaves the room; she returns with fuel and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next she brings pen, paper, ink, and sets them beside him. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and as he turns to the beaming face, says, "Now you can write your book." The cloud cleared away. The lost office looked like a cage from which he had escaped. "The Scarlet Letter" was written, and a marvellous success rewarded the author and his stout-hearted wife.—*Examiner.*

—The late Sidney Lanier's lectures on the "Novel," delivered before Johns Hopkins University, have been collected, and will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—George Eliot read little contemporary fiction. "For my own especial good," she says, "I need all sort of reading more than I need fiction." She read Walt Whitman, and found in him what was "good for her soul."

—"Dear Mother: I hasten to send you the melancholy intelligence of what has lately happened to me." So writes William Cullen Bryant, in giving an account of his marriage. May we never feel just that way!

—M. Zola has produced another monstrosity. His new book, *Au Bonheur des Dames*, fully sustains his reputation for pruriency. Less gross in language than *Pot-Bouille*, it is quite as indecent in tone, quite as worthy of a place in a series of works which have done so much harm to contemporary French literature, and which are beginning to turn the stomach of this generation.—*The Critic.*

—The April magazines are brimfull of good things. *Harper's* has a page on "The Heir Presumptive to the Imperial Crown of Mexico," which is really a chapter of secret history. Stedman's long promised article on Emerson appears in *The Century*. *The Atlantic* is the richest number issued in many months. The last article in *The North American* is an essay on "Criticism and Christianity," at the close of which Mr. O. B. Frothingham thus states his faith in the staying power of Christianity: "That Christianity will fall under the assaults of criticism is extremely improbable. That it will fall from any cause is extremely improbable,—nay, it is quite impossible and out of the question. Criticism may, in the end, prove a good friend to it by removing the excrescences that cloud its radiance and disfigure its beauty. The danger, if danger there be, is likely to come from its defenders who are ignorant of the use of their own weapons."

—*Study and Stimulants* is one of the oddest books of the day, by reason of the peculiar subject-matter. *The Critic*, in reviewing it, gleans from it many facts as to the effects of tobacco and alcohol as stimulants on a number of the thinkers and literary workers of this generation. We learn, in brief, that some indulge, and some do not. The Duke of Argyll and Matthew Arnold never touch the plant, but take a little wine. Wilkie Collins says: "When I am ill, tobacco is the best friend that my irritable nerves possess." Darwin drank a glass of wine daily. Dr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, does not smoke. He tried it, and found it "nasty." Mr. Gladstone takes claret. He and Mr. Ruskin abhor smoking. Charles Reade tried the weed, but failed. Dr. Holmes abstains. Mr. Howells never uses tobacco except "in a very rare self-defensive cigarette." Mark Twain smokes three hundred cigars a month, and finds it the best of all inspirations for the pen, and no sort of detriment to the health. "We are, from a perusal of this curious volume," concludes *The Critic*, "confirmed in the belief that some happy persons may smoke and drink with impunity, while others, less fortunate, can use neither wine nor the weed without paying a heavy fine for the indulgence."

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—Water Power in N. C.—Leaving out of the account the numerous tributaries, the main streams of North Carolina have the aggregate length of 3,300 miles, with an average fall of 10 feet to the mile. That is equivalent to 3,300,000 horse power. Our wasted water power rivals the estimated engine power (stationary and locomotive) of the whole of Great Britain.

The Progress and advantage of machinery are shown in this estimate by Mr. Edward Atkinson: It would require sixteen million persons using the spinning-wheel and hand-loom of less than a century ago, to make the cotton cloth used by our people which is now made by a hundred and sixty thousand.

—Coal in China.—There is no danger of a fuel famine certainly in our life-time. When the vast coal-fields of the United States are exhausted, there is in China an all but inexhaustible supply for the world. A recent report shows that there are in that empire 630 billion tons of anthracite and an equal amount of bituminous coal. The same report estimates that in a single province there is enough to last the world 4,200 years.

—Rattlesnake Fangs.—At the January meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Dr. Leidy exhibited a series of fangs taken from a rattlesnake fifty-two inches long. The rapidity with which the functional fangs are reproduced was

shown by the presence, on each side of the jaw, of five fangs in varying degrees of development, so placed as to replace those lost.

—A Remarkable Parrot.—In Charleston recently died a parrot, of the gray African species, which went beyond the ordinary poll in the length of sentences learned and in apposite combinations approximating reasoning intelligence. A college professor visited the family in which she was kept, and, rising before the rest of the family, on entering the dining room, was thus saluted by Polly: "My learned friend, how is your health?" To an earnest "Copperhead" from the North, she addressed these encouraging words: "Hurra for a straight-out Democrat! The Lord bless you and keep you." Polly listened to a newspaper account of the immense earnings of the New York Elevated Railway, and exclaimed, "O what a whopper!" Certainly remarkable coincidences.

—Telephoning at Long Distances.—A new era in the progress of electrical communication seems heralded in the successful trial of a new compound wire between New York and Cleveland, O. The wire is 7-32 of an inch in diameter, and consists of a steel core, weighing 200 pounds per mile, on which is deposited copper to the extent of 500 pounds per mile. It has seven times greater conductivity than iron wire of equal size. Over this wire words spoken in New York were distinctly heard in Cleveland, a distance of 650 miles. It is believed that with this improved apparatus Chicago will soon be brought within hearing of New York, although the two cities are separated by one thousand miles.

—An Interesting Quartz Crystal.—Mr. A. R. Richer, of La Grande, Oregon, has a beautiful and interesting crystal of quartz. It is a fragment perfectly transparent, weighing five or six ounces, and seems to have been formed in a crevice of hard rock, the impress of which is seen on two sides. Within the crystal, like flies in amber, are a dozen or more mosquitoes and gnats, several with legs and wings outstretched, as if floating on water. This remarkable crystal, found 160 feet below the surface, was taken from the Ætna Mine, in Eldorado county, Colorado.

—Death to Mosquitoes.—It is well known that the larvae of mosquitoes grow and reach their maturity in still water, the perfect insect emerging from the crysalis at the surface. Of course, if the larva is destroyed, there can be no imago. One means of preventing the increase of the troublesome insect is to drain off all stagnant pools in the neighborhood of the dwelling and empty the barrels that are under the gutters. But according to a recent correspondent in *Forest and Stream*, the carp is a most diligent and effective destroyer of the larvae. He writes that a certain town in New Jersey was infested with these pestiferous insects and the only places which did not swarm with them were the carp ponds. This valuable fish is being introduced into hundreds of ponds in North Carolina, and so throughout the whole Union. Let its propagation in our waters be yet more stimulated; for, if what is here represented be

true, the carp has a double claim to the distinction of being a "benefactor of the human race;" he not only makes blood, but saves it.

—The Albatross.—The largest bird of flight is the Albatross, sometimes called the Wandering Albatross because its great strength of wing enables it to fly for days without requiring rest. It is familiar to those who voyage through the southern seas. Like the Petrel, it follows vessels for the sake of obtaining food. It makes its home in lofty precipices, and is described as a very voracious bird, having been observed to dash at a piece of blubber weighing three or four pounds and to gulp it down whole. A correspondent of *The Scientific American* states that in 1864 he killed, 700 miles south of the Cape of Good Hope, an Albatross that measured 15 feet 7 inches from tip to tip of the wings, and that he has killed several measuring 13 feet.

—Manufacturing Industries.—According to the lately taken census, the total number of manufacturing establishments, excepting gas, in the United States, is 253,852. The amount of capital invested in them is $2,790,272,606, and the value of their products is $5,369,579,191. New York heads the list of states with 42,739 establishments, $514,246,575 invested capital, yielding $1,080,696,596. The standing of North Carolina is as follows: Nunber of establishments, 3,802; invested capital, $13,045,639; value of products, $20,095,037. The attention called to the natural resources of the State, especially by her showing at the Atlanta Exposition, must result in a rapid increase of her industries. Indeed, the impulse is already manifest, and the indications are that she will ultimately stand abreast with New York and Massachusetts.

Sericulture in France has very much revived within the last year or two. The silk-worm disease, which so seriously affected it, was probably due to lack of care and the effort to produce too much. Poor ventilation and overcrowding had already been rife for a long time, so that when the disease did break out, it swept away the worms by the millions, and the trade was nearly exterminated. But fortunately the researches of M. Pasteur brought him to a discovery of a method of extermination by which the unsound eggs could be detected and destroyed. In 1880–'81 there was marked improvement in the character and strength of the worms. During the year just past, "pebrine" and "flashrie"—the diseases—have greatly diminished, and France is again an exporter of cocoons. There is no estimating in dollars and cents the worth of M. Pasteur to France.

Flying Foxes in Australia.—Once I visited a great "camp" of fruit-eating bats, "flying foxes," as they are here called (*Pteropus poliocephalus*). In a dense piece of bush, consisting principally of young trees, the trees were hung all over with these bats, looking like great black fruits. As we approached, the bats showed signs of uneasiness, and after the first shot were rather difficult to approach, moving on before us and pitching in a fresh tree some way ahead. The

bats uttered a curious cackling cry when disturbed. They were in enormous numbers, and although thousands had been shot not long before by a large party got together for the purpose, their numbers were not perceptibly reduced. They do great harm to the fruit orchards about Paramatta, and the fruit growers there organize parties to shoot them. They have the cunning to choose a set of trees where the undergrowth is exceedingly dense, and where it is therefore difficult to get at them. I shot seven or eight, but they are very apt to hang up by their crooked claws when shot, and I lost several.—*Prof. Mosely.*

At Home, but Travelling.—One has only to sit down in the woods or fields, or by the shore of the river or lake, and nearly everything of interest will come to him—the birds, the animals, the insects; and presently, after the eye has got accustomed to the place, and to the light and shade, he will probably see some plant or flower that he had sought in vain for and that is a pleasant surprise to him. So, on a large scale, the student and lover of nature has this advantage of people who gad up and down the world, seeking some novelty or excitement; he has only to stay at home and see the procession pass. The great globe swings round to him like a revolving show-case; the change of the seasons is like the passage of new and strange countries; the zones of the earth, with all their beauties and marvels, pass one's door, and linger long in the passing. What a voyage is this we make without leaving for a moment our own fireside!....Sometimes a rabbit or a jay or a little warbler brings the woods to my door. A loon on the river, and the Canada lakes are here; the seagulls and the fish-hawk bring the sea; the call of the wild gander at night, what does it suggest? and the eagle flapping by or floating along on a raft of ice, does not he bring the mountain? One spring morning five swans flew above my barn in single file going northward—an express train bound for Labrador. It was a more exhilarating sight than if I had seen them in their native haunts. They made a breeze in my mind like a noble passage in a poem.—*John Burroughs, in March Century.*

—Bruck the Pet Seal.—The interesting history of Bruck, the pet seal of Iviktut, on the west coast of Greenland, is sketched in *The Youth's Companion.* Peter Maxfelth, son of a poor miner, went out for a hunt on his own account, though only eleven years of age. Attracted by hoarse barking he observed beyond a certain point two large seals with their pups sunning on the ice. At his approach the old ones made for the sea and the young ones clumsily followed, save one upon which Peter threw himself bodily, resolved to capture it at all hazards, for he thought what a nice pet it would make. As it weighed not more than ten pounds he safely got home with his prize. He soon taught it to eat porridge, and made for it a nest of straw in a snow bank. With a rope tied to one of its flippers he led it down every day for a bath in the sea. Bruck was not very long in forming a very remarkable friendship for his kind master, and would follow him like a dog, being uneasy if Peter was

lost sight of for five minutes. Two or three years passed and Bruck came to be five feet long. Peter was now old enough to work in the mine, and as Bruck followed him to the quarries the affectionate seal won the hearts of the miners. He had a way of climbing up and looking people in the face with his calm, soft eyes. The miners said Bruck had as much sense as a man—only he couldn't speak. One season the captain of the supply ships saw him, and, hearing of his wonderful traits, tried to buy him of Peter. Of course he failed. But while Peter was at the mine the captain made a liberal offer to his father. It was accepted, and, while Peter was away, they contrived to get Bruck on the vessel the day she was to sail. Lest the seal should escape, the captain tied it with a line to a ring in the bulwarks. At first Bruck struggled manfully and was fierce, then he "cried" and lay panting and whining, entirely refusing to eat anything. The fourth morning out, after they had thrown him overboard for a sea bath as usual, the line was suddenly tightened and snapped. They supposed some marine monster had seized Bruck and broken the line. The vessel set sail on Wednesday and was then probably 400 miles from Iviktut. On the following Tuesday night Peter, who had not ceased to grieve for his pet, heard a faint scratching and a familiar whine at his door. He opened, and found the lost Bruck. By the light of his candle he found him fearfully gashed and weak—not too weak, however, to rub his wet head caressingly against the bare feet of his master. In spite of his wounds he had made his way through those hundreds of miles in the pathless sea with no guide but that marvellous sense of direction, and with the impulse of what seemed to be pure affection. All Peter's care proved useless, for the faithful creature died a few days after getting home.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—Tops!

—Foot-ball!

—Quarterly examinations.

—A new store is to be put up in our village in the fall.

—SUBSCRIBE for THE STUDENT—it will cost you only $1.50.

—IF you want to keep in the fashion, catch a cold and get a top.

THE Senior class have been to Raleigh to have their pictures taken.

—SNOW on March 22nd, 23rd, and 26th. The last was worse than any day of the winter.

—PUNCTILIOUS was the student who exclaimed: "Why this is the most extraordinary weather of whom I have ever read."

—THERE are about thirty-four ministerial students at Wake Forest College now, four more than were here last year.

—NOTHING occurring now to relieve the monotony except examinations, and we would like to ask especially the Physic class if examinations do.

—GREEN hair is popular with the young swells in Paris. We trust it will be popular in Atlanta. We have long been of the opinion that a young man who smokes cigarettes ought to have his hair painted green.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

—REV. A. C. DIXON, of Baltimore, Md., will deliver the annual Alumni address on Tuesday night, June the 12th, of Commencement.

—MR. A. J. GARRISS, of Hertford county, and a student of this College, was the successful competitor among the applicants for the appointment to West Point from the First Congressional District.

—QUITE a rush for the Library now. No wonder, for the new books are a luxury. The Faculty could not have made a more judicious selection, or exercised better taste in the variety selected.

—AT the recent failure of a colored applicant of this place for ordination to the ministry, one of the senior members of the church observed "dat de young brudder had to study a year longer to git more knowledge, cause de congregation is gittin' wider anyhow."

—EASTER MONDAY, instead of looking upon happy pic-nic crowds bathed in sunshine, and listening to their musical outbursts of joy, only saw an earth wrapped in snow and ice, and heard the fall of rain and sleet, accompanied with the cold, bleak sigh of Boreas.

—MR. ED. S. ALDERMAN, Senior Phi. Editor, has resigned his position. He has been sick for some time—spending some time at home. Press of college work necessitates this step. Mr. T. J. Simmons has been elected in his stead.

—WE return thanks to Hon. J. C. Scarborough for a copy of the Biennial Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, for the scholastic years 1881–'82.

—WANTED—a prize to be awarded to the Professor who can give the easiest examination. If there is one that didn't enjoy the meeting, you can count him out, for we *know* he can't take that prize.

—THE *autocrat* of the College has been instructed to ring the breakfast bells a half hour earlier than usual, viz., at 7 o'clock. Now, for the sake of suffering humanity, the general health of the students, and outraged stomachs, won't the Faculty have the dinner bells rung a half hour earlier, also.

—PROF. C. E. TAYLOR, of Wake Forest College, was in the city during the past week on a visit to his brother, Rev. Dr. Taylor. He delivered an interesting address on last Thursday night at the Baptist Church.—*Wil. Star.*

—THE Euzelian Society on Saturday morning, March 3rd, elected the following gentlemen to compete for its Essay medal: W. H. Osborne, W. F. Marshall, G. C. Briggs, W. S. Royall, C. G. Jones, and D. M. Austin.

—BEFORE our next issue the next and last Senior Speaking of '83 will be numbered with the things of the past.

This occasion takes place on the fourth Friday night in this month. We extend a cordial invitation to all to be present. A report in full will appear in the next number of THE STUDENT.

—ON Saturday morning, March 24th, the following gentlemen were elected from the Philomathesian Society to contest for its Essay medal: H. B. Folk, H. P. Markham, T. J. Simmons, E. S. Alderman, L. L. Jenkins, and W. R. Walters.

—THOUGH March did not come in exactly like a roaring lion, and Prof. Wiggins' storm reached us not, the winds have come freighted with colds, headaches and break-bone fevers; and very many of the students have been hauled up for repairs. Dr. Lankford says that he sold more quinine in one week of this month than ever before in any one week since his location here.

—WE understand that the Senior class of Union College gets four weeks senior vacation; and one of our exchanges tells us of another college where a petition was presented to the Faculty, asking for the same length of time, and it was returned stating that they could not "grant such an unreasonable request." We are not surprised at this, for if the class had asked for two weeks senior vacation (as the class here does) instead of four, then, of course, it would have been granted.

—IT gives us pleasure to announce that Rev. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, Ga., has accepted the invitation to deliver the annual address before the Literary Societies on Wednesday, June 13th, of Commencement. Dr. McDonald is too well known by the friends of the College for us to make any comments. We would add, however, that if he speaks as he preaches, we feel sure that it will be a treat to hear him.

—TWO of our young men, Messrs. T. Dixon and H. B. Folk, have been invited by the ladies of the First Baptist church of Raleigh, to render some pieces in a literary entertainment to be given by that church on the 11th of this month, in Tucker Hall. These two gentlemen attended a course of instruction in elocution under the celebrated elocutionist, Prof. Willoughby Reade, some time ago, and we have no doubt the Raleigh people will be pleased with their performances.

—THE Business Manager of THE STUDENT will be in his room (No. 4 College building) every day, from 3 to 5 o'clock P. M. Persons having business with him will please note his office hours, and not call during the forenoon. A mail box has been attached to the office door for the convenience of students rooming in the College who wish to send their magazines to friends at a distance. Magazines deposited in the mail box of THE STUDENT must be enclosed in wrappers and addressed.

—DR. POWERS is a very successful physician. Don't suppose he was ever known to give by mistake a dose of medicine calculated to prostrate one of his patients. But that *dose* of Physic(s) was simply—! Such a compound! How wild and confused in its analysis, and yet how tame and symmetrical in its antithesis! Every part prepared with microscopical precision, and compounded with Napoleonic sagacity;

the whole administered (not by mistake) with a serenity and a smile, and swallowed (forced down) with vomiting and convulsions. The piteous wail goes up from those with feebler constitutions: "Will I ever recover from this shock?" Be it remembered that Dr. Powers could never have prepared such a compound.

—IT IS highly gratifying to those whose labors are connected with it to receive such complimentary notices of THE STUDENT as the following; especially when they come from such reputable sources:

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.—This very creditable magazine, Wake Forest College, North Carolina, has come to hand. It is only $1.50 per year, and is worth far more. We have been highly delighted in the perusal of the number for March. Especially are we pleased with the sentiments expressed in the "New South" address, by Mr. Thomas Dixon, and the debate on the question, "Ought immigration to be prohibited?"

Subscribe for the Student, and get an idea of the ambitions and hopes of young blood in the South.—*National Free School Advocate, Washington, D. C.*

A CREDITABLE COLLEGE MAGAZINE.—We have received a copy of the "Wake Forest Student," a literary monthly published by the two literary societies of Wake Forest College. Printed at Raleigh by Messrs. Edwards, Broughton & Co., who do all their work well, it is without doubt the handsomest college magazine yet published in the State. The editorial and selected matter seem, from a cursory glance, to be worthy of the typography (which is saying a good deal), and both to be worthy of the flourishing institution, whose state of advancement is well illustrated by this attractive publication.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

WAKE FOREST STUDENT for March is readable. It is a publication that should be fostered by all of the friends of this college. It is the best college magazine in the South that comes under our eye. Price, $1.50.—*Wilmington Star.*

—THE following was handed us by a friend:

I have heard of a young lady who is called "the merriest girl that's out," and spoken of by her young gentlemen acquaintances as "a perfect daisy—*so jolly*, you know." When she walks the street, she swings herself along, with an air of nonchalance which says, as plainly as words could, "you may speak to me if you like." She talks slang, and by conversing with her a half hour you may learn all the newest words and phrases in this department. If you see her at church (she goes sometimes, just for fun), your attention will probably be diverted from the solemn services of the hour, by her talking during the sermon; passing and receiving notes which she reads during prayers, and various other acts, which not only make her appear ridiculous to all sensible people, but which, considering time and place, are actually disgraceful. This young lady does not regard the wishes of her mother, and is almost daily guilty of falsehood and deception to evade the prohibitions of her fond and tender father. Ah! will not her sin find her out? Do you know her?

—SPINNING tops is the rage. It seems to have a wild fascination for all who come near or look upon its magic whirl. It started first at Mrs. Purefoy's school, from among her school boys, and spread like wild-fire till it has reached every department of the college. Groups can be seen in front of the college buildings, hotels and stores, entranced by the peculiar musical hum of this toy. Preps, Juniors, Intermediates, and Seniors, with their pockets full of tops, vie with each other in this strangest of all games. As "Punch, brothers, punch!" had a remorseless jingle in the sound so has the top a remorseless whiz in its whirl which not only seizes with relentless spell school boys and college students, but event village ladie(s) and city barrister(s) are its victims. And it is even true that one of our brother editors with all his cunning and adroitness has been decoyed into its circles, and is now suffering with a hopeless case of "top-fever."

—IN general, I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of your future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now,—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death bed.—*John Ruskin.*

—THERE is a little resort on the skirts of the village known as Rock Spring. Its existence is well known to villagers and students, the dense little thicket near it being the spot where many aspiring young orators repair to blend their eloquence with the melody of the birds before delivering themselves in the Societies. It may not be well known, however, that the immediate precinct of the spring itself has long been a hallowed spot, tradition holding that here, on a little grass-plot, one beautiful spring afternoon, in his palmy days, catching inspiration from the soft, musical tune of a little current rippling by, and the many little songsters all around, one of the Professors whispered in the ear of his destined, those first words which laid the foundation for matrimony. It is said that ever since that spring day, this has been a dangerous spot for young couples to visit. The spell which comes over one there may be caused by the water that trickles from its subterranean, rock-bedded passage into the little natural basin, which exerts a talismanic influence upon those who drink it, stirring the emotions of the heart and impelling them on to utterance. This is only a conjecture, however. The object of the writer in bringing this piece before the public is for a caution to innocent youth; yet, at the same time, he can-

not suppose the fear that to some it may prove an inducement for making it a favorite resort.

—ONE of our Seniors is "bad off." We don't think we have ever seen a case just like this. His nights are anything but peaceful. Sometimes he raves, then he relapses into a state of unconsciousness. Friends endeavor to arouse him and to comfort him, but he "refuses to be comforted." He is often heard to utter something strange and indistinct. Physicians have not been called in yet to make a diagnosis of his case, but from his restless, nervous utterances, it is believed to be a very dangerous form of love-sickness. And the puzzling question now is, not whether he will recover (for his case seems to be a hopeless one), but where he has been, and whom he has seen, to render him thus mad with the poetical passion. However, we think we have probed the mystery; for he came into our sanctum recently in a state of exhaustion, with despair written on his countenance, and throwing himself into a chair made a strange, convulsive noise. He seemed to be swooning. We ran to him, asked him what was the matter; but he only sank the lower. We shook him, and as we did, he struggled in the attempt to speak. We did not catch his meaning, but we saw that report was too true. He rallied a little, and made another effort, and gasped these broken sentences: "We stood at the bars—her eyes—were tender—I see her bathed—in sunlight —peacefully—chewing—as I rubbed her—*that Jersey cow!*"

—OUR community had looked forward with much interest to the coming of Rev. Mr. E. F. Baldwin, of Greensboro, and Rev. Dr. W. A. Nelson, of Shelby, to preach a number of days in succession. The former arrived on the 5th of March, and preached at night an appropaiate introductory sermon, in which he drew important practical lessons from the miraculous draught of fishes. Dr. Nelson came the next day. College tasks were lightened so that the students might be able to attend the meetings, which were appointed, one for 4 p. m., the other for 7:20 p. m. With one exception, Mr. Baldwin preached in the afternoon, Dr. Nelson at night. The latter drew from the parable of the Prodigal Son a series of nine sermons, presenting the young man as restless, roving, reckless, rioting, ruined, wretched, reflecting, returning, and received. The series was strong in its graphic description of the stages of a young man's complete departure from God and his final free reception. During the earlier sermons the remark was frequent: "Well, I wish the young man would make haste and come to himself." Dr. Nelson left on the 15th of March to aid in a meeting in Raleigh. His visit confirmed friendships made here two years ago, when he was engaged in a similar work, and added many others. Mr. Baldwin remained several days longer, giving in the afternoon Bible readings, and preaching at night. He is no less remarkable for his acquaintance with the Word than for his love of it and his trust in it. And he has peculiar facility and power for showing its treasures to others. The style

of his sermons is strikingly metaphorical, which quality adds not a little to their clearness and force. He greatly endeared himself here, and is not backward to confess his increased interest in Wake Forest. He left us March 20th. The results of the meeting are gratifying. Some thirty-five persons, students and residents, professed conversion. There has yet been no meeting of the church for the reception of members. All but as important was the effect of the meeting upon Christians. Indeed, the movement among them was greater than among the unsaved. The presence of two such consecrated workers and thorough believers is a great inspiration to Christian zeal and faith. And not the least of the blessed results is this: that we have all acquired more adequate views of the importance and preciousness of the Word of God, and received helpful hints for its more fruitful study.

—WE have in our possession a mutilated copy of *The Plain Dealer*, bearing date, Wake Forest College, Sept. 30, 1844. It is the fourth number of the first paper ever published at Wake Forest. It was published weekly by Icarus Mars, Editor; and, although the art of printing, with movable type, was discovered some four hundred years previously, he issued his weekly sheet with a pen, forming each letter after the manner of Roman letters, and at the end of each week the persevering and enterprising Icarus Mars might be seen standing at the chapel door with an eager and attentive public gathered around him reading the gleanings of the week. His motto was "*Be plain and honest in all your dealings*;" and that he might have an opportunity of "dealing" with the public generally in more ways than one, and as the demand for printing increased, he enlarged his office and never failed to let the people know in some such notice as this, "*Job Printing done at this Office*," that he was prepared to meet all demands.

That our readers (some of whom, no doubt, remember all about it), may form some idea of the character of this novel journal, we give extracts below:

POETRY.

While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
Whole summer suns rolled unperceived away:
I years for days, and days for moments told,
And was surprised to hear that I grew old,
Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,
And every moment is an age of pain.

Thus would it be with me,
God knows it would, could I but just
Be in the company of one for whom,
I could, if it were necessary, defy the
Infernal powers, and burst asunder
The gates of Eternal H—l.

NOTICES.

"Gentlemen, you ought all to study de Franch, 'kase it's gwine to be de fashun afore long to talk nothin but Franch. Dey play on de pianer in Franch all ready."

Love sees not with the eyes, but with the mind;

Therefore is winged Cupid painted blind."

And by the powers, blind Cupid has ruined the sight of some of our most exquisite young gentlemen; one especially—we shall have to *Hall* him away, we expect.

EDITORIAL.

Do not hesitate, my friends, to write on any subject because they have been written upon before by men

more able than yourselves. If you never attempt to do a thing, how do you expect ever to accomplish anything? So plunge into a subject and we'll give you credit, if you will do your best.

We understand that one of students ran from the ladies the other day. Now shall it be said that a student of Wake Forest College will run from a lady?

"Mirabile dictu."

PROPHECY.

Gentlemen and ladies, something strange will soon take place at Wake Forest College, the nature of which the God of nature forbids me, his chosen vessel, to name.

He allows me, however, to state this much,—that a memorable and lasting change will be effected in the state of affairs.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.—As a member of the committee, appointed in June last, by the Alumni Association of our dearly beloved *Alma Mater*, I feel it incumbent on myself to have at least a word to say in reference to this great work, so significantly important to all who desire to promote the future prosperity of Wake Forest College. It occurs to me that it is the special work of the Alumni to look after the interest of the Institution. But what to say, and especially what to do just at this stage is a question not so easily solved as we might at first sight imagine. I have been specially gratified to note the great interest manifested of recent date, and we sincerely trust that the brethren will discuss and prosecute the good work with unabated interest. I have been careful, as a member of the committee, to gather from the best and most fruitful sources all the information possible in reference to devising some means whereby our Alumni could be induced to feel and evince a greater interest in the work of our Association. A year or two since, while on a visit to Providence, Rhode Island, the seat of the far-famed Brown University, I called on the Rev. Ezekiel Robinson, D. D., LL. D., the venerable and honored President of said institution; and during the course of several extended conversations, I learned from him that they, too, had for several years been putting forth special efforts in this direction, but he stated that it was quite difficult to arouse the proper degree of enthusiasm on the subject; that they had tried several plans, and had failed in a great measure to attain the desired effect. I am confident, however, that the plan recently devised, and published in THE STUDENT, will prove as feasible as we could possibly expect; indeed, I find that this has proved the best *modus operandi* at all the institutions from which I have received communications. We shall be peculiarly fortunate on the occasion of our approaching Commencement to have our beloved and talented brother, Rev. A. C. Dixon, to deliver

the Alumni address, and we all sincerely trust that each brother Alumnus who can *possibly* do so, will favor us with his presence on that occasion.

H. MONTAGUE.

—'54. Dr. Thomas H. Pritchard, pastor of the Broadway church, Louisville, Ky., is doing admirable work, so we hear on all hands. In the midst of his pastoral duties, the lifting of a $15,000 debt on his church, helping in protracted meetings elsewhere, attending Seminary lectures, etc., he can still give us a long interesting letter in nearly every issue of the *Biblical Recorder*, and now and then helps in a similar way *The Central Baptist*, and other papers. Yet we have heard this man say, "Man is a lazy animal"! We are sorry to learn that the cold, damp climate of Louisville has been quite trying to the Doctor's family. North Carolina suits him better—now doesn't it, Doctor?

—'77. Mr. James W. Denmark married on the 7th of March, the daughter of Col. L. L. Polk, of Raleigh. We wish the couple all joy.

—'78. Mr. N. D. Johnson has a flourishing school at Fair Bluff, Columbus county. He is assisted by a lady. A recent correspondent in that town writes: "Everybody says that Johnson is one of the finest teachers in the country. He is 'talking up' a large academy and a large and commodious boarding-house. And then I suppose he would need a first-class but youthful house-keeper to take charge of the boarding-house." We are glad to learn that he expects to come to the next commencement.

—'80. H. Montague, Esq., of Wadesboro, N. C., is meeting with deserved success in the practice of the law. We are pleased to know that when opportunity offers, he makes a speech on education. He is prominently engaged in church work; he has, indeed, most honorably brooked public opinion among the members of his profession in that community, which opinion considers it poor policy even to attend any one church lest the patronage of the other denominations be withdrawn. Mr. Montague believes in doing one's duty "ill caring consequences," and has the worthy ambition to do in his life all the good possible. No failure for that pluck and purpose!

—'81. Rev. L. T. Carroll, of Morrisville, has accepted a call to churches in Sampson county.

—'82. Rev. D. W. Herring, now a student of the Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., will spend the month of June in visiting the churches of the Flat River Association. He will preach and make addresses on Foreign Missions. The brethren of this Association will claim the privilege of paying one-half his salary, whenever he shall go as missionary to China. It will be very easy for us to do this, as now we raise every year nearly six hundred dollars for Foreign Missions. It is understood that the Mt. Zion Association will unite with us in supporting bro. Herring in China.—*F. P. Hobgood, in Bib. Recorder.*

—'82. Mr. E. E. Hilliard, editor of *The Scotland Neck Commonwealth*, now has charge of the academy in the same town. We look over every issue of

his paper, and are glad to note its improvement since he took it in charge. Its scope is much wider than that of the average town paper in North Carolina, and in its intelligent observation its readers certainly get the worth of their money. Can you not, Mr. Editor, provide another series of papers similar to those on "Old Year Celebrities."

EXCHANGES.

—OUR exchanges were crowded out of our last issue; but we return to them with pleasure as great as the regret with which we left them. Several new visitors have put in their appearance, every one of which bears marks of interest and attractiveness. We are delighted to place them on our exchange list, and expect to spend many pleasant moments perusing their pages. When we mingle with our old and new acquaintances together, we cannot but mark the pleasing variety which they exhibit. While some have heavy articles, others have lighter ones, and we can rest ourselves by the transitions. Some contain college puns and witty sayings which set our sides to shaking; others contain matter of a more serious nature, and bring us back to our work.

After this general preliminary, we proceed to pay our respects, first, to our new acquaintances, then to our old ones. *The Morrin College Review*, having come all the way from Quebec to see us, speaks through "Diogenes" of the school system of Quebec, and its needed reforms. It tells of the movement in the direction of Free Libraries in the principal cities of Canada. We especially enjoyed the piece entitled "Mr. Jack Frost."

—*The Carson Index*, published by the Literary Societies of Carson College, Mossy Creek, Tenn., is a very good college journal. It is small (16 pp.), and has a yellow back. But don't be afraid of it. If you want to be convinced that it does not belong to the "yellow back literature," just peruse some of its practical articles; e. g., "Ideal of High Education," "Grit," &c.

—WITH great pleasure we welcome *The Soule College Courant*, of New Orleans, to our list of exchanges. It is an excellent sheet.

—THE *College Journal*, New York City, is another new exchange, of neat appearance.

—THOUGH tardy in making its appearance, *The Album*, of Hollins Institute, is one of our most welcome visitors. The paper reflects great credit on the fair young ladies who conduct it.

—The March No. of the *Va. University Magazine* is as good as any of its predecessors. Both in appearance and in the character of its contents, the Magazine is worthy of the famous institution of which it is an exponent.

—WE extend a cordial greeting to *The National Free School Advocate*, (Washington, D. C.) A warm advocate in the cause of education, this organ

contains the choicest articles from some of the best educators of the country. The interest of "national free school" education would be greatly benefited by the wide circulation of this paper. We thank *The Advocate* for favorable comments on THE STUDENT.

A UNIQUE and carefully gotten-up magazine is *The St. Mary's Muse*, Raleigh. We are especially struck with the able manner in which its "Current Topics" are treated. Well might a *Harper's Monthly* be proud of such an article as that on "Strawberry Culture in South Carolina."

We would offer one suggestion to *The Muse*: it is that the editresses pay more attention to the getting up of editorials on practical interesting questions, and separate them from college chat. We venture to say that *The Muse*, as an entertaining magazine, is second to that of no female college in the South.

—*The Academian*, Canandaigua, N. Y., has been received. Its pieces comport in length with its size. Small for a monthly, yet printed on good paper in bold, clear type. In the very first piece it shows that it is not forgetful of the interests of its Alma Mateir That's right, every college ought to have an Alumni Association.

—*The Educational Journal of Virginia* is on our table for the first time. Wm. F. Fox, Editor, and R. R. Farr, Sup't. Pub. Inst., Ed. Off. Dept., compose its staff. It gives some valuable hints to teachers, both as to preparation and governing. Can't our own State with the Supt. of Pub. Inst. at its head put out a similar Journal?

—THOUGH *The Concordiensis*, (Union College) compares favorably with the majority of our exchanges, it is not a fair representative of Union College. Surely 175 students can turn out a larger and better paper than that!

—WE welcome *The Crescent* (New Haven) to our exchange list. It is a good advertisement for Millhouse High School.

The K. M. I. News, Farmdale, Ky., comes to us every week. It contains some good pieces, and has considerable variety for a weekly. It strikes *Vanderbilt Observer* a blow.

—WE now pass to more familiar faces. *The Adelphian*, (Brooklyn, N. Y.) comes with the same outside appearance, but quite a change within. It has an elegant frontispiece and other illustrations, which is entirely a new feature in College Journals. Reading matter as good as usual. However, it shows a woful ignorance of Scripture, saying that Abel was the "first base man." It did it in this way:

An enthusiastic student of history traces the origin of base-ball back to the time when Rebecca went to the well with a pitcher and caught Isaac. —*Ex.*

Trace it still further and you will find it recorded that Noah put the dove out on a fly.—*Ex.*

And further back we find Abel to be the "first base man."—*Adelphian.*

We would like to know whether, in the base-ball fracus, Cain used the bat on Abel, or Abel on Cain.

—*The University Monthly* (N. C.) mproves every issue. That was a good piece on "American Literature,"

and "The Political Preacher" fares badly in the hands of W. He makes him "little better than firebrands of dissension." Other pieces we would like to notice, but want of space forbids it. We would ask, before passing, where is the March number?

—HAS a cloud come over the *Philo Star*? It has not twinkled (upon us) since Feb., and then it flashed, with an "Independence of Character" softened by the influence of "The Days of Chivalry," a suggestion to THE STUDENT. We hope to give more space to exchanges in the future.

—*The Vanderbilt Observer* in February came out clad in a new dress, more tasty and substantial. The March number is a good one, the pieces being short, varied, practical, rich, and well-studied. We think, however, that the dignity of the magazine is encroached upon by filling up so much of its space with homely personals.

—*The St. Mary's College Journal*, Ky., expired on the 17th of March, and was succeeded by *The Sentinel*, which may be found at its post hereafter on the fixed days for its appearance. On its first round it brought out two very creditable articles on "The French Revolution," and "General Custer."

—THE last two copies of the *University Magazine* (Penn.,) are as good as usual. Wouldn't it be a better plan to condense this magazine into a monthly, and by so doing, reach a standard which it is not likely to attain on the present system?

—AMONG our exchanges there are some large, middle size, and diminutive. Though *The Academy* (Salem) is not the tiniest organ we ever saw, there is still room for its growth. We know, however, that "editing a paper is no fun."

OUR BOOK TABLE.

[Books sent us by Publishers will receive due notice here.]

HEART OF STEEL. By Christian Reid. 16 mo. Cloth. Price, $1.25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

If fluency in writing has any merit, the author of *Heart of Steel* is entitled to the first rank among her contemporaries. She manages by this gift to turn out from one to two books a year, and now enjoys the distinction of being the author of fourteen little volumes. Whether it is better to finish one line that might take its place among the immortals, or to send out a volume that must perish with the using, is a question which she seems not to have stopped to consider; or, if considering, she has with an easy conscience cast her decision for the latter. She has chosen to give out from the mint of her mind much small coin that may circulate among the many, rather than to convert it into a thousand pound note that might purchase for herself a seat among the famous few.

We shall not compare the present with her previous books; but we confess to being a little disappointed as to its

merits, in consideration of the number she has written. With the increase of quantity, it is time the quality should commend itself approvingly to the judicious reader; otherwise it is without the *raison d'etre*. The plot of the story is simple and the situations natural. The scene opens in Paris, where one can feel the great pulse of humanity. The characters are part American and part European. The most "taking" personage is that of Irene, with whom the chief interest of the book has to do. The writer tells us how the mother of Irene quits the stage, is maltreated by her husband, a German prince, and afterwards dies, leaving the daughter, sensitive and highly endowed, to wrestle with the forces of hereditary wrong. After some years her feelings of retaliation are spent, and she compromises the matter by marrying her cousin, the nephew of the hated prince. In some respects this young heroine is a remarkable creation, and the reader would gladly form her acquaintance, were the entrance to this knowlege not beset by the most formidable part of his dictionary.

Had the author sifted her material better, she might have given us a delightful novel that would make us feel throughout as we do in reading the choicest bits of conversation; for indeed there are bits of conversation that we would embalm for all time, and we lament that they are weighted down by the rubbish (mostly) of five hundred and forty-three closely printed pages. It contains, too, some descriptive features that show traces now and then of the real article and will doubtless add much to the scenic pictures with which the writer has already set off many of her books, and for which work she has a keen eye and sympathetic mind. But "the truth for me is," to quote herself in the utterance of one of her characters, "that I can make pictures, but I can not put into them the soul of genius." We think, however, that Christian Reid has worked rather to the principle laid down elsewhere, that "if one can add a little to the sum of existing beauty, one should not refuse to do so because one is not a Raphael."

WORTH REPEATING.

GAMBETTA AS AN ORATOR.

[From The Fortnightly Review.]

Gambetta's public career has measured just thirteen years. It is within this extraordinarily short period that he did everything which secured him the attention of the world. For the name of Gambetta was unknown before the Baudin affair, save by a few private friends and school-fellows who long before had marked him out for fame. Among the qualities he displayed during his rapid passage through French contemporary history, few have hitherto remained unchallenged. I will presently deal with the various criticisms upon him. There is, however, one superiority which is nowhere contested, his mastery in the art of speech. That he was the greatest orator of his age, "the greatest orator of continental Europe," said the *Daily News*, none who have read his speeches will deny. Many of these speeches I have read in the text just after hearing their delivery. Masterly as they are, they give but an incomplete impression of the effect produced on those who listened to them. There are many sorts of eloquence; that of Gambetta was of a peculiar kind. Eloquence in him was a native gift; it came without preparation, in private conversation, at the tribune, in parliamentary committees, at the breakfast table. He spoke as Patti sings, spontaneously, without effort, and his oratory constantly varied in color, in accent, in intonation. Gifted with an organ of great compass, which adapted itself exactly to the particular emotion or passion felt by the orator, he was equally impressive when speaking almost in a whisper or replying to an opponent with a sharp and caustic repartee, as when the demon of eloquence raged within him and goaded him to the most passionate outbursts.

The sight he offered when in the tribune of the House of Deputies, particularly in these last years, will ever be remembered by his contemporaries. Surely no modern Frenchman ever gave such a picture of strength and grandeur. He usually began in a thick, husky voice, in a few heavy sentences; then suddenly he seemed to cast aside, as if by one effort, all carnal trammels, and rushed off impetuously into his brilliant course, which henceforth nothing could check or embarrass. The short, thick-set, bull-necked athlete, who had ponderously ascended the steps of the tribune, was another man. Pacing the tribune with alacrity, his enormous head sunk in his shoulders, his single eye flashing fire, his hands clutching the marble slab of the tribune as if he would crush it to powder, or raised above his head in tragic gesture, he struck his hearers with fear, anger, or admiration; and then with an enormous effort, he would carry away friends and foes—Monarchists, Imperialists, and Republicans into a wild burst of enthusiasm. Madame de Staël relates how she once went to

the National Assembly to hear Mirabeau attack her father, Necker. She hated Mirabeau, and listened at first to his denunciations with pangs of fierce and malignant anger; but, as the speaker's eloquence rose higher and higher, she forgot her father who was being trampled under foot, herself, her feelings, everything, and madly applauded him. Such, doubtless, was the case with Gambetta's political enemies when he wrung from them their applause. And in his loudest and most violent outbursts there was nothing theatrical, nor vulgar, nor excessive; it was all genial and spontaneous. Then unexpectedly checking himself, he would enter into the elucidation of a point of political or administrative business; alter his manner, his voice, his attitude; point out the fallacies of his opponent's thesis; recur, by degrees, to his former manner, hurl his adversary violently to the ground, and in one final burst carry everything before him.

That he felt in the tribune none of that emotion which affects some of the boldest and most practised speakers was obvious enough. I questioned him once on the subject after the delivery of one of his speeches. "I feel no emotion when I ascend the tribune," he answered; "it is only in great debates, when I catch the President's eye, ten minutes before I open my mouth, that I am affected. Then I am shaken by an internal tremor about the head and spine, which is extremely painful, but does not last more than half a minute, after which I am myself again." That his speeches were not previously studied and prepared, I had myself a conclusive proof last year. It was on the 26th of January, on the day of the parliamentary collapse of the Gambetta cabinet over the *scrutin de liste* question. The sitting was to commence at two o'clock; at twelve a few friends, among whom I was, were talking at breakfast with Gambetta of the probabilities of the forthcoming battle. Our host grew by degrees animated, and, impelled by objections intentionally put forth, he said what he intended to say in the House, and made an admirable speech. My surprise was great, a few hours later, when I heard him deliver from the tribune a speech wholly different. It was admirable also, and the gist of it was the same; yet was quite a different speech.

This curious instance of improvisation was the commentary of what he told me on another memorable occasion—his speech on the Egyptian question. "I never prepare my discourses; I never think of the speech itself. The speech is nothing to me; the idea I want to put forth and demonstrate is all that I think of in advance. For the remainder I trust to myself, to whatever advantages I may derive from opportunity." He never cultivated eloquence for the sake of eloquence.

SPRING, 1883.

NEW GOODS.

Our **Spring Goods** have been opened and priced, and we ask you to call and examine them.

YOU WILL FIND

Nobby Straw Hats, a full line of Zeigler's Celebrated Dress Shoes, Collars, Scarfs, &c., in variety.

Prints, Ginghams, Lawns, Percales, Cheviotts, and Fine Dress Goods, prettier than ever.

OUR RIBBONS, LACES AND NECKWEAR ARE "JUST LOVELY."

Shall be pleased to show them to you.

Respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,

Wake Forest, N. C.

March 28, 1883.

ATLANTIC HOTEL,

MOREHEAD, N. C.

Dr. G. W. BLACKNALL, Proprietor,

(Also of the Yarborough House, Raleigh, N. C.)

Capacity for Five Hundred Guests.

HOUSE ELEGANTLY FURNISHED.

Electric Bells, Water and Gas in every Room.

Immediately on the Atlantic Ocean, and

one of the most delightful Summer

Resorts in America.

Accommodations First-Class and Charges Moderate.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

MAY, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

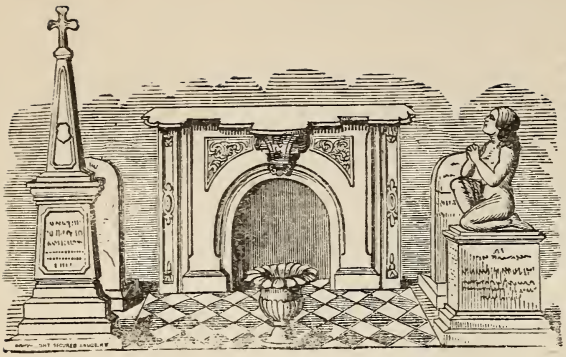
		PAGE.
Schools for Secondary Instruction,	G. W. G.	379
Sir William Blackstone,	J. N. HOLDING.	813
Koch's Discovery,	J. B. POWERS, M. D.	385
The Last Convention,	M. O. R. TON.	389
The Influence of Literature,	C. L. S.	392
Two Days in the Piny Woods,	EXUM.	395
The First of the Fine Arts,	J. C. C. D.	399

EDITORIAL.

Peter Cooper,	W. S. R.	402
A Plea for the Impulsive,	H. B. F.	403
Girls and Greek,	W. L. P.	405
Simplicity of Style,	G. C. B.	406
Educational,		408
Literary Gossip,		412
Science Notes,		418
In and About the College,		420
Wake Forest Alumni,		425
Our Book Table,		427

WORTH REPEATING.

Too Much Reading,	LESLIE'S ILL. NEWSPAPER.	428



—IF YOU WANT—

Monuments & Headstones

AT BOTTOM PRICES,

WRITE TO

I. W. DURHAM,

Raleigh and Winston, N. C.

1883. 1883.

Fashionable Clothing

—AT—

D. S. WAITT'S.

Short Sack Diagonal Suits, Four Button Cutaway Suits, White Vests, Nobby Style Walking Suits, Light Colored Short Sack Suits, Black Doeskin Pants, Fine D. B. "Prince Albert" Coats and Vests, in Diagonal, Granite and Black Cloth, Light Fancy Cassimere Pants. My stock of Hats, Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Notions and Small Wares is also complete.

D. S. WAITT,

52 Fayetteville St., RALEIGH, N. C.

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

REPAIRING WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

Students will find it to their interest to consult me before buying Badges.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

With thanks for past patronage, and asking a continuance of same, I am, Very respectfully,

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

PESCUD, LEE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

—DEALERS IN—

Fancy Goods, Perfumeries, Mineral Waters, Patent Medicines, Garden and Grass Seeds, Tobaccos, Cigars, Etc.,

Corner Fayetteville and Martin Streets, and 14 Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

MAY, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 9.

EDITORS:

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR----------G. C. BRIGGS.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR--------D. M AUSTIN.
ALUMNI EDITOR----------
BUSINESS MANAGER---------W. S. ROYALL.

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR----------T. J. SIMMONS.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR----------H. B. FOLK.
----------Prof. W. L. POTEAT.
BUSINESS MANAGER----------W. B. POPE.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

SCHOOLS FOR SECONDARY INSTRUCTION.

The schools of which I write, have a variety of names. Sometimes they are called Academies; often High Schools, Institutes, Classical and Mathematical Schools; and occasionally they have the high-sounding appellation of Colleges. It will readily be seen that I refer to those schools, by whatever name they may be called, which occupy a position between the common schools and the true colleges. The name by which I have called them is that given to them by the Report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States.

There is little danger of over estimating the importance of these schools. To them is committed no mean share of the great work of educating the masses of the population of North Carolina. The illiteracy of the masses of our State brings deep sorrow to every true patriot. Efficient schools of the grade under consideration, will do much to remove this reproach from our fair fame. A large increase in the number who have a collegiate education, is a state of affairs to be earnestly sought. In this work, also, much depends on the character of the schools for secondary instruction. I do not say that these are more important than the common schools and the colleges, between which they occupy an intermediate position. They are like what rhetoricians call the "squinting construction," "they look both ways." Among the reasons for the inefficiency of the common common schools, none has been more potent than the lack of efficient teachers. The Normal Schools and Teachers' Institutes are doing much in this direction; but they propose principally to train teachers to teach what they have already learned. They must learn elsewhere the branches they are to teach. This instruction they must get in the academies. This is not simply a theory as to what academies should do, but observation shows it to be what they are doing. Those sections which, for a few years, have had good schools for secondary in-

struction, now have a better class of teachers in the common schools. And yet, how often committees ask, not for qualifications, but for cheapness in applicants!

While these secondary schools are benefiting the common schools by furnishing better teachers, they are also doing a much needed work fo the colleges by furnishing them with students. For want of these schools, our colleges have been compelled to descend from their proper sphere, and do work which does not belong to them. Whenever the academies furnish students well prepared for college, there will be no need of preparatory departments in our colleges, and these institutions can then confine themselves to their own proper work.

But the academies help the colleges not only by preparing students, but still more by inspiring them with a desire for collegiate education. They get nearer the people than the colleges. They can hunt up the promising boys, and give them a start. They arouse the spirit of education among the masses. In commerce the demand usually regulates the supply. But in secondary instruction, the supply regulates the demand. Give us more good academies, and you will find more boys desiring an academic education. Each new applicant for public patronage makes a new demand for such educational facilities. These institutions have never yet become so numerous as to interfere with the patronage of each other. If a new school gets a student who would have gone to an older school, it increases the spirit of education to such a degree as to send to the other school two students who would never have gone anywhere. And these institutions may be multiplied tenfold before they seriously interfere with each other. And these all working together so encourage the spirit of education as to add largely to the patronage of schools for higher education. Many a young man, who sets out to take a year or two at an academy, and then go into business, finds after that year that there are larger and more inviting fields of learning yet before him, and that the age is calling for better educated men; and thus the academy gives him his first ideas of attempting a college education. Whenever these schools are sufficiently numerous and sufficiently thorough, the colleges can well afford to leave them the preparatory work. Such a course would result in an increase of patronage to the colleges, greater prosperity to the academies, and large benefit to the cause of education.

What has already been said indicates the true and proper sphere of academies. It is to their interest and to the interest of the cause of education, that they should confine themselves to this sphere. Let them not take high-sounding names, and lay claim to what they cannot accomplish. If they are only schools for secondary instruction, do not call them colleges.

Nor should they attempt to teach everything. Their mission is to provide teachers for the common schools and students for the colleges. This they should do with all zeal and fidelity. In these two directions let them do thorough work. I have good reason for believing that, if the academies were sufficiently thorough in pre-

paring students, the preparatory departments of our colleges would soon be abolished. The colleges are ready to yield this work to the academies, when they are ready to do it thoroughly.

And here, by way of parenthesis, let me say a word about the requirements for admission to college. I believe it is generally thought best that the study of Latin should be begun a half year or a year before that of Greek, and my own experience confirms this theory. But the requirements of most of our colleges call for as much preparatory work in Greek as in Latin, and in some cases even more. And I have found that the average student will be prepared in Mathematics even before he is in Latin. It is no disadvantage, after one enters college, to be a year advanced in Latin or Mathematics. But if the academies are to do the preparatory work, it ought to be completed in all departments as near the same time as possible. Either the student must continue his Latin in the academy and enter a year advanced, or he must be behind in Greek, and unable to enter. Thus, either the work of the college must be done by the academy, or the college must have a preparatory department and finish up the work of the academy. Might not these requirements be so equalized as to obviate this difficulty? Why should not these two grades of institutions so work together as to increase the efficiency of each?

To this end the colleges must send out teachers for the academies, and these teachers must bring the academies up to the required standard of thoroughness and efficiency.

In a future article, I may have something to say about the course of study in these schools.

G. W. G.

Moravian Falls, N. C.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE.

That the fame of Sir William Blackstone, the most profound and elegant of all the common law writers of modern times, will in no way be increased by what is said in this article, the writer thereof fully realizes; nor is it presumed that the reader is ignorant of that fame. The main object, therefore, sought to be attained is a brief statement of the most prominent facts in the life of this great man and lawyer, for these are far less known than his fame.

Before speaking of the public and professional life of Blackstone I deem it proper to mention some of the circumstances of his youth. He was born in Cheapside, England, in the parish of St. Michael le Querne, on the tenth of July, 1723. His family, of no great notoriety, was from the west of England. His father, Charles Blackstone, a silkman of London, died before William was born; and his mother died before he was eleven years old. Thus was he in childhood thrust upon the

chilling graces of an unsympathizing world, save the friendship vouchsafed unto him in the person of his maternal uncle, Thomas Bigg, an eminent surgeon in London, under whose surveillance William was placed even before his mother's death. It is thought by many that the early loss of both parents proved a blessing in disguise rather than a misfortune, and that it was the occasion of the high literary character and reputation which he attained in after years. These conjectures are not altogether groundless; for, had his parents lived, it is more than likely that "the third son of a London tradesman, not in great affluence, would have been bred in the same line of life, and those parts which have so much signalized the possessor of them would have been lost in a warehouse or behind a counter."

At the age of seven William was sent to school at the Charter House, a most excellent seat of learning, where he remained for eight years, during which time, even at so early an age, he began to show signs of his future greatness, and to lay well the foundation upon which he afterwards erected so magnificent a structure of high learning. Though young he was not without a mark; his mind was not inactive, nor were his talents allowed to smoulder under carelessness and idleness, for in a short time he became the favorite of his masters, who seeing in him an embryo of great worth nourished it with very special care. From this excellent school he went to Pembroke College, where he entered as a Commoner, and prosecuted his studies with marked assiduity for three years. He was especially fond of the classics. In fact he was a model student and a polished scholar in almost every particular. Logic and Mathematics, to most students dry and uninteresting, possessed a peculiar charm to Blackstone; so much so indeed that their principles became engrafted in his very nature, and manifested themselves throughout his entire life; Logic displaying itself in his unusually close method of reasoning, such as is portrayed in his wonderful Commentaries on the Laws of England, Mathematics, having instilled into his mind a habit of demonstration, enabled him always readily to investigate any subject with a scrutiny nearing perfection.

In his younger days William was somewhat poetic. Most young men are. If they can't compose, they will memorize and copy. Some writers say that the little poem, entitled "The Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," which was written by Blackstone in his nineteenth year upon deciding to choose law as his profession, indicated that he would have coped with the best of the English poets, had he given his attention to that class of literature and pursued the "flowery path" with his wonted ardor. The present writer is inclined to think differently. Certainly he failed to find the flowery path, or even to observe any relics thereof, in his journey through the wild and almost impassable country of the eleventh and twentieth chapters of Second Blackstone, especially in those sections wherein the dismal swamps of Remainders, Reversions, Uses, and Trusts are situate. I believe Blackstone would have been an honor to any profession, as his learning and cultivated tastes fitted him for any, but that he would

have become eminently great in none other than that of the law, and in that only as an expounder and writer.

He was initiated into his professional career by a five years' study of the works of Coke, Bracton, Fleta, Glanville, and others, to whose writings Spelman's graphic description of the law in 1632 well applies: "Linguam peregrinam, dialectum barbarum, methodum inconcinnum, molem non ingentem solum sed perpetuis humeris sustinendam." William began the study of the above named works at the Middle Temple, formerly the dwelling places of Knights Templars, who were a religious military order, first established at Jerusalem, whose employment was to protect pilgrims travelling to the Holy Land, and who became very influential and exerted a great and dangerous power until suppressed in 1312. This five years' study of the law, called the probationary period, was at one time enforced with great strictness, but in Blackstone's day it was mere sham, for any person was entitled to be called to the bar, without examination, who had paid the customary fees and had kept twelve terms. A term consisted in being present at five dinners in the presence of the benchers. The benchers were seniors in the Inns of Court who had ceased to be readers and had been admitted to plead within the bar, and therefore often called inner barristers. In Blackstone's time, then, as one writer has well said, "practically all that was required as a qualification for the English bar was that the applicant had eaten sixty dinners at certain intervals."

While this was the general custom, and doubtless strictly observed by many less ambitious than Blackstone, and would be gladly observed by many in the present day, it is by no means to be concluded that this was the only qualification Blackstone had. It was his custom to do all things well, and when he entered the bar he was thoroughly prepared. His success in practising, however, was at first very disheartening; it was more than usually unfruitful, and certainly not commensurate with his ability.

He attended the Courts ten years and more, and during that time he rose very slowly, attracting but little notice and still less practice, and realizing from his profession, during the entire period, probably enough to defray one month's expenses. In fact he was employed in only two cases, and they were not important ones.

This was due not to any want of ability, but most probably to the fact that he was extremely awkward, possessing neither a graceful delivery nor a flow of elocution, and to the weightier fact that he had no influential friends or connections to recommend and assist him. Misfortune is said to be the mother of good luck, and many instances could be cited wherein the saying is proved to be true. It was thus in Blackstone's experience. During his apparent failure he was not hopeless, nor did he yield to what seemed to be his fate, but spent his time in study, storing his mind with legal lore, and thus rendered himself ready for the work he was destined to do, and which was so well accomplished. True worth depressed by poverty or by almost insurmountable disadvantages, may be hampered, but it cannot be

entirely bethralled, and if slowly, it will, nevertheless, surely rise.

Blackstone's ability as a lawyer was first observed in the lectures he delivered on the laws of England, and in some few treatises he wrote on important legal topics of his day.

In 1756 Mr. Viner died and left by will to the University of Oxford a considerable amount of property for the purpose of establishing a scholarship of common law. Blackstone, having gained much reputation as a lawyer and writer, was in 1758 chosen to fill the position of first Vinerian Professor; and few men have ever been better fitted for any position than Blackstone was for this. Numerous honors were now bestowed upon him in rapid succession, such as elections into fellowships and societies and to responsible public positions. In 1770 he reached what I believe was his highest ambition, to-wit, the office of Judge of the Common Pleas of England.

This position when tendered him he accepted with much pleasure, and enjoyed the high honor with great dignity. He was not fond of the forum, and had, therefore, eagerly looked forward to the time when he should be freed from attendance at the bar and in the Senate chamber, where, as he himself said, "amid the rage of contending parties a man of moderation must expect to meet no quarter from any side." Blackstone did not live to enjoy this honor very long. His great learning and accomplishments had indeed gained for him the highest honors incident to the profession which he had chosen, but his learning and accomplishments were obtained at a cost too dear, for his constitution, never very hale, was at the age of fifty shattered by the arduous labors of his younger days, and on the 14th of February, 1780, just ten years and five days from the time he was appointed Judge of the Common Pleas, he died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age—comparatively young, but leaving testimonials of a great lawyer and a useful and profitable man.

As Lord Clarendon said of Selden, so may it be said of Blackstone: "If he had some infirmities with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellencies in the other scale." In his career on the bench he showed himself to be an able expounder of the law and an impartial and a learned Judge —whose decisions always evinced good sense and a thorough knowledge of the laws of his country.

I will close this article by giving the opinion of two able critics of Blackstone as a writer. Sir William Jones, one of the most accomplished scholars of the legal profession, thus expressed his idea of Blackstone's works: "His Commentaries are the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited of any human science." Jeremy Bentham, a most bitter opponent of Blackstone, amid his severe attacks is thus constrained to speak of him: "He it is, in short, who, first of all institutional writers, has taught Jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman; put a polish upon that science; cleansed her from the dust and cobweb of the office; and if he has not enriched her with that precision that is drawn only from the sterling treasury of the sciences,

has decked her out, however, to advantage, from the toilet of classic erudition, and enlivened her with metaphors and allusions, and sent her abroad in some measure to instruct, and in still greater measure to entertain the most miscellaneous and even the most fastidious societies."

J. N. HOLDING.

KOCH'S DISCOVERY.

As in other departments of learning, the history of medicine stands marked off by certain epochs varying much in degree of importance; and around these gathers an interest attractive alike to the people and the profession.

Without attempting to direct attention to many of vital significance, which a glance of memory over the past might serve to recall, I desire especially to introduce to the readers of THE STUDENT the central idea of the new era—vast revolution to be sure—seeming to break upon the profession of medicine at present.

In digressing a moment, however, from the subject proposed, excuse is unnecessary for referring to Harvey, more than two hundred years ago telling the antiquated brethren that the life-giving fluid rushed through the arteries, and not air as they supposed, and as the derivation of the word goes to show. Nevertheless, no lesser man than he it was who first turned in the light upon the circulation of the blood and established the current theory now taught in the schools, receiving the taunts and jeers of his fraternal associates as a reward for the kind service to his generation and to science. Albeit, triumph came; and from his labors, as a principal foundation, flows the crystal stream of physiology, admitting here a tributary and there another, as it has rolled through the intervening centuries down to the blooming period of to-day. We hail it with delight; we welcome it to its place among the sister branches; and to the vivisectionists and others devoted to the advancement of this department of medicine, the underlying principle of all therapeutics, we give all our encouragement, all our cheers, all our applause, as they push on toward the great ocean of truth which lies out not far beyond—yet in which still sleep precious facts at whose awaking all sciences may rejoice. Thus fell Harvey upon fame and immortality; and he stands a lustrous figure in the literature of medicine.

Here, too, amid the thrilling tragedies and political storms of the eighteenth century, is Jenner, who, by the astounding, though highly important, announcement of the discovery of a means by which to oppose the devastating and dreaded scourges of small-pox, rived the professional and social worlds in twain,—the Antis falling one way and the Uncles another. Suffice it to say, however, that the latter have about absorbed the querulous Antis leaving only a few of their

kinsfolk behind to tell the tale of their wrongs, and raise the alarm for opposition when the proper guardians of health do their duty by advising exposed vicinities to vaccinate; which suggestion complyed with, the occasion has yet to arise when the discovery of Jenner will not be able to hedge in and arrest the fearful epidemics of that terrible disease. And, do doubt, humanity at large pays his memory a willing tribute for this contribution to their safety.

Coming down by these successive steps to the task assigned, and taking a review of the situation as it stands now, there glimmer, through shattered theories and blasted dreams, many brilliant deeds and great characters, both living and dead, worthy of commemoration and eulogy; but there is one commanding figure, towering above the rest, which has thrown all this period into eclipse by the lustre of a single achievement. Others had attempted it, yet to Koch belongs the credit of having laid the first stone in the building of the bridge across the chasm which has engulfed so many human lives. Perhaps all agree that consumption has long stood a kind of opprobium to the healing art,—a ruthless pitfall into which numbers yearly tumble; and its solution and control stand equally at the threshold of honor and imperishable renown. It creeps, as if by stealth, over the land; it moves in the invisible empire; it rushes undetected into the happiest homes and drags off mercilessly their loveliest inmates to premature graves,—bidding defiance, oft, to the skill of physicians and the affectionate kindness and tears of relatives. Another has said that it is a "disease of such frequent occurrence as to carry off one-third of the productive population." Hence a glimpse can be caught of the magnitude of the subject and the importance with which scientific men must regard any light thrown upon its solution.

Many attempts have been made to subvert the labors of Koch, and render futile his announcement that a microscopic organism stood in relation to consumption as cause; but so far it has stubbornly refused to be overthrown. He made no haste to get into print his discovery, but took the pains to measure accurately its size, and found it to be $\frac{1}{1200}$ to $\frac{1}{3500}$ of an inch in length; took its photograph, which appeared rod-shaped and blunt at both extremities; delineated its character as sluggish, indolent, and slow of motion or motionless, and possessing the nature of a true parasite; grew it in culture fluids, and reproduced its kind for several generations; inoculated lower animals and gave them consumption, with which some were allowed to die, while others were killed and their lungs found swarming with these identical animalcules; repeated this procedure again and again, each time with the usual result; and then gave to the world the fruits of his investigations, which were heralded by cable and wire throughout the nations. This small insect, or parasite, has been called Bacillus Tuberculosis, and without proof to the contrary it may be set down as the origin and cause of the fatal consumption. Experiment confirms the opinion of Koch that it is a true parasite, and fully capable of

communication from one individual to another. This has been hitherto suspected, but was incapable of demonstration until a brighter light was thrown upon it. Once established, it is a fact which looms up to such stupendous proportions that it is worthy of the attention, and should be brought to the notice of every human being. Then take heed, readers, how you loiter carelessly around patients with doubtful disorders of the chest; for often here lurks a malady, perhaps unsuspected by you, more deadly than the fangs of a serpent, the cause of which might float noiselessly into your lungs and there enkindle the fires of certain destruction.

"Then you understand it to be contagious?" Yes, indeed! In the face of what is known of it now it can hardly be doubted; but let it be borne in mind, at the same time, that its *contagium vivum* is less active in this respect than the cause of other infectious diseases, though it is none the less to be watched and dreaded on this account. Just here it might be stated that all persons are not equally liable to be attacked, and the exemptions seem to assume a wider range in respect to it than other contagious maladies, yet no one need be so reckless as to dare expose himself unduly to its influence. The weak and debilitated, scrofulous and delicate folk form the best soil for its inception, growth, and development. Indeed, it has been maintained by some that tuberculosis and scrofulosis are identical; and, therefore, it is more necessary that such persons should be wide awake as to its whereabouts, sedulously avoiding contact with it at every possible point.

Where, then, may it be looked for, and how can it be shunned? These are questions of practical interest and great importance, but can be answered only partially. The magnifying apparatus of the investigator show the pitiless intruders to exist in the breath, the sputum, and, probably to some extent, in all the excretions of those upon whom the disorder has fixed its clutches. A very few, indeed, are aware that those unfortunate sufferers severely afflicted with it, who deserve all sympathy and every kindness, at each fleeting breath send forth as poison the seeds of a malady so productive of harm—seeds which diffuse themselves into the common supply of air in the same manner as the minute particles of the aroma of the rose; and these may drift silently into the lungs of some susceptible individual near by, and lay the foundation for subsequent trouble, and no one will be able to tell whence it came. That true! Then, should not the affected omit attendance upon public gatherings and church? God forbid that such a cause should ever keep some of them from the holy sanctuary! The exhalations alone are insufficient to demand the omission of so important a duty except in the worst and acute cases. Consumption seems not to have palate so much for the workers of iniquity, who are usually the robust and strong, but seeks the loveliest, purest, best,—those in whom the light of the Gospel shines most vividly; and to the church these are most essential. It seldom visits the gutter, or takes midnight rambles in search

of prey among thieves and drunkards, though in such places may be met a grievous monster in the shape of pneumonia, which can lower the standard of health and render subjects fit for the introduction of consumption; but we behold it hovering around the genial fireside where comforts and peace are accustomed to reign, or oftener, perhaps, where poverty and need have already brought pangs and sorrow among the badly nourished and those who breathe bad air habitually.

These bacilli are said not to survive long in a temperature remote from blood heat, subsisting only between 85 and 104 degs., F. Therefore, it is hardly necessary to say that the breath must be limited in its powers to convey them; but it is in the sputum that the chiefest danger lies. With regard to it too much care can scarcely be taken, and it would be difficult to mark and emphasize too strongly its significance and potency to spread the disease; for in it truly abide the germs of death, when received into favorable soil. It is the prolific source whence comes vitiation of atmosphere in the sick rooms of consumptives; and those in the least apprehensive as to their hereditary predisposition in this direction would act consistently with prudence by omitting frequent and unnecessary calls upon these afflicted people. Connected with this is another outlet of mischief in the use of handkerchiefs by the afflicted persons. While upon the street, a twirl of that article covered with mucus may turn loose a number of bacilli to be inhaled by the next passer-by along with the buoyant air which is to invigorate the entire animal frame, but which this time carries with it poison to be heard from thenceforward. Tender mothers, too, by its use in removing unsightly accumulations from the faces, nostrils, and mouths of infants, open the box of Pandora at the entrance into the lungs of the children. Soon the hue of health departs from the cheeks of the once happy babes, and a progressive emaciation predicts, with terrible certainty, the doom of these innocent victims. Then, it is well to be on the alert as to the expectorations and other excretions in every form; but the contagion is more frequently rendered effective by the occupancy of the same bedchamber or the same bed by those constitutionally predisposed. Here it is too often true that the breath, the sputum, and all are left to operate in full force.

Now the discovery is made, what next? How can it be made of practical benefit to mankind? In so far as this question pertains to the matter of specific remedies and positive control of the disease when once taken into the system, we frankly confess that the means are yet without the sphere of medical knowledge, though much can be done to prolong life, and relieve the sufferings in many cases. Nevertheless, having traced the lion to his den, there can at least be placed some sort of guard around it, however weak and inefficient, which will conduce, in a measure, to the safety of man. As ignorance of its subtle cause has no doubt aided materially its spread, so an acquaintance with it must help on toward its prevention. There have been two things recommended which have a tendency to bring this about—fire and cleanliness.

Fire has power to destroy all the tribe of baccilli, and there is no better place to deposit the expectorations. Attention to cleanliness is in all cases commendable, but in this indispensable. Fumigation of infected rooms by means of sulphurous acid is thought to have a preventive influence. From this standpoint it is hoped that the profession may soon be in a position to suggest further measures by which to mitigate its extensive prevalence, or even eradicate it from the body after it has become fixed there. Whether this will come in some form of vaccination as a substitute, or a medicine as a specific, remains yet to be seen. Though at present adequately fortified in the stronghold of the animal kingdom, and running through its entire length, it appears circumscribed in its area of existence; and if once the chain which links it from generation to generation is broken, its total extinction may be possible.

While this article is not at all intended for the enlightenment of physicians, yet to them its subject is a matter of considerable import. The bacillus is already a factor, growing in importance, in respect to the matter of making up an opinion as to whether or not a given case may have consumption or some other ailment of less virulence, its presence or absence indicating the nature of the case with considerable certainty. Then, again, the number present tells much as to the length of time the patient will probably hold out. When few are found in the sputum, the case will be chronic; but if quantities are seen, it may be expected to run a rapid course. These facts, in themselves, are strongly supportive of the causal relation between the bacilli and consumption; and he who will place within his possession the means of their detection, may save himself honor and reputation, and escape outside criticism, which is often very ill-directed.

It need hardly be stated that this is not an effort to set before the public an exhaustive presentation of the ideas of those who stand in the forefront of medical progress upon this subject.

J. B. POWERS.

THE LAST CONVENTION.

The die is cast. The last convention is held. Prepare your ballot and cast it—for whom? That's the question. But let us notice the nature of this convention, where and by whom held, its object and candidates, and then we can more easily decide the matter. We can better understand its nature by noticing its other features, for it is a kind of *un*natural occurrence. It was held in the county of Anson, Lilesville township, and on the premises of Mr. B. V. Henry by the RAT-icals, for the purpose of adopting some means by which they might free themselves from the tyrannical rule of the Crown. The occasion was the death of Queen Anne Elizabeth Victoria

Lowe, a cat, who for seventeen years —*a fact*—had exercised the prerogatives of her Majesty's Royal Highness throughout the realm. She was faithful in the performance of every duty, and hence was not loved any too much by her subjects. Often they had attempted to dethrone her and usurp the power, but in vain! For she was ever awake to the interests of the Crown, and always rewarded intrigues with the severest punishment. This, however, only increased that inimical spirit which was fast developing into a most implacable hatred, and caused them to wish more ardently for her removal.

This was an auspicious day to them, and on receiving the intelligence of her death, they at once called a council and proceeded to take measures towards establishing a form of government more in unison with their feelings.

On motion of Mr. Shuckslipper, Col. Cornhearter was called to the chair, who addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I suppose that all know the object of our meeting. For the last seventeen years we have been the slaves of her Royal Highness, and for no other cause than that we are RAT-i-cals. We have been refused any share in this government, for the support of which we have been heavily taxed. Our lands, our homes, our sons have been taken to gratify her selfish ambition, and we are left to 'live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish.' We have petitioned for mercy, and received the most diabolical cruelty. We have borne it long enough. A committee must be appointed to recommend some means by which we can free ourselves from this oppression. Now is the time to act. The long wished-for day has come, and we hail it with delight as the first dawn of our independence. We are a free people, if we will only declare it."

The committee was appointed—Mr. Shuckslipper chairman. It did not take them long to decide what to do, for now they soon returned ready to report.

Mr. Shuckslipper rose and addressed the audience in a gentle manner at first, but as he touched on the facts contained in Col. Cornhearter's speech, the wrongs they had suffered and the insults which had been heaped on them by the Crown, his soul burned with eloquence, his eyes sparkled, his lips quivered—Peter the Hermit is swaying the multitude, which can no longer contain itself, but gives vent to its feelings in shouts of applause and "AMENS!"

"Now," said he, after speaking at length, "I have some resolutions to offer, and I want as many as favor their adoption to come forward and sign them."

"Read them!" "Read them!" "Yes, let's hear them!" they shouted.

He then drew them from his pocket and read: "Whereas, the history of the Queen deceased is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations which have resulted in an absolute despotism, shutting us off from the enjoyment of those rights which are inalienable to man, levying taxes which are unbearable, for the payment of which our lands, our homes, our sons have been confiscated, therefore, be it resolved,

1. That we are and by right ought to be a free and independent people;

2. That we no longer recognize the laws of the Crown, but that we repel them as unjust and inhuman;

3. That we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor for the support of these resolutions."

It did not require a long series of resolutions after the speeches of Col. Cornhearter and Mr. Shuckslipper. All they wanted was some one to say, "Resolved that we be free," and an opportunity to sign their names. There was a rush to see who should sign first.

While they were thus engaged, a death-like stillness reigned. But as soon as the last name was signed, one young patriotic hero mounted a high box and, with hat in hand, cried, "Hurrah for victory! Three cheers for liberty!" Then such a shout rent the air as was never before heard. Hats were tossed, handkerchiefs waved, swords brandished, bells rung, and tremendous guns fired. Every one was ready to die for his rights, one would think. But soon the scene changed. Sir Tabby Thomas, the legal heir to the crown had concealed himself near by, and with no small degree of interest listened to all their plans. And while thus elated, they were congratulating Cornhearter and Shuckslipper on their eloquent speeches; then each other's hands they shook with hearty grasp, while they laughed and cried for joy. There could be heard: "Well, the old lady lived her time out, but I guess now she's—any how, we shall not be bothered with her." "She had a good time in this life and we an evil, but it's reversed now, I bet you." "Yes, we are as free as ever she dared to be. Free and independent. We have declared it, and I'll fight till I,"—Into their midst sprang Sir Thomas with sword in hand. *Whack!* and Mr. Shuckslipper lies dying. *Rap!* and Cornhearter falls. Then another, and another, and an'—but the next one is not there. Their patriotism is gone, and with it their independence. Sir Thomas is enraged. He thought to slay at least fifty. Here lie *four*. The rest are gone! Some this way, some that. Up and down and around; from barrel to box, from joist to joist, out of doors, under the house, to the woods. And all in an instant. Not a living soul is seen. Not a voice heard for liberty.

Seeing that his work of slaughter is cut shot, he starts for his mansion in a rage. His attention is arrested by a very pitiful "Please, sir," from a youngster, who in trying to escape had fallen into a barrel of tar, and "*stuck*." As Sir Thomas approached, the innocent boy raised his right hand by which he hoped to excite pity, for he had had the misfortune of getting it cut off in a steel trap.

Notwithstanding the rage of the young king, he was moved to pity, and released him with the promise that he should never again be found with the Raticals.

Now my story is told, I leave my readers to decide who the candidates were, with the hope that every one will vote intelligently on this question; for it is one of vast importance.

If this party get in power, we may all expect to suffer at their hands what Bishop Hatto suffered, who was compelled to flee for his life to his tower across the Rhine. But in vain. He was dragged from his tower, and most unmercifully murdered by them.

M. O. R. Ton.

THE INFLUENCE OF LITERATURE.

In this age of startling developments, the wonderful progress in art and invention has become so common that we are accustomed to consider without wonder that which is all but miraculous. Knowing this to be true, it is very natural that we should seek to know the cause. One hundred years ago, if one had argued that electricity would be utilized as a bearer of messages to all parts of the world with the rapidity of thought, his neighbors would have laughed at him and called him insane. Now we not only have the electric wire, but our cities are lighted by electricity, and there is an electric train in the United States; yet no unusual degree of astonishment is manifested at these developments in science. The only reason that can be assigned for this is the universal diffusion of knowledge.

Scientists predict that before many years shall have elapsed, electricity will be used universally for running engines, heating apartments, cooking, &c.

The printing-press, by publishing to the world the gradual developments in science, is preparing the minds of the people for this radical change, and when the fortunate one shall discover the appliance by which electricity can be utilized for these various purposes, he will excite no unusual surprise, for the people are expecting his appearance at any moment.

It is a fact patent to the mind of every man, that the printing-press exerts, by far, the greatest influence in this country for good or for evil. It exerts a twofold influence. As the rising sun dispels the darkness of night, so the printing-press can disperse intellectual darkness; and on the other hand, as the noxious effluvia arising from stagnant water vitiates the surrounding atmosphere, so the fruits of the printing-press often render corrupt the finest intellects. Its magical influence has suggested the question, "Is the increased multiplicity of books favorable to intellectual development?"

This question, involving, as it does, the "fine and subtle workings of the mind and resting on grounds beyond the reach of the senses," I shall not attempt to argue, but shall take the position that the multiplicity of books is the greatest agent in promoting intellectual improvement.

The records of the historian, the researches of the scientist, the wise sayings of the philosopher, and the works of the novelist, are before us; and curiosity, if no better motive, causes us to read. The great object of history is to enlighten the mind. The true historian does not seek to move the feelings, but leaves that for the novelist. The historian's legitimate work is to lay the facts before you, and allow you to judge for yourself. History, including biography, has been termed the grand panorama at which we gaze until we know more of the past than of the present, and are as familiar with the great and good among the dead as with our own personal friends.

Man is distinguished from the brute,

in that he is capable of reasoning. He has not only the faculty of retaining important truths, but by experimenting and reasoning, he may discover principles and arrive at conclusions before unthought of. After this order are scientific and philosophical works in general. The reading of them tends to enlarge the mental faculties, improve thought, and in many other ways extend the boundaries of human wisdom and happiness. A celebrated writer has termed them the "oracles of nature speaking out of God's great temple." Of all studies, those relating to science are the most fascinating. To those longing for distinction, no field is so inviting as that of scientific research. Taste for science can only be cultivated by reading scientific literature.

The Creator has seen fit to endow the human mind with the power of imagination; and nowhere is this wonderful faculty more successfully or more beautifully illustrated than in the reading and writing of works of fiction. Yet it is often argued that this class of literature exerts a most pernicious influence. While I would not advise indiscriminate novel-reading, yet there can be no possible injury to the mind in reading the works of Scott and Dickens. No one can claim to be well-versed in literature unless he has read the standard works of fiction.

But I am digressing. Let us now inquire what influence books exert on mind and the formation of character. It is very often the case that the reading of a single book influences one's course for life. The imaginative boy reads a book of sea stories, and it is so fascinating that he loses all taste for other classes of literature. His mind is filled with wild visions; life on the land becomes unbearable, and he determines to become a sailor, or probably worse, a pirate, and notwithstanding the entreaties of his mother and the threats of his father, persists in his determination. At last he runs away from home, is taken on board a vessel, and ekes out a miserable existence as a common sailor. Another boy of an inquiring mind reads the pernicious works of Voltaire and Ingersoll, thinks their reasoning true, and becomes an infidel. Others read the lives of Morse, Fulton, and Watt, and their minds are made to think in the same channel, and they become inventors. Others of more meditative minds read the writings of the great divines, and they become ministers of the Gospel.

We thus see how susceptible the youthful mind is of being influenced by what it reads. How important it is, then, that parents should be careful in selecting the literature that they place in the hands of their children. It is not important that only youthful literature should be examined to see that it contains no poison, but every species of literature should be thoroughly examined to see if it contains anything hurtful to mind or morals.

In discussing the influence of books this question is presented to our minds, "What do we do when we read a book?" We think with the author, we seem to see the characters of which he writes. We view things in the same light in which he views them, we breathe in his opinions for the time being, as if we had no indi-

viduality of our own. When reading the works of Bacon our minds expand, and we should grasp his thoughts and seize with avidity those opinions which he has left as a legacy to mankind, and which have been called more precious than pearls. In reading Shakespeare we see every phase of life represented—the base, the untrue, the pure, and undefiled. Every being which the imagination can picture is represented true to life. He portrays the character of man in every station in life, and it is important that every one should read Shakespeare in order that he may have a better knowledge of mankind. Milton opens to our bewildered gaze the beauties of heaven, and at a glance we behold a picture more beautiful than words can describe. In our imagination we picture with him the beings who inhabit that beautiful land. He then opens to our view the horrors of hell and the fallen Archangel surrounded by his compeers. As he brings before us these grand and wonderful pictures, we are lost in admiration. By reading works of this kind, we give scope to the imagination, we receive new ideas, and our minds are developed. Lord Macaulay says that any one now, may, by a few years of close application to mathematics, acquire a more perfect and comprehensive knowledge of that science than did the great Newton after half a century of careful study.

Thus we have the intellectual wealth of centuries accumulated around us, and we may by study and research obtain knowledge that will make us wiser than were the philosophers of ancient Greece and Rome.

A book of sound principles and good morals is of more benefit to the world than a good man, for it represents the best part of the man's nature; it gives us his ideas carefully and logically expressed, ideas to which he had probably given years of careful study. His principles live after he is dead; and we may well say that the best legacy one can leave to posterity is a good book.

Then let books be multiplied. Let us fill our book-cases with the works of the scientist, the historian, the biographer, and the novelist. Let theory clash with theory. Let argument be brought against argument. Let the great principles of truth war with error. Let us have this great intellectual conflict, and we may ever rest satisfied that the principles of truth and justice will achieve grand and lasting victories. Let us select a course of reading that will prove beneficial in preparing us for life. When we wish to spend profitably a leisure moment, we may "with history ransack the past, with geography travel round the world, with astronomy scout the heavens, and with philosophy plunge into the deepest abyss of nature."

C. L. S.

TWO DAYS IN THE PINY WOODS.

I had long wanted to visit the pines in Moore and Richmond counties, N. C.; so one Friday evening about nine o'clock I left my school at New Hill to make that little trip, and return Monday morning. The night was fair, and the moon was near her full. Only one sentimental couple aboard. After more than twenty miles of dead silence, he at last remarked: "What a poor country!" "Why do you suppose they built a railroad through this poor country?" she bewitchingly asked. "Because the ground was too poor for anything else," was the knowing reply. A new reason for building railroads.

Reached Keyser at 12:30; and such a fuss! I walked out on the platform, and a crowd of negroes rushed up: "Is this Mr. Exum?" I was not frightened, but we were all becoming rather intimate. I was relieved, however, by hearing Sam's familiar voice: "Yes, that is Mr. Exum, I know him."

I was very glad to meet Sam. I had not seen him for some time, and then the circumstances were not such as to make one feel perfectly at ease—too many strangers about.

I had to go four miles into the country, or, perhaps better, across the piny woods, before I reached my journey's end.

The first thing of interest, I might say of wonder, was a branch on level ground. Scientists say that water seeks its level. Grant that; but will the scientists please tell us how the water knows which way its level is? I had heard of the many branches in the piny woods, and it had always been a question to me how those broad, level sandy deserts could have branches. It was all explained now. I had always seen a hill on either side of a branch to keep it in its place; but here the branches were promiscuously placed about on the level ground. We crossed several of this kind, but seldom saw a hill. I observed one hill near the road, which had the appearance of a milldam eight or ten feet long. But since I come to think about it, it may have been a turkey blind.

We soon drove up to the house—I mean *to* the house, for we were on the same level with the branch. Will, just from the bed, met me at the door. I was glad to find Dosia and the babies well and gay. The mystery to me was, that, though I was expected on that cold night, there was not a spark of fire in the house. I immediately thought, "Chimney not done;" for it was a new house in a new place. Will says, "I guess I had better raise a fire." He brought from the wood-box the largest piece in it, and took a match as though he would start a fire. I think to myself, "Will is asleep—trying to start a fire with that great big piece of pine." But he knew what he was about. The wood caught as if it had been oiled. By the time we could get our chairs arranged, we had a good fire. And such a light! The room was as bright as day. Fellow-students, if we only had such wood, we could dispense with lamps. But I digress.

I was soon warmed and sent to bed to dream of pines and sand.

The place, a prospective saw-mill location, is near the edge of Moore county, three miles west of the R. & A. A. Railroad. Between this new location and the railroad is Drowning Creek Swamp. The saw-mill was then a little east of the railroad in Richmond county. As the swamp is on our route to the saw-mill, I shall mention something of it, as, with one gun, Will and I proceed.

Before we reached the swamp, Will was continually looking up at the pines and observing every now and then, "Is not that a straight pine?" "Yonder is one that would make forty foot stuff in a hurry." "And this little pine here is worth—let me see—eight dollars." "It would more than pay for two acres of the land." Of course I gave attention to all these points, but kept looking down, or over the road, to see if there was not a hill, thinking that surely there was a hill on either side of Drowning Creek. But I soon found it was on the same level with the house and branches.

As we stepped on the bridge, Will says, "Stop, I think I heard a squirrel." We did see one cross the bridge. I walked over the bridge with a heavy tread, at the same time admiring it for its length and firmness. As we walked off, I looked back, and unable to see the other end, exclaimed: "Surely, Will, this is a bridge!" "This," said he, "is only a little run; we built this bridge in one day—I mean laid the planks. If you want to see a bridge, just come on here to the main stream, and I will show you one."

I went on, though my pride was a little wounded at the mistake I had made. Several squirrels crossed our path; some shot at, but none hurt. *I* did not have the gun.

We had not been on the main bridge long, before I heard a rumbling some distance ahead. "There comes the wagon," said Will. And with the wagon, another familiar face. I began to feel much at home. I was glad to meet Frank, the old wagoner. I suppose he has hauled more lumber than any man in the State. He did his part in carrying the lumber from Wake county, and for more than six years he has been hauling from the almost inexhaustible supplies of Moore and Richmond.

But the swamp. It was so thick I could not see how it was. No one, except a lumber or turpentine man, would have thought it possible to cross it, and these were drawn through by the yellow pines on the other side.

When Dosia moved to the new place, she was greeted with a pitcher of milk from one of the settlers,—I have forgotten how many miles away the good woman lived—who told her that her husband predicted that somebody would cross that swamp and get that immense body of timber. But the good woman had no idea that it would be in her lifetime.

Surveyors had been baffled, because they were unable to use the compass. Hear Will on the survey: "We found the place where we wanted to enter; and then, on the other side, we found the place where we wanted to come out. One of us stationed on one side kept up a continual hallooing, while the other, from the other side, came straight through, axe in hand, marking

his path. The way was then cleared, and this long bridge built."

We crossed several other bridges, which I would have thought main bridges, had I not got a little used to them. Across the railroad into Richmond county, and the old saw-mill is reached. Did anybody ever weary looking at a saw run through a log? I always enjoyed it, and especially that morning. They were sawing at the rate of eight thousand feet per day. By the log boys' driving in a trot, I discovered that they were trying to fill up the log yard, while the mill boys were sawing at a rapid rate to keep the logs off the yard. I enjoyed the race more than the hands. At twelve o'clock the whistle was blown, and we went to the shanty to dinner. I being one over, a chair was lacking, but a box headed up answered the purpose. The table-cloth was made of the same material as the table. The furniture was rather scant; yet, as these things were not eatables, the dinner was no less enjoyed. I did ample justice to the meat and bread before me, and the fried biscuits.

I have eaten at some hotels where they seemed to think that napkins and tooth-picks were what I wanted, but would bring in some tough beef for the sake of variety. I would like to take one of those hotel keepers to a saw-mill shanty dinner, and let him kill himself. Not that I want to murder any one, but let one suffer for the general good.

Will and I left soon after dinner, and passed back through that level swamp. Of the three miles between the new location and the railroad, about half the distance is bridged, and the remainder is thrown up and ditched like a railroad, making, in spite of the dismal swamp, a beautiful road. Will killed but four squirrels as we returned. It was not a good day for squirrels; and besides, he saw a turkey, and abandoned the squirrels for a fruitless search after turkeys. A dozen squirrels may frequently be seen at one time; and yet they are very much thinned out.

We had tea-cakes and the like for supper,—quite a contrast to our dinner; but everything is good in its place.

After supper, the babies being rocked to sleep, Will began: "Dosia, give us some music." She agreed to do so, if he would build a fire in the room where the piano was. We were soon enjoying the music. Their singing told me in convincing tones that there might be pleasure in a home even surrounded by the pines.

By a little music, of rather a discordant nature, I was called back to rock a baby; but Will and Dosia kept on singing, and I kept on enjoying it.

Sunday morning was clear and beautiful, yet it was not convenient to attend church. Most of the churches in that section are Presbyterian, the people being of Scotch descent. Baptists are very few, close communion sentiments being altogether unnatural in that thinly settled country.

After dinner a friend proposing to rock the babies, Will, Dosia, and I took a walk. Before we were a stone's throw (there is not one in that section) from the house, a large gang of wild turkeys flew up. Will, who was just becoming interested in hunting, began to lay such wonderful plans for killing

that gang of turkeys, that Dosia asked him please not to kill but two at a time, for they might spoil. The tall pines, however, took Will's mind off the turkeys, and he was continually telling what kind and how much lumber the different trees would make. I would look up and say, "Yes, that is a nice pine." I thought I was appearing wonderfully interested in the matter of pines, but Will afterwards told a friend that I seemed to be thinking of something else all the time.

The swamp reached in a new place. What corn it would make if it were cleared and ditched! A field well prepared would be a fortune in itself. When we returned, Will told me that the great body of the timber lay in the opposite direction. But as I was sufficiently amused with pines, I took his word without exploring further. He told me that the heavy timber extended for fifteen miles on that side of Drowning Creek, and thought it likely that all that timber would be carried across Drowning Creek on the bridge which I have mentioned; the turpentine men were already at work among those pines, one man working 10,000 acres; the saw-mill men were close behind, cutting down and carrying off. So those pines, which were disturbed a few years ago only by the deer and fox, are now being drained and are rapidly falling before the axe of the log cutter. These industries bring money into the section, and all departments of business are being advanced.

Jackson's Spring, fifteen miles from Keyser, has been carefully analyzed, and pronounced to possess remarkable medicinal properties. It is rapidly coming into public notice. Hundreds now spend the entire summer there; some for health, and others for pleasure. It is thought that it will soon be the most popular resort in the State, if not in the South.

The jails are well supplied with inmates. Whiskey, as an element of civilization, is doing its part. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred negroes may be seen at Keyser on Saturday evening, drinking, cursing, and fighting. What progress the country is making!

After supper and such reflections as these, I became uneasy about how I was to get to the depot. There were two buggies at my command, but there was not a horse nearer than three miles. A boy was ordered to bring a horse from the saw-mill, but it was night, and no horse came. You remember I was compelled to return Monday morning. I had to be at Keyser at 3 p. m. To add to my uneasiness, thick rain clouds gathered over the sky, and made the night dark and lonely. I knew it was impossible to track the nearest path to Keyser, so my only course was to reach the railroad by crossing Drowning Creek at the new bridge, and then walk the railroad to Keyser. The whole distance that way was about six miles. I mentioned that I could do this very easily. Dosia suggested wild-cats, catamounts, and other wild beasts in the swamp. I was stumped again. What should I do? We concluded to retire and wait for the moon to rise As soon as we were asleep, the boy came with the horse. I bade Will, Dosia, and the babies good-bye, and started for Keyser. That boy had the

impudence to tell me: "I went near to Keyser dis ebenin' long 'er Miss Julie, dat's de reason I didn't git here no sooner wid de hoss." I took it—I had to. About ten o'clock I knocked (door bells have not reached there yet) at the door of the Keyser hotel. A small unoffending woman, so far as I could see in the dark, met me. I asked her if I could get a room till train time. She seemed to think such a thing might be possible, though she said nothing definite. I asked her if she could wake me at train time. "I can't promise that, for if I were to wake myself, I have no clock, so I would not know when to wake you." I first thought of giving her my watch, but was afraid she would not wake herself. So fixing my watch and some matches on a chair near the bed, I retired. I have often at college set myself to wake at a certain time, and never failed to do so. I found no trouble in waking this time—the trouble was in sleeping. I awoke at 11:20, and could get no more sound sleep. As often as I dozed a little, the train would come and leave; and such a time I did have until about half past two, I gave up trying to sleep. My company around the depot was about 4,000 barrels of spirits and rosin. The train came, and I was on by the time it stopped. How thankful I was not to be left!

On the train I met a young man who had spent five years in the wilds of Texas. He talked to me as though I had never been anywhere. I meekly suggested to him that I was just returning from the wild West.

EXUM.

THE FIRST OF THE FINE ARTS.

(Translated from the French of Cousin.)

Expression being the supreme object, the art which approaches this most nearly is the first of all arts.

All true arts are expressive, but they are diversely so. Take music; without doubt, it is an art the most soul-stirring, the most profound, and the most searching. There is physically and morally between a sound and the soul a wonderful connection. It seems that the soul is an echo in which the sound gains a new power. Wonderful things are related of ancient music which are not difficult to believe when we see the effects of our own music upon ourselves, who are not at all so alive to the beautiful as the ancients were.

And it is not necessary to believe that the greatness of the effects supposes here any very complex means. No, the less noise music makes, the more touching it is. Give Pergolese a few notes, give him, above all, a few pure and sweet voices, and he ravishes you even to the sky, he transports you into the realms of infinity, he plunges you into ineffable reveries.

The peculiar power of music is in unfolding to the imagination a career without limit, in humoring with an astonishing versatility all the disposi-

tions of each, arousing or lulling with the simplest melody our accustomed sentiments, our favorite affections. In this respect music is an art without rival; it is not, however, the first of the arts.

Music pays the full price for the immense power which has been given to it; it awakens more than any other the sentiment of the infinite, because it is vague, obscure, indefinite in its effects. It is, strictly speaking, the art opposed to sculpture, which tends less toward the infinite, because everything in it is determined with the greatest precision. Such is the power and at the same time the weakness of music, it expresses everything and nothing in particular. Sculpture, on the contrary, scarcely causes one to *think*, for it represents precisely such a thing and no other.

Music does not paint, it touches; it puts in motion the imagination, not that which reproduces images, but that which causes the heart to palpitate, for it is absurd to limit the imagination to the empire of images. The heart once moved, moves all the rest. Thus it is that music can indirectly, and up to a certain point, create images and ideas; but its direct and natural power is neither on the representative imagination nor on the intellect; it is on the heart; that is an advantage good enough.

The province of music is sentiment; but, even there, its power is more profound than extended, and if it expresses certain feelings with an incomparable force, it expresses only a small number of them. By power of association, it can awaken all; but directly it can produce barely two of them, the most simple, sadness and joy, with their "thousand and one" shades.

Ask music to express heroism, virtuous resolution, and many other sentiments where there intervenes very little sadness and joy; under the same beat, it presents to the mind of one man a mountain, to that of another the ocean; the warrior draws from it heroic inspirations; the recluse religious inspirations. Doubtless words determine musical expression; but the merit then belongs to the word, not to the music, and sometimes the word imposes upon music a precision which destroys it and deprives it of its peculiar effects, not only vagueness, obscurity, monotony, but also amplitude and depth—I was about to say, infinitude.

I do not at all admit that definition of song—a declamation set to notes. A simple declamation, beautifully accentuated, is certainly preferable to obstreperous accompaniments; but we must leave to music its character, and not take from it either its defects or its advantages. It is not proper to divert it from its object, and ask of it what it cannot give. It is not made to express sentiments complicated and factitious, or terrestial and common. Its peculiar charm is in elevating the soul to the infinite. It unites itself, then, naturally with religion, especially that religion of the infinite which is at the same time the religion of the heart. It excels in transporting to the feet of eternal mercy the soul on wings of repentance, hope, love. Happy they who have heard at Rome in the Vatican, in the solemnities of the Catholic worship, the melodies of Leo,

Durant, Pergolese, on the ancient consecrated text. They have for a moment caught a glimpse of heaven, and their soul has been able to mount to it without distinction of rank, country, creed even, by steps which it chose itself, by those invisible and mysterious steps, composed and woven, so to speak, of the natural universal sentiments, which in every part of the earth draw from the bosom of the human creature a sigh for another world.

Between sculpture and music, those two opposite extremes, is painting, almost as precise as the one, almost as touching as the other. Like sculpture, it marks the visible forms of objects while giving life to them; like music, it expresses the profound sentiments of the soul, and it expresses them all. Tell me what sentiment there is that is not on the palette of the painter. He has nature entirely at his disposal, the physical and moral world, a cemetery, a landscape, sunset, the ocean, the grand scenes of civil and religious life, all the beings of creation, above all the countenance of man, and his eye, that living mirror of what passes in the soul. More pathetic than sculpture, clearer than music, painting rises above both, because it expresses in a higher degree beauty in all its forms, the human soul in the richness and variety of its sentiments.

J. C. C. D.

(*To be concluded.*)

EDITORIAL.

PETER COOPER.

In the removal by death of this celebrated philanthropist, one of the most conspicuous figures connected with the progress of the New World is gone. Born in 1791, during Washington's first presidency, and when New York city was, comparatively speaking, a mere village, his life spans a period of social and political progress unparalleled in the history of the world.

Springing from humble station and denied the blessings of education, save one year at a common school, but with an active mind, ready hands, and, above all, a stout heart, Peter Cooper built himself up, and to-day he stands out in bold relief as the typical American, both to be admired and emulated. Like other intrinsically great men to whose life the press to-day sometimes calls our attention, he began where the busy current of life takes its rise. The adverse tides and winds which he encountered especially until manhood, as is most often the case, inured and forearmed him for the storm as for the calm.

As a manufacturer he built, in 1830, the first locomotive engine ever constructed in America. As an inventor he has, by his own efforts, done valuable service to humanity, and always seconded others in new inventions and enterprises. It was mainly by his efforts that the Atlantic cable was laid in 1857; and telegraphy has received great furtherance at his hands.

If "it happens to but few men to change the current of human progress, as it did to Watt, to Fulton, to Stephenson, and to Morse," it equally falls to few to accelerate and give the right direction to that tide as it did to Peter Cooper.

But the crowning element in his character, the one which endears him to the hearts of thousands, especially of the lower strata of society, was his beneficence. As the sun beams upon and warms the weakliest as well as the more vigorous plants, so with a purse as full as his heart was broad, he dispensed his charity for the good of all. It is said of him that he walked the streets of New York protected by the rude arm of every rough who knew his face, while the majority of wealthy men are afraid to ride unprotected in their shut coaches.

But the supreme product of his generosity was the founding of Cooper Institute, a "Union for the advancement of Science and Art." His early struggles with ignorance opened his heart to the deserving youth of both sexes who were ground down by poverty. Thus, in Science and Art in their application to the useful purposes of life, have thousands of young men and women been educated, who would have been stumbling-blocks to society. It is said that one day a workman of his institution having occasion to as-

cend a ladder to do some repairing, called to an old man whom he happened to see standing near, watching him: "Here, old fellow, hold the ladder for me, won't you?" The "old fellow" started forward and held the ladder for the workman, while he climbed up and did his work. That unpretentious old man was Peter Cooper. His ambition was satisfied in holding the ladder for other people. He remembered how tough the climbing had been for him, and determined that he would make it easier for others. What a noble character for us to contemplate! The unthinking cannot but stop and think; the torpid cannot but wonder—so rare is it that the world furnishes us with a wealthy man who broadcasts his riches on needy soil, and takes his pleasure as it rebounds from others. In ninety-nine out of a hundred instances riches foster avarice, which, as it grows, buries its fangs deeper into the subject, and, in the end, puts him into a miser's grave, unmourned and unwept, save by a limited family circle; the world gets nothing from him, and loses nothing by him; "the ripple in the water where he sinks will be level again in a few moments."

It behooves us to study such a character as the subject of this sketch, and learn that the true end of life is reached only when our pleasure is coupled with the pleasure and welfare of others; and resolve, if we get riches, to regard them as God-given, and so use them for him as well as for our soul's good.

"Except we are growing sweet and good,
There can be no good in growing old."

Such a monument as Peter Cooper erected for himself during his lifetime will be far more enduring than one of granite or marble; truly a simple burial as was his, is infinitely better than one in Westminster Abbey, unwept and unhonored.

A PLEA FOR THE IMPULSIVE.

Our age is conspicuously a practical one. Everything is viewed in an intensely matter-of-fact way, and before an enterprise is undertaken, the typical man asks, "Will it pay?" This is the crucible in which all projects are tested. Visionary schemes and Utopian theories meet with small encouragement. "Gush," in particular, is condemned, and sentimentality is considered an almost certain evidence of mental weakness. The rash, impetuous man finds little sympathy among his more deliberate fellows. But is there not danger of going to an extreme in this? Is there any good reason why impulsive people should be so frowned upon? We do not mean that a premium should be put on impulsiveness, but it surely does not deserve all the censure heaped upon it, nor the cold contempt with which it is frequently treated.

And oftentimes those who are so lavish in condemning this trait manifest its opposite in a high degree. We have all seen persons who appeared to be without the power of doing anything bad; who seemed to live in constant expectation of being translated alive to the regions of bliss, as Enoch of old; persons like the Brahmin priests, who endeavor to amalgamate themselves into the Divine Being by a

life of ascetic inactivity; persons so rigidly correct and coldly precise that they are never exposed to the temptation of doing the least wrong,—"so straight they bent backward"; and none of us have felt attracted to such stupidly virtuous beings. Your hypocrites are oftener of this stamp than otherwise. Who can conceive of the "umble" Uriah Heep as being impulsive?

These negative beings may do no harm, but they will surely never accomplish any good. If they are free from all vicious habits, their virtuous ones are correspondingly rare. Passionless, phlegmatic natures are not so prone to err as the passionate and impulsive, but the credit is not theirs, for they are out of the track of temptation, while the latter are constantly engaged in a warfare with it. How we are drawn to those who are so often falling into wrong, and as often sincerely repentant, or to those who have enough badness in their composition to make it *spicy*, while we experience no such tender feelings towards the deliberate and cautious, whose conduct is more precise. "It is our weakness alone," says Goethe, "that makes us lovable, and therefore our pleasure is to walk and talk with those who have been tried, troubled and tempted. . . . We make bosom friends of those, though they may have sinned and fallen. The beating of a warm, though erring heart, is dearer to us than the cold and clammy life of the reptile that has ever so long lived imbedded in stone." His position may be accepted with some restriction, but it contains much philosophy. No author makes his villain impulsive, but he is depicted as cool and deliberate, in order that his baseness may appear in bold relief. If he were represented to be impetuous, the reader would lose sight of his villainy in palliating his rashness, and a first-class scoundrel would be ruined. We may look with some degree of allowance on the hasty, impetuous deeds of Othello, but can never forgive the crafty, calculating villainy of Iago.

The world owes much of its progress to impulsive men. All daring reformers have been men of ardor, possessed of one idea until it had become with them the master-passion, and then they have left their impress on mankind. It is impossible to conceive of passionless men as leaders in great revolutions, for none but courageous, impulsive spirits are fitted for such positions. The former may do well in their quiet way, but the latter must make the bold strokes. The gentle, placid stream is beautiful, but the mighty, rushing torrent awakens emotions of the grand and sublime.

A certain amount of dash and "drive" is essential in every pursuit. The over-cautious are apt to hesitate and let the favorable flood-tide recede; while the man of dash and impulse loses no time in hesitating, but "catches the manners living as they rise." As a recent poet has forcibly, if not elegantly, expressed it:

> "It is not wealth, it is not state,
> But 'get-up-and-get' that makes men great."

Every musician knows that *perfect* harmony would weary the ear, and that to produce the sweetest notes, there must be some slight discord. The opal that has no flaw is far inferior to the one that has a defect in its

structure; its beauty is then brought out most strikingly. So, in some degree, is it with human character. One cannot have an absolutely faultless character; and if it were possible, he would not be human, for "man-like it is to fall into sin." But there are persons whose very faults endear them to us, and imperfections may sometimes be beneficial. "A faultless style sends us to sleep," says the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "and defects arouse and excite the sensibilities to seek for excellencies." We overlook the minor shortcomings in surveying the general effect; or, as George Eliot says of Savonarola, "unmindful of his aberrations, and attentive only to the grand curve of his orbit."

Impulsiveness is associated with our ideas of chivalry, and while admiring the gallant deeds of the knights of the Middle Ages, we think of their noble ardor and fiery impetuosity.

And is not the idea of impetuosity indissolubly connected with the typical Southern character? In the catalogue of traits which have won for the Southerner the admiration of the world, this is not omitted. It is intimately linked with his daring, his pride, his valor, his generosity, and, above all, his gallantry, which prompts him to bow with an ardent devotion at the holy shrine of female loveliness.

GIRLS AND GREEK.

From internal evidence and the feminine pseudonym "Pinkey Rosebud," we presume a young lady to be the author of an "open letter" in *The Century* for May. In more than a page she discusses, not learnedly indeed, but with the due proportion of parenthesis and the fated postscript, the higher education of women. She is evidently opposed to it, as the following piece of a paragraph will show: "Why, I declare!" she exclaims. "It's simply too ridiculous for anything, the way they go on; just as if any sensible girl, with any sort of romantic feelings, wanted to know anything about Greek and philosophy and things, and then grow up for all the world like those absurdly dreadful old frights that wear spectacles, and have straight hair brushed back," etc.

Our object here is to ask why the faculties of the majority of the female colleges, in making up the course of instruction, discard Greek with studied design. The knowledge of any language can be of advantage in only three ways: first, as a medium of communication; second, as a key which opens a treasure-house of valuable thought; third, as furnishing mental discipline in its acquisition. In the study of a foreign language in the schools the last is generally the object sought. Now, the question arises, Does not Greek furnish the needed discipline as well as Latin, which is commonly prescribed? "Pinkney Rosebud" expresses the prevailing notion of Greek; it is, nevertheless, an erroneous one. In our opinion it is a more attractive language than Latin, simpler in its constructions, and a richer depository of noble thought. The unfamiliar look of the alphabet grows into an impassable barrier, and the conclusion follows, "It's too hard!"

We take the side of the girls, and protest against this designed exclusion from the wholesome mental discipline

which the study of Greek imparts, and from acquaintance with the language and literature of the noblest people of antiquity. Is it just to the girls? On what grounds does it rest?

SIMPLICITY OF STYLE.

"Confusion and perplexity," says Bishop Butler, "are, in writing, without excuse, ... and it is unpardonable in a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. *It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home.*" These lines might be treasured up, with advantage, in the minds of all young writers; and especially would it be well for a certain class of inexperienced literary aspirants whose bones are full of fire to get their names into print, to rivet and brad them on the tablet of the mind. Just such are apt to commit their thoughts to paper in a jumbling style, and often know less about what they are driving at than the reader himself, whom they are trying to instruct. The reader does know that the mere piling together of words —meaningless as they stand thus related—expresses nothing; while the writer, poor unfortunate votary of illusive glory rather than of letters! felt an inward consciousness of gratification at this imposing collocation of words; and saw a sort of sublimity in them which completely overpowered him. Doubtless he was animated, partly, by the saying, "there is sublimity in obscurity;" and, partly, by the desire of being considered original and profound, since many writers receive unmerited praise for originality and depth of thought through an imposing parade of words and a mystical obscurity of language. For example, the ponderous style of the Germans, which reminds one of the Egyptian pyramids. They are "grand and gloomy," constructed of huge blocks of stone, which cost the labor of thousands of men, and occupied years in transportation from the quarries alone. And in beholding them as they loom up in their massive grandeur, one would think that peerless treasures were buried there; but upon careful examination, sometimes a dried-up mummy is found, sometimes not so much. So is it with that kind of obscurity of language which, by its marshalling of words and display of sentences by phalanxes, sheds a kind of glamour over its bulky dimensions, suggesting the vague idea of sublimity.

True, there is sublimity—beauty and eloquence, too—in a certain arrangement of words, but these impressions grow out of the thought. A luxurious carriage, drawn by spirited steeds, excites the attention of the by-stander; but let the carriage door turn on its golden hinges, the velvet curtains part a little, then your attention melts into a bewildering admiration for the eloquent glance, the beautiful form, the delicate features which are back of these. So with language. If an elegant and artistic style is employed, it not only attracts by its ornament and beauty, but detains the reader long enough for him to see the beautiful gems which it clothes, and when once the eye is fixed on them, it forgets that they were thus covered at all. The

orator is most eloquent, or he is only eloquent, when you forget his words; nay, when you forget the man himself, so transported are you by the theme, by the charm of his thought. The same may be said of style. It must be so clear, so simple, and so transparent, that the thought may be seen to shine and sparkle through it.

This brings us to two important remarks, suggested by the foregoing observations: 1. The writer must have something to say; i. e., think over and sift thoroughly the theme engaging the attention; bring all collateral information, derived from reading and observation, to bear on the subject, provided it is pertinent and strengthens his position. 2. It should be said in a simple, unassuming manner, so that the ordinary reader may understand it. When we say "simple," we do not mean to go to the opposite extreme of obscurity! we do not mean "to adopt a Board of Trade or Corn Exchange standard," by the aid of which the least number of words may be used to express one's thoughts. Simplicity and clearness are not at all inconsistent with elegance and ornament. "The plumage that makes the beauty of the eagle supports it in its flight;" and it is the witchery of a simple style that gives force and energy to thought, causing it to glow in the mind of the reader. And of all the elements of literary art, doubtless simplicity is the most difficult to master. Great care and patience are requisite to reach this end—the end to which the masters of literature have always striven; and but for their untiring efforts to master this element of a perfect style, we would never have been the fortunate inheritors, that we are, of the rich legacies of literature.

William Cullen Bryant, for example, unlike the many who are content to do things by halves, always wrote and rewrote his articles for the press. Upon being asked once by an elderly lady, who was in the habit of reading the journal of which he was editor, why it was that his pieces were so fresh, so new, and so finished, he replied that he never allowed his productions to pass into the hands of the printer without being satisfied with them himself. In other words, what he was ashamed to read himself, of his own productions, he feared his readers would be ashamed to read also. He strove to carve in each bit of marble an image, which every one who beheld it, would be forced to admire. And when those bits of marble were collected with the experience acquired in polishing them, he erected, with a hand skilled by the care and practice of years, a monument upon which the world gazes with admiration.

EDUCATIONAL.

—THE establishment of a graded school in Tarboro is agitated.

—HON. A. M. SCALES will make the commencement address at Thomasville Female College, June 7th.

—COMMENCEMENT of the Theological Seminary at Louisville will embrace May 6th, when the annual sermon will be preached by Dr. Lemuel Moss, President of Indiana University.

—DR. MCCOSH has resigned the presidency of Princeton College. Prof. Murray's name is oftenest mentioned as his successor. Dr. John Hall, of New York city, is also proposed.

—PRESIDENT BATTLE, of the University, will make the address at the Waynesville Academy, May 27th. Rev. N. B. Cobb has charge. The latter has not yet answered the call to the presidency of Judson College at Hendersonville.

—MORAVIAN Falls Academy, Wilkes county, Rev. George W. Greene, Principal, has enrolled 139 students since Christmas, and now has about 110 in attendance. The commencement occurs May 26th, at which occasion Prof. W. B. Royall, Chairman of our Faculty, is expected to be present.

—THE University Normal School will open on the 21st of June and close on the 25th of July. The Superintendent is to be Hon. M. A. Newell, LL. D., Superintendent Public Instruction in Maryland, and Principal of the Maryland State Normal School. Prof. E. P. Moses, of the Goldsboro graded school, is announced as one of the faculty.

—MONTANA is rapidly increasing in educational interest. The last census shows 189 schools, 191 teachers and 6,054 scholars.

—THE State School of Mines at Golden, Cal., has a faculty of eight and 137 students. Thirty-three young ladies are attending lectures and drawing.

—IT seems likely that the example of Harward will be followed by the University of Pennsylvania, in the "Annex" arrangement for the supply of instruction to young women equal to that of the young men. The "Annex" furnishes the same instruction by the same teachers in different apartments and at different hours.

—WE wonder how many of the speakers at the coming "female" commencements will feel called upon to prove that woman is man's equal in capacity for prolonged mental labor and for triumphs in literature and the sciences. Is not that just a trifle stale by this time? To keep up the fire after the fight is won is confession that the victors are in doubt about the victory.

—NEW YORK, although it is the chief city of America, can boast of no great university. This need is at last recognized, and will probably be met by the expansion of Columbia College. President Barnard estimates that for that purpose it will need four million dollars endowment. *Harper's Weekly* thinks the wealth and liberality of New Yorkers, stimulated by pride in their great city, should not be slow in providing all that is needed.

—THE Oxford Female Seminary has a larger attendance of boarders and day scholars than ever before. In the faculty are two ladies, graduates of Vassar. It is said that they have made valuable improvements in the methods of instruction.

—PRESIDENT GILMAN, of Johns Hopkins University, is on record as saying that "in this country every student should understand three languages—German, French, and English." The number who understand English is disgracefully small.

—NORTH CAROLINA has 8 colleges. There are 10 teachers and 328 pupils in the preparatory department. In the collegiate department there are 70 teachers and 894 students. The income in 1879 from tuition was $27,500. These colleges have 29,543 volumes in their libraries. The grounds, buildings, and apparatus are valued at $539,000.

—THIS is what Superintendent Scarborough says of some of the Legislature's doings: "The amendatory act is a long step backwards and is very discouraging to the true friends of public schools and popular education, but it cannot be undone now. Let us, therefore, do the best possible under the circumstances and work wisely for a better system from future legislation. Let us stand to our guns until the justice and wisdom of our cause shall be recognized and acknowledged by all." The wise makers of our laws seemed not to know that the head of the department of education was likely to understand the whole subject better than they, and hence ought to be consulted.

—PRESIDENT GILMAN, is responsible the following: "Wealth might well for be applied to the increase of the payment of college professors and the formation of more college professorships. Men of first-rate powers should be employed as professors, and they must be well paid, with an augmenting salary. They should not be troubled by poverty."

—PETER COOPER, "the good gray head whom all men knew," had this to say about the Cooper Institute just before his death, April 4: "The success of the Cooper Institute in preparing young women to earn a living has gratified me more than anything else. It was one of the things that I was most concerned about, and I made a statement of my desire in my deed of transfer of the buildings to the trustees. Pupils come to our place and behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies. For ten years not a single complaint of misconduct has been made to the trustees by any one of our twenty or thirty teachers. Nine boys whom we graduated are now professors in colleges. An old German called the other day to 'tank' me for his son's success; the lad, once a pupil of Cooper Institute, is now a professor in the great University of Berlin, and much esteemed. So little is written about the Cooper Institute that people hardly know of its possibilities and results. Every year it instructs 3000 young men and women. For myself, I try to keep the buildings in good shape. I was looking at my books to-day, and I find that I have spent on it $130,000 in the last two years."

—OVER 100 graduates from other colleges are in attendance upon the present session of Johns Hopkins University.

—THE Trustees of Palatinate College, Pa., have deposed the President by leasing the entire institution for three months to Dr. Reilly. This deposing is said to have arisen on account of the recent rebellion among the students.

—A school boy was expelled in Minnesota for insisting on declaiming a passage from Ingersoll's speeches. The State Superintendent and Attorney-General were appealed to and they decided the boy illegally expelled.

—RHODE ISLAND is considering a compulsory education act, applying to children between seven and fifteen years of age. The intention of this law is to prevent so many parents from pleading inability, and thrusting their children out to struggle through life without preparation.

—MANY Colleges North devote considerable time to chess, shooting, athletics, boating, and to many other amusements: sometimes spending enough almost to endow a little college. The Harvard Boat Club is almost wrecked. 'Twill take $2,000 to place it on a firm basis.

—CHANCELLOR P. H. MELL proposes the establishment of a School of Technology in the University of Georgia. His idea is to fit up work and machine-shops under the supervision of a master mechanic, for the thorough and practical training of young men in all the uses and appliances of the mechanic arts. This school, if founded, will be provided with the best tools and the most skilful superintendents, so that when a graduate has gone through his apprenticeship and taken the auxiliary course of study he may be able to take his place at the bench or forge, and work his way into a permanent and paying position in the best shops of the country.—*Ex.*

—AT a recent meeting of the Trustees of the New York University, a plan was proposed for the Art Department, by which women are to receive the same course of instruction as the men, but at a different time and place. They are to pass the same examinations and receive degrees upon the same conditions. This system would meet some of the claims of the co-educationists.

—A higher school for the Jewish youth of both sexes has long been demanded. Touro College, to be established at Newport, R. I., is expected to meet this desire. The complaint has been that Jewish children sent to Christian colleges or convent schools grow up neither Jews nor Christians. The object of the Jews in this school is to instill Jewish sentiments.

—THE cause of education in North Carolina certainly deserves and needs a better exponent than the present *Educational Journal.* Its appearance is about like that of a respectable weekly, but it is issued monthly. We attach no blame to its conductors; doubtless want of means limits them. Alfred Williams & Co., of Raleigh, propose to establish a magazine in this field; there is room for it.

—THE $60,000 donated by E. A. Kent, of San Francisco, to Yale College will be used to erect a chemical laboratory.

—HON. FREDERICK BILLINGS has given $75,000 to the University of Vermont. Quite a handsome gift to a single college.

—WABASH COLLEGE (Ind.) was partly burnt recently. And the strangest thing of all is, that three of her students were the incendiaries.

—A Kentucky schoolmaster recently got a verdict of $17 damages against the trustees because of a severe cold contracted by running after them for his pay. A good hint to teachers in general.

—IRELAND has an ecclesiastical college with 500 students, who are candidates for the priesthood. It is said to be a larger attendance than that of any similar college in the world.

—BROWN University must be resting on a foundation of gold, and hard up for students. She offers greater inducements, perhaps, than any college in America. To the student who passes the best entrance examination, are given *only* $3,000.

—BOWDOIN College (Me.) has nourished and sent out her share of great and renowned men. She claims 22 senators and representatives in Congress, 9 governors, 14 legal judges, 18 college presidents, a Longfellow, a Hawthorne, and a Prentiss.

—COLUMBIA COLLEGE has an endowment of $5,300,000, an income of $281,000; Harvard has $903,000—income $233,000; Johns Hopkins, $3,500,000—income $200,000; and Yale, $1,500,000—income $187,000; while some of our Southern colleges would be glad to have so much as the interest on some of their incomes.

—COLUMBIA College has a high ideal of a university. With her present enormous endowment, her magnificent buildings, her laboratories, and her improved appliances, she asks for $4,000,000 more before she can be made a university.

—EX-GOVERNOR COBURN, of Maine, has offered $15,000 to Colby University, provided the same amount be raised in addition. Of this amount $8,500 has been raised. This money will not be appropriated directly by the College; but is intended to aid its three tributaries, Waterville, Hebron, and Houlton Academies.

—EDUCATION IS TEMPERANCE.—It has been many years since the custom was in vogue in backwoods settlements of fastening the teacher out of doors, during the Christmas season, until he would agree to treat. In those days school children were sometimes made tipsy on mulled cider. Latterly no one can be found who has seen an inebriated boy or girl in any school, in town or country. The taste for strong drink is never acquired in the common-school house. There are rare cases where students in college have contracted the disease of alcoholism. These are so rare that it is almost impossible to call one to mind. Therefore, we assert that education is temperance—twin sisters in American civilization. Every lesson learned in the unsectarian school is antagonistic to dissipation and all manner of vice. The great principle of self-respect is there taught, because

no one respects others who does not respect himself. No one is entitled to the respect of others who does not respect himself, and who does not make "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" the rule of his life. Compel every boy to attend school five months in the year—nine months if possible,—and temperance organizations may disband. The common-school room will do their work, and do it thoroughly.—*Free School Adv., Washington, D. C.*

—The ninth Annual Report of the President of Boston University shows that that institution is in a most prosperous condition. Its assets are over $1,100,000, of which $716,000 is in real estate without encumbrances. But even this large endowment is found inadequate, and an urgent appeal is made for more funds to endow the School of Theology, and for other purposes. The total number of students is now about 550. Young women were admitted to the first class ever organized in this institution, and 240 have been graduated, while 1,153 have been in attendance. As to the subsequent career of these graduates the Report says: Many are holding very desirable positions as teachers, a few are college professors, some are married and are "guiding the house," some are pursuing advanced studies, some engaged in literature and journalism. As the first class in the College of Liberal Arts was graduated only five years ago, there has not been time for the accumulation of particularly important statistics. As to the professional graduates, the only one in law is established in business in Boston, the four or five theological ones, with perhaps one exception, are regularly engaged in preaching, while of the physicians, none have found difficulty in earning a good livelihood, and several have built up practices worth thousands of dollars a year.—*Examiner.*

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—MRS. OLIPHANT is writing an article on Mrs. Carlyle for *The Contemporary Review.*

—*Life on the Mississippi*, Mark Twain's new book, goes forth in a first edition of 50,000 copies. That's bold.

—HENRY HOLT & CO. are soon to issue the initial number of "The Leisure Moment Series." The series will consist of good light literature, principally novels.

—THE first part of Joel Chandler Harris' sketch, "At Teague Poteet's," appears in the May *Century*, and is first-rate. We wait impatiently for the concluding part.

—J. R. OSGOOD & CO. announce for early publication the biography of George Eliot by her husband, Mr. Cross. *George Eliot*, by Miss Blind, the first of the "Famous Women Series," is well spoken of.

—THE newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States now reach a total of 11,176—an increase of 585 during the past year. In England there are 1,962 newspapers.

—MR. CHARLES F. LUMMIS has published a few of his poems in a tiny book made of birch bark which was gathered in the White Mountains. The book is unique in design, and the poems are said to be not without merit. It may be had for 25 cents by addressing the author at Chillicothe, O.

—*The Manhattan* is to be enlarged, and will enter the lists as an illustrated magazine against *Harper's* and *The Century*. It is said to be backed by ample capital, and some predict that in a short time it will rank with the first illustrated magazines of the world.

—MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS, of Boston, have arranged for the following volumes in their "Famous Women Series": *George's Sand*, by Miss Thomas; *Margaret Fuller*, by Mrs. Howe; *Mary Lamb*, by Mrs. Gilchrist; and *Maria Edgeworth*, by Miss Zimmern. As they are all in an advanced state of preparation, their publication during the summer and fall may be expected.

—It would seem that during the thirteen years since we began the preparation of the magazine's first issue, the average of literary ability throughout the community has risen in quality,—at any rate, we know that we find ourselves constantly compelled to decline contributions well worthy of acceptance for the sole reason that we have no room for them.—*The Century.*

—AN American edition of the *Imperial Dictionary*, long a standard in England, will be published by the Century Company. The necessary revision will be done by Prof. Whitney, of Yale.

—A romance written by Kong Ming twenty-two hundred years ago, the *Fau Yong, or the Royal Slave*, is to have an English translation by Wong Ching Foo, editor of *The Chinese American*. The author's style is said to resemble that of Victor Hugo.

—*A History of Latin Literature*, by G. A. Simcox, M. A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, in two volumes, covers a period of 800 years from the second and third centuries, B. C., to the sixth century, A. D. It is highly recommended.

—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS publish a manual of *Authors and Publishers*, which gives the details of the manufacture of books and the relations between publisher and author. It is recommended as healthful reading to those possessors of unappreciated genius who believe that publishers grow fat on the brains of young writers.

—WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the monthly magazine, *Choice Literature*, published by John B. Alden, 18 Vessey Street, N. Y. It is made up of selections from the best sources, its articles being about of the same grade of those of *The Eclectic*. Its type is not so good, nor is its price so high by four dollars. It costs but $1 a year, which we consider a good investment for those interested in this kind of literature.

—WITH the May issue of *Harper's*, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner takes charge of that genial department, the "Editor's Drawer." We should say of that, Right man in right place. His pleasant humor is one quality which has made his book, *My Winter on the Nile*, so popular.

—A voyage across the Alantic is a ten-day sail through vacancy. There is no sensible progress; you pass no fixed points. Is it the steamer that is moving, or is it the sea? or is all a dance and illusion of the troubled brain? Yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow, you are in the same parenthesis of nowhere.—*John Burroughs.*

—MR. CURTIS, from *Harper's* "Easy Chair," speaks thus: "The test of the able editor is the detection of the advertisement under the most plausible mask of public interest and information. The adroit enemy unfolds his beneficent truths in which mankind must be vitally interested, and for answer he hears from the imperturbably perceptive editor, or publisher, or proprietor, 'Our terms are $5 a line for one insertion.'"

—THE celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving at Tarrytown on April 3rd, was an appropriate tribute to the memory of the first of American authors. Addresses were made by Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, and the Rev. Dr. Seldon Spencer, and a poem was read by Mr. S. S. Thayer.

—THE English "Society for the Suppression of Blasphemous Literature" propose to get up cases against Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, the publishers of Mill's works, the publishers of Strauss' works, John Morley and others, who, by their writings, have sown widespread unbelief, and in some cases rank atheism, in cultivated families.

—THERE are few, if any, female names more prominent in the world of letters and thought at the present time than that of Frances Power Cobbe. *Peak in Darien* has found as many readers on this side the water as her *Duties of Women*, having reached its seventh edition.

—EMERSON on conscience: Mary Kotch, a wise and saintly Quaker woman, told me that her little girl one day asked if she might do something. She replied, "What does the voice in thee say?" The child went off, and after a time returned to say, "Mother, the little voice says no." That calls the tears to one's eyes.

—*The Century* for May begins a new departure. The three departments of "Literature," "Home and Society," and the "World's Work," are omitted, and in their stead we have a new department called "Open Letters." The reason given for the change is the pressure of original matter which is too good to be declined for lack of space.

—MR. E. A. OLDHAM, formerly editor of *The New South*, has taken charge of the *Western Sentinel* at Winston, N. C. We congratulate its editor on the general make up of the paper, and hope his efforts may be better appreciated in his new home than they were in Wilmington. We wish him the success we believe he deserves.

—Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's biography of Daniel Webster is nearly ready for the "American Statesmen Series," which steadily grows in interest and favor.

—Sweden is to have a series of translations of English novels, the first being "F. Anstey's" burlesque tale *Vice Versa*. It is a curious book to begin with as a specimen of English novels.

—All those who are interested in Foreign Missions, Baptists especially, should read the "Life of Adoniram Judson, by his son Edward Judson." The author has endeavored to give a clear and consecutive story of his father's life and has favored us with a most fascinating book.

—In writing of Washington Irving as a humorist, Mr. Shorthouse says: "The charm of humor consists not merely in laughing or even in joy, but in the stirring of those sympathies and associations which exist invariably in the race, for we inherit a world-life and a religion, the earth's springs of whose realities lie, perchance, for laughter, but not, Heaven be thanked, too deep for tears."

—The book-binding business is getting to be so extensive, and consequently so cheap, that many ambitious of literary display, order London binders to put up patent-office reports in handsome covers and lable, them "Macaulay's Essay," "Walpole's Letters," and such other titles as show literary taste. These are ordered by the thousand volumes, placed in the shelves of imposing libraries, locked securely, and afterwards the keys conveniently lost.

—In the Earl of Ashburnham's library, a single book known as the "Albani Missal," an illuminated ancient MS., has been valued at $50,000.

—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's literary work will not be confined to the pages of *The Atlantic* as has been reported. He is to write the life of Emerson for the "American Men of Letters" series.

—The *New York Times* prefers an ugly charge against Mr. McMaster, author of the *History of the People of the United States*. If the author is actually guilty of wholesale plagiarism, as the critic informs us, the charge should be supported by the evidence that might be produced.

—F. H. E., a conceited New England scribbler, in informing us through the columns of *The Critic* that the South is not yet in the United States—the literary United States—speaks of the Southern States as "those heathen countries." By this expression we are reminded of the half civilized nations of antiquity, with whom the terms "foreigner" and "barbarian" were synonymous. The South claims to exist in a higher stage of civilization, but this egotistical fellow, with this antiquated spirit of exclusiveness, chooses to designate us as "heathens." We would suggest that if this self-complacent New Englander would get further from the "hub" and find out something of these "heathen countries," he would rotate in a wider circle, and have his field of observation enlarged and his views thereby liberalized. *The Critic* should not have disgraced its columns by publishing such stupid stuff as that from "F. H. E."

—MR. EDWARDS, the inventor of the heliotype process, has printed a richly illustrated book, the record of a yachting trip, only ten copies of which are to be published.

—A DEPARTMENT of "Notes and Queries" has been introduced in *The Continent* and will include such subjects as may be thought of general interest. All sorts of inquiries will be published and answered, either by the editorial staff or from other sources.

—ONE hundred and seventy-five translations have been made of Tennyson's epitaph on Sir John Franklin, a third of the renderings being in Greek, one in Sanskrit, and most of the rest in Latin. We do not see the reason for so many translations, yet they have been made and are published in book form.

A BOOK has been written by W. E. Winks on "Illustrious Shoemakers." About fifty shoemakers are enumerated as illustrious, and of these more than half became famous through the medium of their pens. Most readers will be somewhat surprised to find Noah Webster, John G. Whittier, Roger Sherman, and Henry Wilson named among American shoemakers.

—MR. SAMUEL ARTHUR BRENT'S "Short Sayings of Great Men," which has lately passed to a second edition, is a book almost indispensable to the literary worker. The book is more than a mere store-house of quotations. Besides the distinctive phrase or sentence that has rendered famous the name of each author mentioned, there are copious notes, both biographical and exegetical, and containing other sayings less noted, but as characteristic.

—THE life of Margaret Fuller, the woman Concord philosopher, will be written by Col. Higginson in the "American Men of Letters Series."

—ONE of the remarkable features of Mr. McMaster's *History of the States from the Revolution to the Civil War* is the absence of preface or introduction. The author plunges into his work without any preliminary bowing and scraping to the public, letting the book speak for itself. The scope of the work is different from that of other American histories. Although much is written of the United States as a nation, yet the history of the people is the chief theme. The work is to be completed in five volumes, of which Volume I has already been published.

—SOME incisive and amusing comments on the system of cataloguing practised by English dealers in second-hand books are given by Mr. Smalley, who says: "In too many cases the English catalogue is wanting, not only in exact knowledge, but in common honesty. In a recent list of books issued by a London firm may be found advertised Merry's 'Witticisms, &c., of Dr. Johnson,' with this note of the bookseller: 'A highly interesting copy, with a superscription, 'To Mrs. Thrale, Southwark,' in Johnson's autograph, inserted opposite the frontispiece.' The book was published in 1791. Johnson died in 1784. If he really wrote Mrs. Thrale's name in the book seven years after his death, the cataloguer might explain how he did it and the means of communication between this world and that in which the great moralist was then residing."

—Of late there has been much discussion as to the authorship of many of the plays credited to William Shakespeare. Who knows but that just as Bishop Whately in his "Historic Doubts" proved conclusively that no such man as Napoleon Bonaparte ever lived, some one may prove that the dramas believed to have been written by Shakespeare were written by Julius Cæsar or George Washington?

—*The Illustrated World* is a new publication and promises success. The first number (April 14) opens with a fascinating story by Elsie Leigh Whittlesey, entitled "Weir Herncliff's Money." Its other departments are varied and up to the times. Its illustrations are good. "The artist's power puts the scene before us with nothing lacking except words." It compares favorably with Harper's and Frank Leslie's Weeklies. Published weekly by James Everson, Philadelphia. Price $3 per year.

—The first volume of Mr. Richard Grant White's "Riverside Shakespeare" has been recently published. This is an entirely new edition of Shakespeare's complete works, combining the most authentic and carefully corrected text, with notes embodying in compact form the results of thorough study of the Elizabethan period and its drama. Mr. White's great reputation as a critic and as a student of the English language and its literature guarantees the excellence of the work, and the Riverside Press has done its best to make this the handsomest and most desirable popular edition of Shakespeare ever published.

—There are already fifteen hundred competitors for the art prize given by the Harpers for the best original drawing to illustrate Alfred Domett's Christmas Hymn. The drawing is to be suitable for use in the magazine, and is to be the work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age. The prize of $3000 is to be used in the prosecution of art study in one or more American schools with six months of study added abroad.

—Three of the best classical scholars of the day have made an English prose version of the "Iliad" that, if prose be accepted as a legitimate form, is said to be perfect of its kind. A prose translation is always more literal, and thus gives more information than a poetical one. But when such men as Lang and Meyers, of Oxford, and Leaf, of Cambridge, work together, the result must be not merely perfect accuracy, but perfect English, and thus far, at least, have poetical quality.

—Henry Ward Beecher is thus spoken of by Dr. Abbot, in a work just published: "Mr. Beecher is peculiarly liable to misinterpretation. His opalescent nature, his kaleidoscopic moods, his profound intellectual and spiritual insight, his impatience of the mere mechanics and formularies of religion, which are of larger importance than he realizes, because the weak need props which the strong do not need, his intensely emotional nature, and his utter disregard of his own reputation, make him often an enigma to his friends, and always an easy subject for the misrepresentation of envy, malice, and uncharitableness."

—We suppose that there could hardly be found a more charming set of books on Natural History for the young, or indeed for the old, than these by Miss Arabella B. Buckley: *Fairy-land of Science, Life and Her Children, Winners in Life's Race, or the Great Back-boned Family.* The last is somewhat of a sequel to the second, which treats of invertebrate animals. The author is known as a pupil of Prof. Huxley's, and is not only a brilliant writer, but also a reliable one. (D. Appleton & Co.)

—Mr. Harris has no peer in the correct representation of the brogue of the illiterate negro and white man of the South. Take this example; Teague Poteet is speaking: "Ef Sis aint a caution, you kin shoot me. She knows how to keep things a-gwine. Sometimes she runs an' meets me, an' says se'she: 'Pap, Mammy's in the dumps; yess you an' me make out we er quollin'. Hit'll sorter stir 'er up;' an' then Sis, she'll light in, an' by the time we git in the house, she's a-scoldin' and a-sassin' an' I'm a-cussin', an' airter awhile hit gits so hot en' natchul-like that I thes has ter drag Sis out behin' the chimbly an' buss'er to make certain an' shore that she aint flew off the han'le. Bliss your soul an' body! she's a caution!"

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—Riding by Electrical Power. —The Power Storage Co., of London, have built an electrical street car. The motor apparatus consists of an accumulator containing fifty electrical cells, from which the current is communicated by insulated wire to a Siemen's dynamo under the car; the motion is transmitted to the axle of the wheels by a driving belt. The first cost of the horse-power car and of that run by electricity is said to be the same, while the expense of the former per day is $6.28, of the latter only $1.50.

—The Microscope's Revelations are more and more astonishing as its power is increased and the field of investigation widened. These revelations are in many cases of prime importance, and have presented their benefits to the incredulous in the unmistakable form of dollars and cents. Few lines of research have yielded richer rewards than that into the origin and cause of certain diseases, some of which are shown to be produced by minute organic forms of vegetable or animal life. Kill the organism, and the disease disappears. The "germ theory" is not without opponents, but there are cases in which it can be now no longer doubted. Perhaps the most signal of all the discoveries in this field is, with its legitimate consequences, detailed in the present issue of The Student. Dr. Koch is a German pathologist, comparatively young, and re-sides in the city of Berlin.

—Talkers a Thousand Miles Apart.—The expectation expressed in these columns of the April issue is realized. The new compound wire which was so successful in the transmission of sound between New York and Cleveland, O., distance 650 miles, is now pushed on to Chicago, a distance of one thousand miles. A man in New York can converse with one in Chicago.

—A Scientific Centenarian.—It is probable that the history of science furnishes no parallel to the long career of M. Chevreul, best known by his investigations in color. Not long ago he made a communication to the Academie des Sciences,at the close of which he thus speaks: "Moreover, gentlemen, the observation is not a new one to me. I had the honor to mention it here, at the meeting of the Academie des Sciences, on the 10th of May, 1812." It is most remarkable that a scientist, at one of the distinguished societies of the world, should refer to remarks which he made before the same society more than seventy years before.

—Tobacco.—In his celebrated work, *The Earth as Modified by Human Action*, Geo. P. Marsh has this to say of "the weed" and its introduction: "I wish I could believe, with some, that America is not alone responsible for the introduction of the filthy weed, tobacco, the use of which is the most vulgar and pernicious habit engrafted by the semi-barbarism of modern civilization upon the less multifarious sensualism of ancient life; but the alleged occurrence of pipe-like objects in old Sclavonic, and, it has been said, in Hungarian sepulchres, is hardly sufficient evidence to convict those races of complicity in the grave offence against the temperance and refinement of modern society."

—Flowers blooming early in the spring are frequently identical with Alpine species of the same latitude, or closely related to them. The same relation exists between Alpine and Arctic floras, both which, being remnants of post-glacial flora, have survived on account of the protection of cold in high latitudes and at high altitudes. The same protection of cold is supposed to affect spring flowers. When our early flowering species occur also at high elevations or further north, they bloom much later than with us, a fact which shows the influence of temperature upon the flowering of the same species.

—Solar Eclipse.—A total solar eclipse occurs on the 6th inst. Although the line of totality falls in the South Pacific Ocean and there are only two eligible points of observation, the eclipse is specially favorable for observation because the maximum duration will be but little less than seven minutes, whereas the average is only two. The two points, to which three expeditions are destined, are Caroline Island, ten miles in circumference, and Flint Island, five or six miles in circumference. The United States appropriated $5,000 for her expedition. There are six in the party, Prof. Holden, of Madison, Wis., in charge. The other expeditions are from England and France.

—LIFE AND PHYSICAL FORCES.—There is no investigator of the problems of physiology whose statements are more reliable, or whose researches are more extensive, than those of Dr. Lionel S. Beale, of London. The following healthful words occur on pages 11 and 12 of his treatise on *Protoplasm:* "It is not true that the formation of the simplest or any form of living thing whatever has been or can be explained by mechanics or chemistry. Statement after statement made in support of the physical doctrine of life, even in the very lowest, will be found to be untenable at least in the present state of natural knowledge, as soon as it shall be submitted to careful examination. On the other hand, thanks to the progress of minute investigation, unnoticed by popular writers, and, perhaps, unknown to them, the conclusion that life of every kind is distinct from ordinary forces is at this time more strongly supported by facts, and more firmly established than it ever was."

—FLOWERS OF THE FIG.—"Who ever heard of a fig's having a flower!" exclaims a prominent daily newspaper in the State. The fact is the fig does have flowers, not complete flowers, indeed, but "perfect" ones, i. e., having the essential organs, stamens and pistils. In popular language the showy corolla is ordinarily called the flower, but erroneously; for the typical flower consists of four sets of organs, those mentioned as essential, with the calyx and corolla. The object of the flower is the production of seeds, to which end the last named parts only contribute, but are not essential. Hence, they are sometimes absent. It is agreed that the showy corolla is for the attraction of insects, which, as they crawl over the parts of the flower, convey the pollen from the stamens to the pistils, and so fortilize the latter. We would expect, therefore, that those flowers which are self or wind-fertilized would not have this gaudy corolla. The same is true, and the fig and pine are illustrations. The stamens and pistils of the fig may be easily seen by cutting it open when young. It will be seen to be most amply provided with them.

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—STRAW hats.

—SPRING, somewhat behind.

—APRIL bowed out very coolly.

HOLIDAY, the 10th of this month. Memorial Day.

—PROF. SIMMONS is refitting his chemical laboratory and museum.

—ONE of the most interesting objects we have seen lately is the cocoonery of Mrs. P. W. Johnson, of this place.

—THAT music which the young men gave at the Senior Speaking was good. Thank you, young gentlemen, for our part of it.

—AN Episcopalian divine, Rev. Dr. Sutton, of Kittrell, N. C., preached in the College Chapel, at 3 p. m., on Sunday, April 28th.

—MR. CADDELL informs us that he has some 25 young men and boys in his preparatory school, and says some of them will be ready for college next year.

—OUR town continues to improve. Mrs. Dr. Brooks is having erected, in the northern part of the village, a new house, with a view of taking boarders next year.

—THE Junior Class have on foot a movement to introduce, in addition to the other exercises of commencement week of '84, class literary exercises, supplied by a Prophet, an Orator, an Historian, and a Poet.

—THERE are 28 musicians in College. Of these 22 perform on the guitar; 9 on the violin; 5 on the banjo; 5 on the harp; 2 on the cornet; and one (who says he is the only professional of the number) on the jews-harp.

—THE department of advertisements in THE STUDENT has grown considerably in the last few months, not, however, at the expense of our reading matter. Among the new advertisements may be noted that of Messrs. Berwanger Bros., clothiers and merchant tailors, Raleigh, N. C.

—WE are glad to see among us C. S. Vann, Esq., of Winton, N. C., who has been practising law in that place for some time past, and has met with a flattering and deserved success. He has been invited by the ladies of the Chowan B. F. Institute to deliver the address to the Societies at their coming commencement.

—A young man in College, given to ambitious projects, has in contemplation a Commentary on the Laws of Wake Forest College, which, he thinks, will eclipse that of Sir William Blackstone on the English law.

—THE June number of THE STUDENT, as it will be the last number published this scholastic year, and as it is desired to report the Commencement exercises through its columns, will not come out the first of the month as usual, but immediately after Commencement.

—BUTT'S Panorama will be presented at Wake Forest, on the nights of the 10th and 11th insts. No scenes will be repeated. The first night will be "Scenes of Revelation;" second night, "Beautiful Stories of the Bible." It is said to be very good, and that those attending are sure to be delighted.

—AT the request of many of the students, Mr. G. C. Briggs formed a writing class of twenty-five pupils, with a session of twelve lessons. The three prizes offered for the three who should improve the most furnished incentive enough to fill many baskets with waste paper. The three successful ones were: 1st prize, Mr. Mask; 2nd, Mr. Carelock; 3rd, Mr. Simpson; the last two from Mr. Caddell's school.

—REV. J. F. MOORE, one of the ministerial students here, was examined on the 25th ult., with a view to ordination, the Presbytery consisting of the ministers of the Faculty, and Rev. Messrs. C. W. Scarborough and G. P. Bostick. The ordination took place at Haywood, N. C., on the 29th ult.

—DR. W. H. EDWARDS and family have recently moved to Wake Forest. Dr. Edwards is a practising dentist, formerly of Cary, N. C., and comes among us highly recommended in his profession. Wake Forest has long needed a good dentist, and we have no doubt his settling here will be a mutual advantage to himself and the village.

—THERE are 12 members belonging to the Class of '83. One will apply for the degree of Bachelor of Science; 2 for the degree of Bachelor of Letters; 4 for Bachelor of Arts; and 5 for Master of Arts. Their professions are quite diverse: 1 proposes to go into the post-office business; 2 to farm; 3 to teach; 3 to preach, and 3 to practise law.

—THE following are the names of the competitors for the Declamation Medal, Monday night of Commencement: W. C. Allen, D. A. Bridges, L. G. Broughton, F. Dixon, J. C. C. Dunford, R. E. Folk, W. C. Maddrey, W. B. Morton, J. B. Newton, I. G. Riddick, W. V. Savage, and J. F. Schenck.

—HOW tempus is a-fugiting! The last station along the College Railroad has been past, and we shall soon be rumbling up to the grand depot for which all others were made; there to be ushered into the busy whirl of heart-throbbings, feverish hopes, and crowding expectations. Indeed, Commencement day is hardly five weeks off!

—THE Durham Conference was attended by Professors Royall and Taylor and a number of the students. Many of the latter embraced the opportunity also of visiting the famous tobacco manufactory and the graded school. The principal of the school very kindly showed them through all its departments and explained his modes of teaching. The regular drilling of the whole school in calisthenics was greatly admired.

—THE "peripatetic showmen," with their "dancing bears," invaded the campus recently, and having approached the college buildings, were soon surrounded by a numerous and eager crowd. While the performance was going on, a young man passing by on his way to his recitation, espied ferocious bruin through the dense crowd. A glimpse was enough. He made a mighty rush for his destination; and knocking down and running over some half a dozen or more in his frantic flight, in an instant he was in the presence of his instructor. And what a picture, as he almost breathlessly uttered, with hair standing on end, eyes revolving, and hands thrown up: "Pr-o-f-P-r-fessor, there three 'bars' out here!" The Professor seemed to be amused as much as the young man seemed to be frightened.

—THE following is the programme of the Commencement exercises for '83, which take place June 12th, 13th, and 14th:

Tuesday, 8 p. m., Alumni Address by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, Md. Wednesday, 11 a. m., Address before the Literary Societies, Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga; at 8 p. m., Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D., of Chicago, Ill. Thursday, 11 a. m., Orations by the members of the Gradua-

ting Class; at 8 p. m., there will be a social gathering, complimentary to the Class.

An enjoyable exercise is the Competition for the Declamation Medal, Monday evening at 8 o'clock—a kind of preliminary to the succeeding exercises. Everybody invited to be present. A good time is expected.

—It was interesting to hear a discussion which took place recently between one of our students and a Frenchman. The latter had agreed to make a bear, which he possessed, climb a tree for 75 cents. The student wished to know how high the bear was to climb, before he turned over the money. So he said, "You will make him climb to the limbs, will you?" The Frenchman replied, "To the branches, to the branches." So they interchanged these phrases for two or three times, as if they did not understand each other. Finally, the Frenchman said, "Well, to the limbs, then, if it suits you better."

—Senior Speaking.—The last Senior Speaking of the class of '83 has come and gone. With it they passed their last mile-post and entered on the home stretch; and any one can see by their carriage, anon flushed with high hopes, and subdued as they are called upon to regard the curtain as it is slowly falling on the last scene of the drama of their college life, that the class are alive to the fact. In the following account of the speaking, we present some of the main points of each speech, with some remarks, at the same time aiming to reflect the sentiment of those who were present.

On Friday night, April 27th, five of the class spoke in the order given below. The rest—some lame, some halt, and some—, being excused.

First speaker, Mr. C. G. Jones, with a clear tone and earnest manner treated his subject, Power, with power, under the following divisions: 1st. Thirst for power as by nature implanted in the human breast, and exhibited even in the little child. 2nd. Power of the mind, especially when used to direct and economize muscle. 3rd. Power of eloquence—and there is no need of further remark for demonstration on this point to those who heard the speaker. Touching on military power, the speaker with great feeling rounded off his subject with a series of beautiful sentences, whose rallying point was that mysterious power, love—love a potent weapon of all possessors, but preëminently so in the hands of the fair creatures of "sweet sixteen."

Second speaker, Mr. W. R. Walters, gave some "Remarks on the Revolution of 1640." The period of deepest interest in a nation's history is that of a revolution, in which its destinies are made to depend upon the fortunes of civil war. The Revolution of 1649 was one of the most important periods in all English history. It was the zeal and courage of the Puritan soldier who prayed when he did not fight, and sang songs as he marched to battle, that vanquished the Royalists and brought the king to the block. Puritanism only entered upon its true sphere of action when it began the work of establishing a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and consciences of men, instead of one which was the creature of force and violence.

This speech did credit to the speaker as a thinker and writer.

Third speaker, Mr. G. P. Bostick, spoke with a full voice and impassioned manner and gesture, which accorded well with his subject, "Impolitic Policy." This is an age of business, of unparalleled progress in Science, Literature, and Art. But it is also an age when expediency is supplanting principle to an alarming extent. The most alarming feature is its existence in the church, when ministers endeavor to preach in a way to suit the convenience of each individual of his flock. The times call in thunder tones for men of real stamina, who will stand up after the manner of their Master, and boldly, yet lovingly, declare the truth. The current of politics to-day is impelled, for the most part, by expediency. The candidate for office is ever ready to espouse a certain measure, or heartily denounce the same, according to the nature of the course that is open to success.

Fourth speaker, Mr. T. J. Simmons, subject Genesis, presented a theory of the creation of the world. He held that the Bible is no more contradicted when we accept the theory that the earth, by the gradual transmutation of the forms of matter from the imponderable, gaseous, and liquid into the solid, required millions of years for development into its present condition,than by the theory that it was created in the short space of one hundred and forty-four hours. Since man's appearance in the world there has not been a particle of matter created or destroyed. We have as much reason to suppose that the manna sent to the Children of Israel was made from the carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen in the atmosphere, as that it was made from nothing. Matter has always existed, but not with its present properties. The creation spoken of by Moses was the endowment of the original invisible particles of matter with the properties they now possess. The speaker closed with this sentence: "By a series of intelligent changes under the direct supervision and control of the Divine Essence, the earth was gradually developed from its crude state into the beautiful world designed for the habitation of man."

Last speaker, Mr. W. F. Marshall, delighted the audience with a speech full of spice on Greece Fallen, Greece Risen. Greece fallen, lies like a beautiful harp with broken strings. In 1813 Lord Byron wrote:

> "'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
> So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
> We start, for soul is wanting there."

Yet he hoped for her future, for—

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea:
> And musing there an hour alone,
> I dreamed that Greece might yet be free."

On risen Greece five points were made. Her struggles during the past centuries, four hundred years of which she was in iron-clad bondage to the savage Turk, were well portrayed; and also her ten years' struggle of 1821–'31, which resulted in her liberty and the crowning of King Otho, who was thirty years afterward succeeded by young George, the Dane, her present King. The lively picture of the Greek maiden, as presented in the speaker's original style, caused the most fixed features to relax into a smile. After treating his fourth point, the Greek

language, the speaker passed to his "fifth point" (his seat), which was held by many to be the master-stroke, but there were some who differed with them.

On the whole, the speeches evinced a pains-taking and research which does credit to the speakers. Flowers there were, and roses, too, although the "month of roses" had not yet come with her sunny smiles. Though there were a good many fair visitors from Raleigh, yet the boys, greatly to their credit, kept quiet until the fifth point of the last speaker was made, when, as Prof. Royall announced, speeches to an audience of one became the order of the occasion. For this inspiration was given by the well-rendered music from the College Band, for which they have the thanks of the entire audience.

WAKE FOREST ALUMNI.

"I SECOND THE MOTION."

RALEIGH, N. C., April 18, '83.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—There is a good Baptist brother in North Carolina who, though he is not an alumnus of Wake Forest College, has arisen to "*second my motion*" to raise an amount between now and Commencement to be known as the "Alumni Fund," to aid in the endowment of our dear College. He writes: "I saw a piece in the STUDENT some time since that struck me as sensible. It was for the Alumni to raise ten thousand dollars for the endowment. That was sensible, I think. I am no alumnus, but I want to give One Hundred Dollars for a dear brother who is an alumnus of the College." It would afford me much pleasure to give the name of this dear brother, but I am not permitted to do so.

I have just this question to ask: If one who has never enjoyed any of the advantages afforded by Wake Forest College, feels so much interest in her welfare, how ought her *own sons* to feel? It would require only a small sacrifice for us to raise the $10,000, if all will help. My $100 has been turned over, but I would rather give another $100 than to see the cause fail. Who will be the next to arise? Remember that no one is limited to $100. You may give $1,000, if you can. What say you? JOHN E. RAY.

—'40. We take the liberty of inserting here a note from Dr. Oscar F. Baxter, of Norfolk, who was a member of the second class graduated from this Institution: "Your card of the 14th inst. to hand. It will be impossible for me to meet you at the time referred to, as I expect to be in Europe before that time shall arrive. My best wishes you have in your laudable purpose to reorganize the W. F. Alumni Association. Enclosed please find $5 to assist in defraying the expenses of the occasion."

—'45. The following is from a letter by Dr. M. T. Yates, of Shanghai, to Rev. D. W. Herring, bearing date,

Nov., 1882: "From the time I entered college till I graduated in 1845, I was in the habit of running two miles every morning at four o'clock, and even now I walk my four miles a day, and am in splendid health, for which I am profoundly thankful. I am in the prime of life, in blooming health, and have an indomitable will. I fully expect to visit the United States, and then return for another decade or more of useful labor."

—'57. We are pleased to hear that Capt. Charles S. Ellis, of Savannah, Ga., is not only successful in his business, but also prominent in the work of the Baptist church to which he belongs, and of which he is clerk. He lately testified to his interest in the College by forwarding five dollars for the use of the Alumni Association. We should be pleased to see him at Commencement.

—'62. Rev. Lansing Burrows, D.D., of Lexington, Ky., will make the annual address at Richmond College at the coming commencement.

—'77. We are glad to state that Rev. C. W. Scarborough did not accept the call to Elizabeth City. We should regret to lose him from our community. His time is divided between two churches in this vicinity, Brassfields and Flatrock.

—'78. Mr. F. R. Cooper devotes his entire time to the Clinton Graded School and Collegiate Institute. He speaks a good word for THE STUDENT. Wonder if he doesn't feel himself due at our Commencement?

—'78. W. E. Daniel, Esq., of Weldon, recently conducted and won his first murder case. After the verdict was rendered, his clients were informed by Judge Phillips that they owed their lives to the mercy of the jury, for he thought they were guilty. Not a small compliment to their advocate.

—'79. E. F. Aydlett, Esq., is spoken of by *The Elizabeth City Economist* as "a young gentleman of character and ability."

—'81. Mr. L. N. Chappell is taking a scientific course at the University of Virginia, with a view to more efficient teaching.

—'81. Rev. Ed. M. Poteat, who is taking the course at the Seminary at Louisville, has had several offers of work for the vacation in Kentucky, but has decided to come back to North Carolina. He expects to attend Commencement.

—'82. Mr. H. G. Holding for one year has charge of his father's farm near Wake Forest. He desires thus to regain what he lost of physical strength during the close application of his course; he will then study medicine.

—The following card was lately addressed to every graduate of the College whose post-office could be ascertained:

The Wake Forest Alumni Association at its last meeting appointed the undersigned committee to adopt measures for the increase of interest in the Association. After correspondence and discussion, the committee have agreed upon the following points in the programme for next Commencement: 1. That the regular meeting of the Association occur in the College Reading Room immediately after the Alumni Address on Tuesday night.

2. That simple refreshments be served in connection with short voluntary addresses by members.

The programme necessitates some expense, to meet which it is hoped you will see fit to forward a small amount to the Treasurer, Prof. W. G. Simmons, Wake Forest College, N. C. The Association is fortunate in having Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, to deliver the Annual Address. Dr. Lorimer, of Chicago, will preach the Sermon, and Dr. McDonald, of Atlanta, will make the Literary Address—all unusually attractive names. Besides, there will be effected a re-organization of the Association, which, as it now is, can be little more than a shame to our Alma Mater. Will you not make a special effort to be present at this important meeting?

W. L. POTEAT,
JOHN E. RAY,
H. MONTAGUE,
Committee.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

[All books sent us by Publishers will receive due notice in this column.]

ROBERT'S RULES OF ORDER. By Major Henry M. Robert, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Cloth. 75c. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1883.

This handy little volume contains all the rules for the government of deliberative bodies. By it parliamentary practice is reduced to a science. The book is rapidly growing in favor among the finest parliamentarians, and has already superseded many others of the same nature. Its clearness, conciseness, and compactness, are decided advantages in its favor. In a representative government like ours, in which the proceedings of deliberative assemblies constitute so large a part of the public life of its citizens, no educated man can afford to be without the knowledge of parliamentary rules. More universal reading of such a work as this would go far toward obviating the slowness and confusion which too often characterize the business of civil and religious meetings.

ECLECTIC SHORT-HAND PRIMER, introductory to *Eclectic Short-Hand*. By J. Geo. Cross, M. A. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., 1883.

To those interested in learning stenography, this small book may prove valuable. The *Electic Short-Hand*, by the same author, and published by the same firm, is a popular work on the subject.

The book before us is too elementary to be of great service, though it may be useful as an introduction to a more complete study of the science. Its brevity and convenience recommend it.

WORTH REPEATING.

TOO MUCH READING.

[From Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

It is no doubt true that the mental habits which are necessarily fostered by much newspaper reading—the cursory skimming of paragraph after paragraph, reading with the eyes rather than the mind—have much to do with a certain lowering of the mental keynote which is observable in nearly all classes of society at the present day. The reports of public libraries all over the country show the reading habit to be rapidly gaining ground. To a certain extent, this is doubtless a good thing, and yet it is quite possible that there may be too much of it. Whatever tends to stifle thought cannot but be harmful, and certain it is that a great deal of our current literature not only does not stimulate thought, but rather acts as a narcotic, dulling the memory and stupefying the reflective powers. A little of it might do no harm, but even good; yet most of those who read at all, in these days of free libraries and cheap books, read not a little. To be forever acted upon instead of acting, to be always in an attitude of receptivity which leads to no activity, to have one's thinking always in the passive voice, so to speak, must tend not only to dwarf, but almost to paralyze, the intellect. A habit of rapid skimming over even good books leaves no room for reflection; thought after thought is dropped into the mind only to die there, instead of springing up and bearing fruit a hundred-fold; and the more precious the thought the heavier the loss. The memory, hopeless of retaining all that is forced upon it, with no aid from the reflecting, combining, associating faculties, ends by retaining nothing. Books are read for the mere pleasure of the moment, and are forgotten as easily as they were read. If only their substance had been assimilated by the mind, this had been matter of less consequence. They would have nourished and built up the intelligence, and so far have done their work. But this the majority of books of the present day are scarcely calculated to do, without more careful study than they are likely to get. It is not with them as with the books of two or three generations ago; then the lightest of them were somewhat hard nuts to crack; they were perforce worked over, nibbled at here and there, returned to again and again; to get at their sweetness was not so easy a matter, but once gotten, it passed into the very fibre and texture of the mind. Hence there were fewer readers, and they who read, read to purpose. Giant thinkers are rare enough in any age, but in the former time, with far less of culture, people in general were thinking as they do not now.

To learn to think—that is the great problem, the aim of all our education, the true object of all our reading. The noblest employment of the cultivated mind, how great the pity that it should be so often lost in the craving for a pleasurable sensation which lasts but for the moment!

JUST THE PAPER THE PEOPLE WANT!

ED. OLDHAM'S

Western Sentinel,

[ESTABLISHED 1852.]

Should be read at every fireside in Western North Carolina. Full of news, fun, general information, and something to interest everybody.

Send 50 cents and try it for three months.

WINSTON, N. C.

9-tf.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

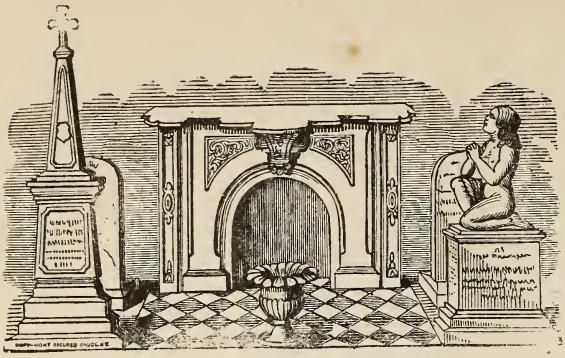
JUNE, 1883.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

		PAGE.
The Problem of Immigration,	H. B. FOLK.	429
My Room Mates,	MARS HALL.	435
The Negro in America,	G. C. BRIGGS.	445
The First of the Fine Arts,	J. C. C. D.	453

EDITORIAL.

Valedictory,	G. C. B.	456
The Coming Boys,	W. L. P.	457
Classics versus Science,	W. S. R.	459
How we Have got on,	D. M. A.	459
Educational,		460
Literary Gossip,		462
Science Notes,		464
In and About the College,		467



—IF YOU WANT—

Monuments & Headstones

AT BOTTOM PRICES,

WRITE TO

I. W. DURHAM,

Raleigh and Winston, N. C.

1883. 1883

Fashionable Clothing

—AT—

D. S. WAITT'S.

Short Sack Diagonal Suits, Four Button Cutaway Suits, White Vests, Nobby Style Walking Suits, Light Colored Short Sack Suits, Black Doeskin Pants, Fine D. B. "Prince Albert" Coats and Vests, in Diagonal, Granite and Black Cloth, Light Fancy Cassimere Pants. My stock of Hats, Shoes, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Neckwear, Notions and Small Wares is also complete.

D. S. WAITT,

52 Fayetteville St., RALEIGH, N. C.

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

Watch-Maker and Jeweler,

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

REPAIRING WATCHES A SPECIALTY.

Students will find it to their interest to consult me before buying Badges.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

With thanks for past patronage, and asking a continuance of same, I am, Very respectfully,

E. EDGAR HIGHT,

WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C.

PESCUD, LEE & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

—DEALERS IN—

Fancy Goods, Perfumeries, Mineral Waters, Patent Medicines, Garden and Grass Seeds, Tobaccos, Cigars, Etc.,

Corner Fayetteville and Martin Streets, and 14 Fayetteville Street,

RALEIGH, N. C.

THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

JUNE, 1883.

VOL. 2. WAKE FOREST COLLEGE, N. C. NO. 10.

EDITORS:

EU.

SENIOR EDITOR----------G. C. BRIGGS.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR--------D. M AUSTIN.
ALUMNI EDITOR----------
BUSINESS MANAGER---------W. S. ROYALL.

PHI.

SENIOR EDITOR----------T. J. SIMMONS.
ASSOCIATE EDITOR----------H. B. FOLK, JR.
----------Prof. W. L. POTEAT.
BUSINESS MANAGER----------W. B. POPE.

Contributions must be written on one side of paper, and accompanied by the name of author. Direct all contributions to EDITORS WAKE FOREST STUDENT, Wake Forest College, N. C. Matters of business should be addressed Business Managers.

THE PROBLEM OF IMMIGRATION.

A momentous problem is forcing itself upon the attention of the American people. Almost before we were aware of its approach, it has come upon us, and demands a solution. This problem will tax the intellect and political ingenuity of our statesmen, but it needs prompt and careful attention, for our own destiny, perhaps that of other nations, depends upon its righteous solution. It is a problem of national policy, and in it are involved mighty issues—whether we shall realize the future that is believed to be reserved for us, a future which can be conceived of only by the glowing fancy of poets or the rapt vision of seers, or whether our downfall shall be as terrible as our position has been imposing.

Europe is pouring upon our shores hundreds of thousands of her population, and the human current flows in with increasing volume. The stream has assumed vast proportions and threatens to inundate us. But its fertilizing effects are too numerous for us to shut it off, or divert its channel. Immense hordes of foreigners, however, annually come among us, many of whom cannot be beneficial to any nation. *What shall we do with the immigrants?* That is the problem. Shall we still allow them to come in unlimited numbers, shall we entirely exclude them, or shall we restrict their admission? The measure to be adopted must secure "the greatest good of the greatest number," must protect our interests, maintain our philanthropy, and repay the debt which America owes to the world. I shall endeavor to show that neither the first nor the second measure can attain all these ends.

We cannot allow them to come in unlimited multitudes. Our population is rapidly increasing, and statisticians have calculated that it is doubled once in twenty-five years. This is an extraordinary rate of duplication, but it must be remembered that it is due to the 700,000 foreigners annually received, and to their off-

spring. Unless some check be applied, before the lapse of many decades it may be our turn to feel the social pressure which is now forcing upon our shores the swelling tide. What outlet will there then be for America, as she has been for Europe? Can we send our superfluous population further west? Along our western coast stretches the broad Pacific, and across that lies the Celestial Empire, with its teeming millions. Further west is the Orient, and then one must realize that the earth is not of indefinite extent, but *round*.

That there are evils resulting from the unrestrained ingress of foreigners, cannot be denied. Criminals, paupers, and vagabonds come with the virtuous, the energetic, and the worthy. Every restless, dissatisfied European laborer thinks of America as a country where a subsistence can be obtained without work. Every criminal or escaped convict who can evade the penalty of the law and leave his own land comes to this nation, which he imagines to be an asylum for evil-doers. Such classes do not, can not, make good members of the body politic, and statesmen and patriots must recognize the fact. If an unrestricted influx of such elements is allowed, Americans may well look to the preservation of their religion and their liberty. If tacitly encouraged, as is the case, malcontents and outcasts will come in swelling numbers, while the influx of the worthy classes will dwindle away. Well-intentioned, industrious immigrants will look with distrust on a nation which harbors such characters, and will refuse to cast their fortunes in that land. Then the bulk of immigration, instead of consisting, as at present, of persons ready to become honest, useful citizens, will be beggars, malcontents, and felons. Though now the great majority of our immigrants are Moravians, Lutherans, and Calvinists, as official records show, a change must occur, if the classes mentioned above are equally encouraged. Nihilism, Communism, and Socialism now find few advocates among the masses of immigrants, a fact witnessed by the recent gloomy failure of Johann Most; but if the tainting influences, the corrupt tendencies, are not curbed, Most may hope for the reign of dynamite in America.

When immigration has become a system of sewerage by which Europe may dispose of her filth and pollution, with our nation as the receptacle, it will be too late for statesmen to commence the solution of this problem. Too late, when swarms of lazzaroni settle upon us, when anarchy reigns supreme, when crime holds high carnival in the former seats of justice, and when our national institutions are fading away. Too late, when liberty is extinguished and the reign of lawlessness is fairly ushered in. The Old Man of the Sea will but tighten his grasp. May that day never come to our nation, but may the sacred fire of liberty be guarded with a jealous care, and the memory of the patriots of '76 ever be enshrined in the nation's heart. May the myrtles of Mt. Vernon never feel the desecrating breath of anarchy: may the waters of the Rappahannock never cease to murmur the name of Madison, and may the pines of Monticello that stand as sentinels above the tomb of Jefferson

ever be fanned by breezes wafted from all sections of a free and prosperous land.

Then let our statesmen and patriots solve this problem while there is time, before the shadow slowly stealing upon us deepens into gloom.

On the contrary, the reasons against an entire prohibition of immigration are many and weighty.

Emigration is natural; it is one of the great laws written on mankind. This is the principle which, inscribed on the minds of the Aryan tribes, led them in the darkness preceding the dawn of history from the wastes of Central Asia, the cradle of the human race, to enrich the plains of Europe. History reveals the existence of this law. This drew Abraham from his home, to found a nation that basked in the sunshine of intelligence, while the Saxon and the Teuton hovered between the starless night of barbarism and the faint dawn of civilization's day. This is the law that led Columbus to discover the New World. In obedience to the same law, the European nations came forth and established a new empire on the Atlantic shores of North America. Forests fell before the axe of the pioneer; acre upon acre waved with the bending wheat or gleamed with the yellow gold of the ripening corn. Villages gave new life to the landscape, towns and cities sent up their busy hum, while the air seemed alive with the sounds of intelligent industry. Almost by a social miracle—almost Minerva-like—a mighty nation sprung into existence, and already America has had a reflex influence on the older European civilizations. Our unparalleled growth is due to immigration.

Within the borders of our country, there are at present forests and plains as untouched by the hand of civilization as those which the first settlers found. Millions of acres of public lands, as yet virgin forests or unploughed prairies, extend over the Western States, and these broad acres are waiting only for the settler's axe to convert them into flourishing farms. "Like causes always produce like results;" therefore, there is still imperative need for immigrants.

With no accessions from abroad, the natural increase of a population of 50-000,000 cannot for many, many generations develop all the resources of our vast territory, capable of supporting 671,646,000, taking as a standard the density of Massachusetts, the most prosperous State in the Union. This is a very low estimate, for all the New England States are clamoring for more people. If these States need more inhabitants, what of those west of the Mississippi? Where can be found the people to develop their boundless possibilities? They cannot be brought from the other and older States, for these cling to all their population and demand more. Then foreign immigration is the only resource.

It is a notorious fact, that one of the most serious obstacles to the commercial and agricultural progress of the South is the existence of large farms, which the labor employed is insufficient to cultivate. Many a man owns an immense farm, with a house and all the modern improvements, including a *mortgage*, and, with only the labor of a few lazy negroes, whose fingers have lost their deftness in emptying cotton-fields while ac-

quiring it in filling ballot-boxes, attempts to cultivate this, and the end of each year finds him poorer, his house going to decay, and only the mortgage showing signs of improvement. If the large farms are divided, if our farmers invite thrifty immigrants as laborers, or sell small tracts to those able to purchase, the population, productiveness, and prosperity of the South will be vastly increased. When this step is taken, there will be an awakening unheard of in the annals of our Southland. The Northwestern States now receive the bulk of immigration, but the day is not far in the future when the genial climate, rich soil, and abundant forests of the South will attract more settlers than the bleak, treeless regions of the Northwest. Then the grand possibilities of this section can be realized.

The records of Castle Garden, New York, where seven-tenths of the immigrants to this country land, reveal the fact that each one has, on an average, eighty-five dollars in cash. The number of immigrants for 1881 was 720,000. Thus we have the magnificent sum of $61,200,000 put at once into circulation in the United States, giving an impetus to every branch of industry.

But this is not all. The other effects are more stupendous than even the circulation of that vast sum of money. In the skilled laborers, artisans, and mechanics, who come to seek a more inviting field for their enterprise, there is the greatest gain. The figures go to show that the German, Scandinavian, and English immigrants are, in point of health, energy and intelligence, above the average of the vigorous races to which they belong, and are of the best agricultural and industrial classes. These Germans constitute, and are destined to constitute, a potent factor in the commercial and political development of this Republic. Every State is proud to number them among her citizens, and they take their places with the foremost in all business enterprises.

When we consider the value of intelligent laborers and the large proportion of skilled and professional men comprised in the annual immigration, what mathematician's brain can calculate the good they have done our country, and the good they are destined to do? However beneficial may be the enormous amount of gold and silver annually brought among us, the brain, the bone, the muscle, and the skill that comes with the gold and silver, are worth far more than that great sum to the growth of this nation.

If one examine the official records for the ages of the immigrants, it will be found that twenty per cent. are under fifteen years, the most favorable period of life for assimilation, when they readily imbibe American ideas and adopt American modes of thought. Seventy per cent. are between the ages of fifteen and forty, in the vigor of manhood and womanhood, and only ten per cent. exceed forty years of age. Is it any wonder that these robust and energetic people have built up our country so rapidly?

The American is not a nation that can trace back an unbroken line of ancestry, but we are a composite people, resulting from the amalgamation of many nationalities. Numerous

countries have contributed to form a new people, and this peaceful blending of their characteristics has resulted in "the survival of the fittest." By the transmuting, unifying power of our institutions, we may receive and amalgamate many nationalities, but they all become Americanized. Herbert Spencer says of our nation:— "The eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population will produce a more powerful type of man than has hitherto existed, and a type of man more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the modifications needful for complete social life. The Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

This process of amalgamation is still going on. We may absorb the thrifty and intelligent German, the humorous Irishman, the persevering Scot, the sturdy Scandinavian, the sober Englishman, and the vivacious Frenchman, impregnate them with our nationality, and be the better for the assimilation. Shall we, then, put an end to this process which has proved so beneficial? Shall we entirely exclude those to whom we owe our greatness? From the surges of the Atlantic to the gleaming waves of the Pacific, from the rush of Mississippi's waters to the roar of Niagara's cataract, I hear the answer of a magnanimous people, "No!" echoing and reverberating throughout the land.

Public opinion both in this country and Europe would revolt at our nation's enforcing a policy of total exclusion. The different States are vying with each other in their efforts to attract immigrants into their borders. Immigration conventions are held, immigration societies are in operation, and immigration agents are stationed at the principal points of Europe, presenting to the worthy laboring classes of those countries the claims of their respective States.

In the European countries, though some of the emigrants are doubtless given up without protest, most of them are regarded as useful citizens, and their departure is deplored. The German government has become alarmed at this constant exodus of the laboring classes. German newspapers state that the Empire has never before lost such numbers of worthy and industrious citizens, and that the loss to Germany can scarcely be over-estimated. In the reports to the various chambers of commerce, it was mentioned as a lamentable fact that many of the best people had removed to the United States. Hungary has actually enacted laws preventing the peasantry from emigrating to America. Thus it appears that the majority of the immigrants are regarded in a most favorable light, and we cannot afford to exclude these for the purpose of reaching the vicious classes.

A total prohibition of their ingress would violate social and divine laws. The instincts of men prompt them to free relations with their fellows. There is a sisterhood existing among nations, and free commercial intercourse establishes peace and good-will among them. The policy of prohibition would transgress the principles upon which this government is founded.

But the violation of philanthropy,

of divine law, would be no less flagrant. The countries of the Old World are crowded, while we have territory to spare, and only a dog-in-the-manger spirit could prompt one to say, "If we have more room than we want, no foreigners shall use it." Look at unhappy Ireland with all her woes, and what a picture of desolation is exhibited! Experience has shown that many of the Irish in America, who left their native land in rags, are now valued servants or thrifty farmers, constituting one of the most industrious classes of our citizens. But in Ireland there is a condition of affairs which no moralist can contemplate without alarm, no philanthropist, without seeking to alleviate it. Can we, with a cry of "Ireland for the Irish," close our doors upon them, never offer a helping hand, and leave this mass of misery to fester? Policy and humanity alike forbid. Is not the wail of want and hunger and desolation long and loud enough to oppress the most vacant ear with its weight of woe?

Self-protection, on which so much stress was laid by the adherents of Know-Nothingism, does not permit our adopting this scheme of total exclusion. Isolation is a suicidal policy, as unwise as it is unnatural. Conceive the effect upon any State of this Union if she should debar herself from other States, and you have, on a smaller scale, the effect upon the United States of an isolative course. It takes no prophetic vision to pierce the future, and foretell the baneful results. The wheels of progress in this government would be reversed, the vast amount of labor and capital employed in commerce would be idle, industry would be paralyzed, while social disorder and the direst confusion would ensue. History sustains the position. Sparta, Japan, China, and Paraguay are sad examples of the evils of isolation. The annals of the past show that no nation, however blest with natural advantages, has risen to greatness while pursuing this policy, and if America ever adopts it, our days of national glory are numbered.

Then, in view of all these facts, no philanthropist whose philanthropy recognizes the brotherhood of man, no statesman whose statesmanship is liberal or profound enough to deserve the name, no patriot whose patriotism reaches beyond the contracted circle of selfishness and prejudice, can advocate this policy of entire exclusion—a policy which militates against the laws of nature and of divine Revelation, against wisdom, justice, humanity, and interest.

If we cannot permit the unlimited influx of foreigners, and cannot entirely prohibit their admission, evidently *restriction* is the measure to be adopted. This meets every required end. How shall we restrict? Let the Pacific coast be freed from the blight of Coolie importation by the policy to which the Democratic party is committed.

The most feasible plan to limit European immigration would be to purify at its source the current that rolls upon us—to filter the stream, keep back the polluting influences, and let the pure waters flow on, with their fertilizing, enriching power. Let our consuls in the various European ports be empowered to inspect each

would-be emigrant for America, and prevent all criminals and persons of bad or suspicious character from taking passage. With vigilance on the part of the consular officers and their assistants, this plan could easily be reduced to practice. When immigration is thus purified we need fear no anarchy. Though, under the present system, the immigrant is exposed to the power of the demagogue, by the policy of restriction, those over whom this power might be exerted with telling effect are debarred. To destroy the demagogue's influence over foreigners, immigration should not be prohibited, but the root of the evil should be reached. No superficial remedies will avail. Keep back the disorderly classes, and give to those who come less power in the government. Until they prove themselves worthy to become American citizens, let them not enjoy that sovereign title. The fault rests not with immigration, but with our naturalization and suffrage laws. Extend the period for the naturalization of foreigners, and require them to be able to read and write English before being allowed to cast a ballot.

Under the system of restriction, we shall not feel the social pressure resulting from over-population. With our boundless natural resources, the Malthusian theory need give us no alarm. Were all the land *utilized*, not simply appropriated, our capacities and productiveness would surpass the wildest predictions of enthusiasts.

Then let those who are worthy to be citizens of this Republic—who will be patriotic, loyal, and pure—come. If the influx is restricted, and only the thrifty and deserving are admitted, they will build up the New West, which will not be inferior to the East in wealth, intelligence, or morality. Then that gorgeous future shall be realized, and the weighty problem justly and happily solved.

From the sunny slopes of France, from the vineyards of Germany, from the fiords of Scandinavia, from the banks and braes of Scotland, from the fields of merry England, from the steppes of Russia, from the plains of Austria, and from the centres of classic civilization, the living current will pour its purified waters, which, enriching and blessing, shall break upon the shores of the Western World.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon
Shall roll a human sea.

The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form!"

H. B. Folk, Jr.

ME AND MY ROOM-MATES.

I have had several. Some of them were agreeable, but most of them were otherwise. As I ought not to speak of my room-mates, unless it be to speak pleasant things about them, I shall have to touch them only now and then, and put the most of what I say on the "me" side of the scale.

For four years I have been somebody's room-mate; during which time these somebodies have gone out one by one into the wide, wide world. To-night, as I write alone, they come back, one after another, and I seat them by the rickety old table just as we used to sit. The old lamp is burning brightly, the books at the back of the table are leaning carelessly, half-fallen, one upon another, some bottom upwards, some wrong side in front, some lying flat. I push aside the rubbish to make writing room, and then see the various articles of furniture—three pens, a spool of thread, a blotting pad, two bottles of ink, a pair of scissors, a common-place book, a clothes-brush, a tangled string, and an old ruler—all get in a heap together, everything exactly in the right place. Yes, to-night my room-mates are with me in the lessons I learned from them; but my heart beats solemn and slow when I see the other side, that I am with them in the lessons they learned from me. The "me" that is with them could have been so much better! Oh, how my heart doth beat a sad and solemn dirge as I see the fair opportunities for well-doing sinking away forever into thy bosom, O Past, thou ravenous graveyard, thou burial-ground of all our hopes! But after the dirge, the requiem. These opportunities can never return; let them go. I'll try to make the best of the future.

My first room-mate was named Impkins. We were school-mates before coming to college. On hearing that we had to enter college the next September, we began straightway to

PREPARE OURSELVES

for the ceremony, for we had heard of boys going to college before. Impkins exercised with Indian clubs, dumb-bells, pound weights, and things, till he was sure he was stronger than any meddlesome book-worm who would be likely to tackle him at college. I didn't practise with these things, because I did not think it fair to take advantage of my future school-mates in that way. I went to my father and told him that, as a rule, lightwood was scarce at colleges, and I must have a big jack-knife with which to whittle kindling out of planks, goods boxes and such like (though a few days before, when he wanted to borrow for a similar purpose the little pearl-handle knife I had bought just to lend to a girl named Annie, I suggested that an axe would answer his purpose a great deal better), but feeling a secret satisfaction that it would be a good thing with which to whittle out of the difficulties I expected to be forced into on my first arrival at college. I took care to keep this latter view concealed from my father. He kindly allowed me to choose a knife to whittle kindlings with, and I was sure no college boy had any such knife as that. Thus equipped, we went to college feeling easy over the prospects of initiation. Cheers and yells of "hurrah!" furnished music for us to march to our rooms by, and it unnerved us somewhat, too. We bolt the door,

COMMENCE HOUSEKEEPING,

open our trunks, take out things, and get them all well scattered. If any man feels poor, let him pack his trunk and unpack it. He will feel like a millionnaire. That's the feeling we had in the midst of our opulence. A

knock at the door! We turn pale, look silently at each other, simultaneously whisper, "Who is it? must I let him in?" Another violent rapping. A little bolder, "Let's see who it is." The door is unlocked and the gentleman invited to take a seat. Not having any seats, however, we were feeling a little awkward, when our visitor showed us he was well acquainted with college etiquette by bundling himself up on the bed. This opened the way for other

VISITORS.

New students always have visitors. We were utter strangers. Some introduced themselves, some introduced others; but we introduced ourselves to no man, feeling so much in the minority that we didn't think about it. They offered their assistance in our housekeeping, said many pleasing things to us, and winked at each other. When I saw one wink, I would try to think of his name, but I had forgotten it. There was one student, however, with a sharp face, a disagreeable eye, a suspicious looking curve about his nose and mouth, whose name I did not forget, and I rather think it will be some time before I do. He was the first one to frighten us. Though it was a genuine summer day in early September, we both came near freezing when he held out a small pasteboard box and that icy voice of his said, "Don't you want to see a broomawder, a new kind of little animal with a tail flat like a beaver?" Although Tom Impkins would nearly die for a little information in his favorite study, and I was passionately fond of natural history, having drawn pictures in school time of all the animals I had seen, and received discipline (they called it "the sapling" then. See Max Muller for this change) for drawing some I had never seen, we could not by the most desperate efforts persuade the needle of curiosity to point towards that boomawder. Why, we had seen hundreds of boomawders; the swamps and wilds and fields down our way just teemed with them; if we had known they were such curiosities we could have brought several along, and we tried to tell him so—by our looks. But we hadn't seen any just the same, and began to wax anxious to see the thing, if he would only show it to some one else first. There was among our visitors a youthful looking big boy. He smiles all the time and laughs outright nearly as often. There is no more chance for a serious look to settle upon his face than for a sure enough rooster to get on a steeple vane. When he gets really earnest about laughing, it's a treat to hear him. He does not laugh like that animal you are thinking of now—no, you do him injustice. True, he laughs one bar (in music) at the time, but imagine the whizzing, twisted, jagged, splintered arrows of noise that a circular saw shoots out the moment it strikes a log, to be broken up into sections a foot long and given to you a section at the time, and that's just the way he laughs. The broomawder man, whom they call Essee, accented on last syllable, says to the laughing boy, "You want to see one, don't you." Here imagine a few sections of that jerky saw-mill noise, as Cujus waves Essee back to the other side of the room and remarks that he can see just as well at a dis-

tance. Cujus. That is a funny name for anybody, isn't it? There is a bit of history connected with it. How came it ever to be "saddled" upon this boy? Well, he was a member of the Brown family, you see, and all other names had been used in the family before this young man applied for one. There was Adam Brown, Moses Brown, Peter Brown, Themistocles and Pericles and Demosthenes Brown, Marcus Brown, Tullius Brown, Cicero Brown, Alfred Brown, Harold Brown, Canute Brown, Charles Brown, George Brown, Jr. and Sr. of each. Then there was big Brown, little Brown, fat and lean Brown, black-head, red-head, black-eyed, blue-eyed, red-faced, wide-faced, long-faced Brown, a Jr. and Sr. of each of these also. Next came A. Brown, B. Brown, C. Brown, A. B. Brown, A. C. Brown, A. D. Brown, &c., through the alphabet; then Alpha, Bata, Gamma Brown, through the Greek alphabet. The next one was named Hos-Hay-Hoe Brown, &c., through the whole declension; then came Cujus' older brother, named Qui–Quae–Quod Brown, and next came Cujus. The process still goes on with alarming rapidity. I learn that Cujus has a younger brother named Cui-Cui-Cui Brown, who will come to college next year and bring his cousin named Quem-Quam-Quod Brown, whose aunt has a little baby named Vocative-Wanting Brown. These people, you see, are perfectly grammatical people, using a pronoun instead of a noun when the nouns give out. If there is not a stop put to this naming business, the dead languages will not stay dead long.

Essee aroused everybody's curiosity except ours. At length they shut down the windows, guarded the doors, and promised not to let the animal escape, and prevailed upon Essee to open the box. Throbbing hearts, breathless bosoms, big eyes, eager faces, look-out-now expressions, box opened!—bursar's *order* to the store for a *broom*. Oh, they "knew what it was all the time," but somehow they looked crestfallen about it. As for me, I was rather glad it was a joke, because I wanted some excuse for not whittling my way out of this difficulty like a man, as I had thought I was going to do. I thought of the knife, yes, sir, but I didn't think of using it. They were too many for me, and I fully made up my mind to meet the requirements of initiation as meekly as I could. That night we laughed at each other for being so badly frightened in that little broom order affair. Tom's extensive preparation for real heroic resistance availed him nothing in the hour of need, and he was tamed in and had become an expert in gathering figs, grapes, and apples for the neighbors before I had even thought of such a thing.

One night he was telling me how he enjoyed those

NOCTURNAL EXCURSIONS.

I thought I would ask him to let me know when they went out next time, but then I thought, No, Tom doesn't want me to go, if he did he would let me know it. It seems to me that was the true way to look at things of that kind. Suppose a professor wanted you to get on the train, or the Librarian to lend you his

key, or a senior to lend you his fine beaver, or a friend to lend you some money, would any of these feel the least delicacy in coming around and telling you so? Not in the least. Now don't you see it would be extremely unkind to ask these people to do things for you which any man of common-sense knows they do not want to do? Certainly. I waited, and presently Tom said: "We are going to get some potatoes to-night; don't you want to go?" I did. I thought about it; it became charming. The idea of going to a potato patch at night was new and irresistible. Speedily and quickly Tom gathered his crowd. We tied up the bottom of our pantaloon legs, and made us some double barrel bags to put our spoils in. After smutting beards of different styles upon our faces to make us appear as natural as possible, we all exchanged coats and hats, turned them inside outwards and put them on bottom upwards—all this to keep from being recognized, you know. I, being a novice, never thought of all this precaution, but the others told me how. We were setting out, when suddenly there was an ominous chuckling of the campus gate latch. Hush! It is a member of the Faculty. Go back through the other side of the campus and come round. We did so quietly, but there never was a time before or since when there were so many members of the Faculty prowling about at night. Everything we didn't understand was a member of the Faculty. Then and there I got my first conceptions of a professor, a student-devouring ogre, more wicked than Baal, more cruel than Astarte. I retained these notions long afterwards, till I saw a professor slip and fall on the ice, when I began to think he had some traits in common with mortals. Afterwards, when I saw one trotting his grandchild on his knee and talking baby brogue, I was agreeably surprised, as well as convinced that professors were really human beings like the rest of us! We came to the fence by the potato patch. Wasn't it all lovely in the moonlight!

"Yonder is somebody watching this property," said I. "Hush! you blockhead, I saw that stump there this afternoon when I came to reconnoitre," was the reply; but it wasn't a stump then. Five minutes after, my companion and I just revel in potato grabbling, while the others go on higher up. I had unearthed about half a bushel of the finest potatoes you ever saw, and though loth to give up the sport, was unrolling my extra pair of pantaloons to put them in when—whoop, shoot, bang, forty shot-guns, whiz-zeeng cut him off, cut him off! pealed out clear and loud upon the midnight air from the direction of that stump, and fell upon my startled ears. To a person engaged as I was, it would not be hard to get at the import of such noises. I concluded that I had urgent business on the outside of my friend's potato patch; and, taking leave of my potatoes for the time being, I promptly proceeded to get over the fence. Thus far my mind was pretty clear, but I have to confess that those last remarks about "cutting off" were a little perplexing to me. Was I really a rogue and caught there stealing, hedged in with shot-guns on one side and cut off on the other? In the

midst of whoops, and yells and rattle of shot-guns, what was I to do, be shot down, or cut off, which? I risked the latter. A safe escape was effected by very unceremoniously leaving my pursuers in the lurch. The most of this happened in less than seventeen two-hundred and fiftieths of a second, as near as I can calculate, for I distinctly remember overtaking some of the reverberations of the shot-guns before they had gone a hundred yards. Thought is a mighty quick thing. The thinking I did in that short while forever straightened and toned my distorted and abnormal views of college righteousness. Nocturnal excursions have never since had any charms for me, and this night's experiences unquestionably did me a permanent practical good. But all the resulting good has never made me feel thankful to those fellows who plotted the raid, got me into it, and then shot me for it, took the potatoes I left, and laughed at me next day. No, sir; Impkins and his team joined one Society, but I joined the *other*. My next room-mate was named

LIMPKINS.

He was younger than I, was of feeble health, morally weak, but possessing much individualism. He liked no kind of work but that of reading blood-and-thunder novels. His physical constitution and intellectual comprehension were unfit for anything else. He was dressy and neat, but not extravagant; so far from that, he was awful stingy. With him Norfolk was the twelve-gated gem city of the universe. "This cost so and so in Norfolk," was a constant remark of his. His penuriousness subjected him to attacks of melancholy, as you will see after a while. But in spite of his penuriousness, his love of novelty induced him to share with me in paying fifty cents a quarter for a new lock-box at the post-office. One who has never tried it does not know how nice it is to have a lock-box. You never have to ask the postmaster whether you have any mail or not, but just see yourself. You never have to get mad with your postmaster for telling you no. (Was there ever a postmaster who could say that word kindly?) You can go down to the office swinging your keys and building air-castles to hold all the nice letters you are going to get when you get there. If you don't get any, you can stand there and amuse yourself by locking and unlocking your box a few times. That is the way some of us get our money back; besides, it is superbly entertaining just to see how well the little lock works. Limpkins hardly ever received any mail, so he resorted to this method exclusively for getting his money's worth. Twice each day he walked there and locked and unlocked his post-office lock letter box six times every trip.

One night I was waked by a strange noise near by me. Limpkins had an attack of melancholy, and was

BREATHING HARD,

as if his chest were a forty-foot well, and he trying to pump breath to the very bottom. I asked him his trouble. Choked with sobs and sighs, he asked me whether I thought the Faculty would expel him for squandering his father's money by paying for a lock-

box, and never receiving any mail in it. I told him he was running a fearful risk, though he might be allowed to stay if he would do some sort of work to redeem himself. He could not learn text-books, so he

RESOLVED TO BE AN ORATOR

the very next day, and thus pacified, he fell into a sweet sleep. By light next morning he waked me up bawling, "Ye call me chief." I wanted to go to sleep again, and told him he must go off and speak by himself every morning while the air is fresh if he would become an orator—that is, good enough one to get the medal he was working for. This, however, (said I) is not my notion of the true way of cultivating oratory. Give me Holmes' "Professor at the Breakfast Table" from the table there, I'll read you an extract, "Nobody talks much that doesn't say unwise things,—things he did not mean to say; as no person plays much without striking a false note sometimes. Talk, to me, is only spading up the ground for crops of thought. I can't answer for what will turn up. If I could, it wouldn't be talking, but 'speaking my piece.' Better, I think, the hearty abandonment of one's self to the suggestions of the moment, at the risk of an occasional slip of the tongue, perceived the instant it escapes, but just one syllable too late, than the royal reputation of never saying a foolish thing." These are the wisest utterances of the present century on the subject of oratory, absolutely; though if you mean to work for the medal, do as I told you awhile ago. Limpkins said it was too freezing cold to be out in the morning air, besides it was so awful muddy that he would get his fine pants spoiled. Said he, plaintively, "I gave eight dollars in Norfolk for these pants." "Listen to me," said I, anxious to get to sleep again; "orators have to speak in all sorts of air. Your voice needs just such strength and vigor as exercise in this cool, bracing air will give it. Why, Demosthenes spoke when it was so cold that the vapor of his breath froze as fast as it came from his mouth; and his frozen words fell like snowflakes from his lips to the ground. He gathered them up afterwards and had them copied off; that's the way those matchless Greek orations were preserved, for they had no newspaper reporters in those days. As for the mud, that is frozen. There is a delight in walking on frozen mud not to be found elsewhere under the stars. Did you ever try it? I know you will like it. You have experienced the inexpressible pleasure of keeping your rubber-clad feet dry when walking streets so deeply covered in the muddy, mushy, melting snow that you felt like a fly in the milk-pan; but that is nothing to the proud feeling of triumph you have when walking through the mud without rubbers on, and yet without getting any of the stuff on you. It is a most gratifying sensation; you'll like it; you won't hurt your fine pants in the least." I told him this, as I have already hinted, to get him off so I could go to sleep, and at the same time assist him in getting the medal—not in learning to speak. He could not withstand the force of my remarks, but went and spoke in the morning air. He won the medal. But

WE WERE TOO MUCH ALIKE.

You sometimes have thought in your loneliest hours, that you would give anything in the world to find somebody just like yourself—that you could sympathize with and love that person as you could no one else. Now if you knew as I do, you wouldn't do any such thing. You certainly will not love that person as you think you will. It was for this very reason that Limpkins and I didn't get along well rooming together. Why, he wanted his room-mate to fix the bed every morning, to keep fresh water all the time, to arrange the table, and set up books and things that were scattered around, to keep the lamp trimmed and cleaned, to buy all the oil, to to keep good fires, to keep the floor swept and mantel dusted; he wanted the best chair, the best corner of the table; in short, a good time generally. I wanted the same things, you see; we could not agree at all, so we just quit.

I had to room the next year with a youth named

PLIMPKINS.

He liked girls better than any young boy I have ever seen, except the one I see in the looking-glass. He didn't study anything at all but girls: and, like most boys who take up this study, learned precious little about them. He made an engagement to go to the party with a twelve-year-old miss. She happened to have one of her girl friends call at the same time, and feeling a little faint-hearted about taking her first engagement with a beau, concluded to go with her friend. The two girls then put little Plimpkins before and marched him to the party like a convict to prison. He doesn't like to have you mention this to him.

He combed his head many, many times every day, dressed a great deal, and was very extravagant. His father not being a millionnaire, as some boys' fathers are, he had frequently to borrow funds from his friends. You could always get round lending him money by tickling his vanity. Pope, of Louisiana, one of the boarders at our table, was very thick-tongued of speech, but a great lover of syrup. If you didn't quite understand what he asked for, you could just hand him the syrup, and it would be all right with him every time. If Plimpkins ever asks you to lend him money and you don't want to do it, just say, "What a nice cravat! How your new coat fits! That pretty collar, latest style; let me see that lovely cane," and you will never offend him—never. He will borrow his money somewhere else, sure.

WE WENT TO RALEIGH

one day. Neither of us had been to Raleigh before in ten years. We went partly to have our pictures taken, partly for other things, but mostly to partake of the latest style of board. We left for Raleigh on the morning freight. That we might the more keenly relish that bountiful repast we were going to get at the restaurant, we heartily and scornfully omitted our college breakfast of hash and eggs. That was the awfulest breakfast I ever have seen, that restaurant breakfast. That coffee! It was more direful in its muddy blackness than the oozing mire of the river Styx itself. That

butter! You needn't say anything about it, but I learned in a roundabout way that Madam Nature buys this restaurant keeper's butter to flavor her crops of garlic and onions with. The biscuit! Why, the shortening had been stretched to death and then worked in lengthways. I put one of the tough things in my pocket to keep as a lasting memorial, but as we were coming home that night a car spring broke and I had to give it to the conductor to fix another out of. The beef? The very old fire-proof shoe soles of Empedocles! We went out of there angry and resolved to fast that day. It was in this dissatisfied, enraged and hungry condition that we had our pictures taken. We didn't like them the least bit, but had to take them. Little Plimpkins sold his for a handsome sum to a circus manager who uses them as show-bills for his hyena department. I am not boasting at all, but telling the honest truth. Mine do not look as if I was anywhere on this hemisphere when they were taken, though I know I was, for I saw him when he pointed that glass cannon thing on wheels all about the room and finally levelled it at me. He didn't aim right, or something, I don't know what. Darwin's publishers offer $3,000 for my photos from which to make illustrations for the ape theory of human descent; but I'll not take a cent less than $5,000, not a cent.

Our kind landlady has supper waiting for us when

WE GET BACK

on the 9 o'clock freight, which was delayed half an hour by one of the springs breaking. To us who had been fasting all day with an eye to this occasion, those eggs and beef were particularly convenient. We had thought that morning that this diet was getting a little monotonous, but now the monotony was just the thing we wanted. And we got it in abundance. We finished supper, a late supper, a big supper, an enormous, excessive supper, a supper of beef and eggs. We went to our room, then to bed.

WE HAVE DREAMS.

I do not know what appeared to Plimpkins, but to me there appeared vast plains rolling away in the boundless gloom, with an awful mountain extending far to the right and to the left looming up alone in the dim distance.

From the edge where I was, there led to the mountain streets of rare beauty, all paved with beef-tallow. Suddenly there appeared by me a span of magnificent nightmares harnessed to a smooth running sleigh and well fashioned, the like of which I never before had seen. The steeds by champing their bits, and ever hurling aloft the fast coming spumeflakes, and stamping restlessly with their hoofs, made known that I was wanted to put me in the sleigh, and I did as they had shown. Down the tallow pavements we shot as noiselessly as shoot the ice crystals in winter across the sleeping lake. We came to a far-off country which, we learned, was called Scrambled Egg Empire, and his Imperial Majesty Beefsteak was Emperor. Every thing in that strange land had a weired appearance. The skies looked not as other skies. The trees were of beef bone, the branches of horn, the

leaves of feathers, the fruit empty, mocking egg-shells. Here and there were sleeping some poor deserted gallinaceous specimens, touchingly melancholy in their solitude. The weeds were only bristling remains of blasted phantasms. The sickly colored roses unfolded like curling calf noses, the grass was nothing but many hued hair springing from cowhide soil. We neared the mountain, which was as it were a huge bony skull, and far in the upper air its horns reached their frightful arms toward the dome of the heavens like unto a rainbow suppliant on its back. So immense in size was this solitary mount, it seemed a hollow closet of refuge for all other mountains of the earth. And it was called Montibus (for mountains). Far extending on the mountain side were crowded ranks of sharpened butcher's blades, and in front were frowning doors close-bolted with fast iron bars. The beautiful nightmares vanish, the sleigh becomes a market cart, and with fury raging two hungry kine run away with it and dash it to pieces, while I dumb-struck at the sight stand gazing. Then there was the sound of an awful bellowing within the mount, the earth quivered as a breeze-fondled leaf of autumn, all nature shook as if in convulsive throes. I stood fainting in my lowest breast, when

> On a sudden open fly
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
> The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook

of Montibus, and there rush swarming from the cavern doors innumerable multitudes of cattle. The mountain rocked, its horns smote and pierced the thin dome of the skies and suddenly from the highest air rains down rattling showers of eggs. They fall, and falling on the rows of sharpened blades are cleft in twain. Then rippling down the mountain side the delicious eggs flow in streams of mingled white and gold. The halves of every shell leap as living boats into the streams and float majestic down. From as far as eye can reach along the ridged mountain side the streams collect in one broad sweeping flood, and onward it rolls to stormy Boarding House Ocean. From the banks ten thousand tiny chicks leap into their shell-boats and with pinion oars skim the billowy main with as proud a grace as did ever Egypt's queen on her burnished barge of beaten gold. How unconscious they what a dreadful end awaits them! All was one onward, downward sweep beside the river's course. The awe-fraught tramping of a million marching feet, the mournfully murmuring sea of lowing cattle, all kept time to the solemn river's roar. I trembling asked, Whither bound? And the low bass of the moving cattle sea roared back, "For Boarding House Ocean bound, for Boarding House Ocean bound," and all the multitudes of other creatures struck up the tenor, "to return, to return," then all the voices of all the creatures together, and the river's sounding roar, and the thunderings of all the marching hoofs, and the mountain's awful rumbling echoed the mournful refrain, "no more, no more." The dragon-throated sunset rolled back in the west, the sky went up, the earth went down, the angry horned mount tossed me about, and I knew no more.

I found me on the island of Daybreak. Through my open window came the sounds of the chanticleer's morning song, the lowing of distant cattle, and all the bustle of waking day. We were under the bed, our trunks were shattered, the chairs upturned, the tables wrecked, the waterbuckets empty, the floor deluged. Standing threateningly over us were two goats who by the aid of the boys had broken into the room while we slept.

* * * * *

One of Plimpkins' professors had a clock in his recitation room. This clock made the hours too long, his sweetheart's father's clock made them too short. One night he contrived to effect an exchange of time-pieces. The trick was discovered, and poor little Plimpkins expelled. He was my last room-mate.

MARS HALL.

May 9th, 1883.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA.

Three hundred and eighteen years ago at St. Augustine elements for, perhaps, the most complex and harassing problem that ever thrust itself before the eye of statesman or philosopher, were introduced into the United States. The floodgates of African serfdom were forced open by cupidity and avarice, and soon the channels to the Southern States were overflowing with the substratum of the African race. Small numbers, and, perhaps, the better classes, too, were pushed out into the Northern and New England States; while the great bulk was precipitated into the vast cotton and sugar plantations of the South. By this constant inflow and the rapid multiplication following, they swelled to the enormous number of four millions. This increasing slave trade growing out of the great demand for cheap labor in a young territory, together with the rapid increase of wealth, was bound to have a telling effect upon the society and politics of the whole nation. A haughty and arrogant aristocracy, with a spiritless and miserable poverty as its counterpart, was developed in the South. Yet, notwithstanding the evolution of this new system of society, the creation of lords and serfs, the wider separation of the high and the low, the rich and the poor,—in a word, the establishment of a first class Feudal System—the South prospered. At the North, where commerce and manufactures were booming, where every department of industry was with a restless activity pulsating, cupidity and envy and jealousy became equally as restless and feverish by reason of the magic prosperity in the South. Keen-eyed and far-reaching politicians surveyed the two great sections—sections diverse physically, diverse climatically, diverse industrially, and, in great part, diverse ethnologically. In their pursuit of capital for a political issue they took in the whole situation at a glance, and, anon, concluded to waive all other points of diversity for the most promising one, of race. This was the key-note, and

it responded to their touch like the notes of a piano to the nimble and jeweled fingers of a Southern beauty.

While many profound thinkers and clever philosophers of that time were honest, and, no doubt, correct in their views of the institution of slavery, and advocated the doctrine of emancipation from principle, there are ample grounds for the belief that selfish and intriguing politicians hastened the premature development of the question of emancipation. As the question of slavery, which existed in the South, was agitated in the North, the question of emancipation, which originated in the North, was agitated in the South; and from these two great questions, one having grown out of the other, followed that great civil and political cyclone of '61, which swept over the land, darkening the very heavens, and leaving in its wake decay and desolated homes. The whites, prosperous and happy, retired at night to awake in the morning paupers and vagabonds. The blacks, in the galling manacles of slavery, felt these manacles relax, heard them fall, and saw them melted in the hot furnaces of political and civil conflict. The white and the black man stood side by side amid the desolations of war on equal footing, but with feelings and impressions widely differing. The one with languid and sick heart at the aspect of the present, and with crushed hopes for the future, was at a loss how to retrieve his fortunes; the other, blinded by the first ray of freedom, delirious with political power, and with motives blank and meaningless, wandered forth a citizen of "a nation born in a day."

And just here the Negro problem in the United States, instead of being solved with the abolition of slavery, as many believed, begins to assume a new aspect and to take on a new significance. James C. Welling, speaking of the Reconstruction Act, or the three amendments to the Constitution to protect the Negro in the exercise of his political franchise, says: "These amendments put an end to the 'Slavery question' in the United States, but they made the 'Negro question' more than ever a dominating issue in our national life. In the days of chattel slavery, the Negro was in the Republic, but not of it. To-day, he is part and parcel of our civil and political organism." A body of four millions of slaves, ignorant and uncivilized, without thrift, without energy, and without self-reliance; untrained, save in habits of dependence and obedience, suddenly turned loose on society endowed with freedom and invested with the civil franchise, were enough to excite public thought and call forth inquiry as to their future.

Great diversity of opinion has been developed in regard to this alien race in America. Thoughtful minds had looked forward to the results of the last census with a growing interest. Some, because of a strong belief which had faded away by the lapse of twenty years into a vague hope that the Negro was dying out; others, more philosophical than curious, because of a desire to investigate the probable causes of his increase, or decrease, as the case might be; to study his character as affected by his new condition, his influence upon society and the

politics of the country; and, finally, to establish in their minds some definite and satisfactory views about his probable future in the United States, and especially in the South.

These results show that the whites, in the United States, have increased from 33,589,377 in 1870, to 43,402,408 in 1880, a gain of 29.2 per cent.; while the colored population has increased from 4,880,009 in 1870 to 6,577,497 in 1880, a gain of 34.8 per cent. There is a striking difference in the rate of increase North and the rate of increase South; and a still more striking difference in the relative increase of native whites North and native whites South. The comparative rate of increase, allowance being made for immigration, is estimated as follows: Native whites North, 15.7 per cent.; native whites South, 30.4 per cent. This slow increase North compared with that of the South is due to the long enjoyment of wealth, culture, and the luxury and dissipation which are sure to accompany them. The Southern people are more of an agricultural and laboring people than the Northern, and the Negro more than either; hence the striking percentage of increase. The colored population before the war increased with an almost uniform ratio, till 1860. For the next ten years there was a falling off of more than half. This was due to the destructive influence of war, combined with the influence of the sudden transition from slavery to freedom. One would have naturally supposed from the prevailing opinions of that time, strengthened by the prejudices and current philosophies then existing, confirmed by the slow progress of the free colored population in the Northern States, and the tendency of an inferior race to die out in the presence of a superior one, that the Negro would, like the Indian, perish by degrees in the presence of the whites, and very soon become an extinct race in the South. But far from this opinion being true, the rate of increase, as compared with that of the native whites, especially North, is startling and almost incredible. And here it is to be remarked that the problem of the Negro race in America becomes more and more anomalous. History, with all its profusion and diversity, does not furnish a similar one. However, from the facts history does furnish in regard to ethnology, together with those derived from the three hundred years' experience with the Negro in America, can be deduced some conclusions which may assist in rendering this question less complex, and its solution less remote.

I. What do the facts of history show? They show that no two races have ever been able to exist together on the same soil, under the same government, laws, and institutions, without one of the following results:

First, either the inferior must succumb to the superior in the relation of master and slave; or, in the second place, they must come into open hostility and forcible collision till one or the other is totally exterminated; or, thirdly, they must be quietly and peaceably separated; or, in the fourth and last place, amalgamation must take place. Of these results, there are abundant proof and numerous examples. The mere mention of the Egyptians and Jews of ancient times, the

Moors and Spaniards, and the Normans and Saxons of later times, and, in our own country, the Indians and Whites, proves the above race conditions, and suggest, at once, the manner in which almost all the race conflicts which have sprung up in the history of the world have ended. It seems to have been impossible for these races of men to live under the same laws and government except in one of the above relations.

II. What do the facts of experience show? This question can best be answered by applying the above remarks directly to the Negro, and seeing how far, if at all, they meet his case.

What, then, is the probable condition in which the Negro will live in the future? At present, no disturbance between the races appears; however, this apparent calm does not argue that there will never be any. There is a conflict going on between the whites and blacks—and not less fierce because of its silence—which is destined to affect society and politics, especially the former, more than any influence which has ever operated on American institutions. And this conflict is not on the bloody fields of battle, but on the peaceful fields of industry.

The civil and political convulsion annihilated the first relation—the relation of master and slave. And it is not likely that slavery will exist any more soon in the United States, unless in the reverse order; a thing which is hardly probable. Should the ratio of increase of the black population remain the same in the South, where the great bulk of them are, and where the elements of this problem will be naturally looked for and developed more and more; should the circumstances and laws of increase of the Southern whites be modified so as to assume a shape similar to that of the North; and should the augmentation due to immigration be eliminated; then, in less than fifty years the blacks would beat the Southern whites in the race of numbers. And in less than two hundred years the negro would be the dominant race in America; which would fulfil the second condition in ethnological problems. The whites regarding the blacks as a permanently degraded race, because of their former condition of servitude, and conscious of their own historic renown and superiority, would scorn the blacks with an indignation which knows no bounds. The very idea of an alien race inferior from the first, ignorant and degraded by a hideous night of superstition in Africa succeeded by three hundred years of slavery in America, presuming by mere force of numbers to lord it over the whites, a race born to rule and possessing every instinct of pride and power, would be insupportable and would awaken all their ancient valor and their determination to rule or to die in the attempt. On the other hand, this dark swelling mass, gathering strength by education and the influence of modern civilization; embittered by the accumulated wrongs of years; ambitions to rise in the scale of human improvement, would grow restless and discontented, and, finally, recognizing their power through numbers, and aggravated by the desperate and frenzied attempts of the overbearing whites to keep them down, would not hesitate to exercise that power det-

rimentally and without mercy to the whites. It would develop, no doubt, into an open and violent conflict of races, and ultimately end in the extermination or enslaving of one or the other, and, in all probability, the whites. But while such a convulsion is not probable, there are vague possibilities of such a thing, and, in the judgment of some thinking men, strong possibilities.

The third condition, a separation of the two races, is easily disposed of. An unsuccessful attempt at separation was made long before the Negro became "part and parcel" of our government. Henry Clay, among other great men of his time, was a warm advocate of colonization. He was president of the American Colonization Society for sixteen years, up to his death in 1852. But, notwithstanding his high order of statesmanship, his burning love for, and his unselfish devotion to, his country, his profound wisdom and penetrating sagacity, he was powerless to execute this plan. If such a plan proved a failure then with the power and influence of such men as Clay on its side, when the number of negroes was comparatively small, and that number as far removed from a participation in governmental affairs, and the enjoyment of the privileges of American citizens, as if they were then in Liberia,—how much greater must be the obstacles to such an end, at the present day, when they are fastened upon and knit into the political and industrial organism of the country? True, there are vague hopes and cautious suggestions on the part of philosophers and statesmen of today that such a thing might be accomplished. However, the present aspect of the question does not invite measures of this kind; and as the Negro now stands in the South, it is not surprising that the hopes of these philosophers should be vague, and the suggestions of these statesmen cautious in regard to colonization. The Negro has taken such deep root in the industrial and political soil of the country that it would be violent and dangerous to undertake to uproot him and place him in a separate, and, perhaps, uncongenial region. He has become the complement of the white; and, in some respects, is as dependent upon him as he was in times of slavery. The Negro exodus proves this. They are widely diffused among the whites, and become more and more satisfied with this condition, because they get better employment, feel the refining and civilizing influences which they know they cannot possibly have in a region to themselves. They do not thrive when too much crowded together; they become restless and discontented, and seek quarters in Western and more thinly populated States, where there are fewer Negroes, and where competition is less oppressive. Hence the movement called the Negro exodus.

Separate the negroes from the whites, place them in some of the Southern States—congenial to their nature and adapted to their wants, it may be—and, if not met with open resistance, the measure would be attended with some very grave consequences to society, politics, and industry. Indeed, they would relapse into a state of semi-barbarism; and the great tropical centre of America

would be transformed into a bit of the Dark Continent. And two Africas on the hands of American charity at the same time, together with the loss sustained by the removal of a great industrial element, would be rather straining on her sinews, and calculated to exhaust her missionary treasuries.

This brings the writer to the consideration of the fourth and last condition of the problem, amalgamation. This implies social and political equality, with free and voluntary matrimonial alliance. History furnishes numerous examples of fusion of races; and it is easy to see the very embodiment of this principle in our own country. The German, the Irish, and the French, who are continually coming to our shores are soon assimilated, their national prominences disappearing with a generation or two. And it is this fusion of races, this intermingling of the blood of many nationalities that has, in great part, made America stand out preëminent above other nations; and to-day, "it is," as an eminent writer has said, "the country's foremost hope." But can such a result take place between the whites and blacks? From what has been said under the three previous heads, such a result could hardly seem possible. The distinction which nature has placed between the two races is of a radical and primary character, and it would be a difficult task, indeed, to persuade Southerners, or Northerners either, for that matter, that this distinction between themselves and the blacks is to be obliterated by their being blended together. But it cannot be denied that the barriers are falling between the two races. One was broken through by the late war, which clothed the Negro with the elective franchise; and the astonishing improvement he has made in his new condition, proves that there is no backward movement. It was with a desperate effort that this suit was placed upon him, costing, as it did, treasures and blood—and what a hideous fit!—yet, it would cost far more should an effort be made now to disrobe him. It could not be ruthlessly torn from him without jeoparding the aggregate interests of over fifty millions of people. So, everything points ahead. But the most powerful walls are to be broken down yet—those of a social and matrimonial character; and these are reciprocals of each other. Remove either, and the other falls. Matrimonial alliance is a necessary consequence of social equality; and social equality is impossible where there is a barrier to such an alliance. One necessarily follows from the other. Apparently, the blending of the two races in America is as impossible as it is to breathe without air; and as to such a thing's being done by social, legal, and political regulations, every instinct of man's nature repels the thought. There is, however, significance in the fact, that the native African of to-day and the American Negro of to-day bear strong marks of contrast. The native African bears almost the same relation to the American Negro, in the scale of comparison, as the American black does to the American white. Indeed, it would be next to impossible to find a genuine African in the United States. The influence of long contact with the white race is seen in the case of every American Negro.

So it seems that the process of amalgamation has already begun.

A distinguished English writer has found the solution of the American race problem in the fusion of the white and colored races producing a higher type of man. This theory may do for an evolutionist, but not for the average American. There is reason in two opposite extremes being united and producing a golden mean, in some cases; but it is hard to conceive how a lower class of an inferior race could be blended with a higher order of a superior race, and result in the development of a still higher type. It would be elevating the one and lowering the other to a common psychological level; and this could not take place without affecting the general tone of society. Intermixture of the whites and blacks will, perhaps, play a greater *role* in the future than at the present; but a complete amalgamation cannot be looked forward to as the ultimate solution of this problem.

Americans have a very decided race instinct. They believe, and have ever believed, in Americans ruling. One of the elementary principles in the platform of that party which flourished in 1856, known as the "Know Nothings," was that none but American born citizens should be elected to posts of honor, and offices of trust in the government. This principle does not stand out prominent in American politics at the present day, it is true; but it finds a prominent echo in American hearts, all the same. And it is seen to struggle to the surface, and often to burst forth in a storm of passion when aspirants of other nationalities, and especially the Negro, appear in the political race. But he appears in the opening of the contest, notwithstanding; runs in the race, and often at the end wins the prize. He sits in the councils of the nation, and there, with the American born citizen, votes on all questions relative to war, revenues, laws, or what not; passes judgment on the conduct of men, whether it be in cases of petty crime, or crime deserving imprisonment and death. Indeed all the political privileges which the white man possesses are alike accorded to him. But note the contrast in a social point of view. When he ventures to cross the social line—a line broad and deep, and as high as it is broad and deep—he is repelled with a boiling indignation, and with a veritable hurricane of contempt. Indeed, he seldom attempts such a step; and the stunning and prostrating consequences of the attempt, not only warn him against future similar violations, but deprive him of every such presumptuous thought; and, at the same time, are a warning to any who may have a similar ambition for social elevation. The truth is, the better class of the colored population regard this question with quite as much antipathy as do the whites. They believe in the social line being drawn, and have quite as much race pride, if not race instinct, as the whites. The growing sentiment among them to withdraw from the Republican party and to tie themselves to none; but to seek that one which offers the best protection and the best local self-government, proves this. The call for a National Colored Convention, the chief exponents of which are Frederick Douglass, Geo. W. Williams, and Rich'd

Greener, which is an expression of the same sentiment—to meet in Washington, D. C., next September, is a proof of this. And this very fact is both hopeful and discouraging in the solution of the question of the Negro in America. Hopeful, so far as the Negro is concerned; discouraging, so far as the whites are concerned. The rapid rate at which the Negro is multiplying in the South, and the rapid strides which he has made, and is making, in civilization and refinement, with a corresponding development of race pride and race instinct, augur for him the grandest future that has ever been open to any race in the history of the world. On the other hand the white man in the South, who cannot compete with the Negro—and, who, if he could, would feel it discreditable—must emigrate to the North, or elsewhere, for employment, as many are already doing. This is somewhat discouraging to the whites.

The situation is a unique one, and, in some respects, alarming. History throws very little light on it; therefore, we know less about what is in store for the Negro than perhaps any other race. The problem is a perplexing one, and full of interest, and must of necessity thrust itself more and more into public notice. The solution, it seems—if solution there be—is in the education of the Negro. And this implies intellectual, moral, religious, civil, political, and industrial training. The unfolding of all these qualities, in due proportions, is requisite to a rounded and symmetrical education in any race, and especially is it needful in the case of the Negro. For it is universally acknowledged that the moral sense in the Negro, if not wanting altogether in the worst, is very imperfectly developed in the average negro, and in the best rarely reaches its delicacy and acuteness as seen in the white. So the high development of the intellect, for example, to the neglect of the other essential faculties, would be to produce an intellectual monstrosity. On the other hand, the expansion of all the other capacities, ignoring any one, especially the moral or religious, would be infinitely worse. The industrial principle in the organization of the Negro was only superficially developed in times of slavery; because he was influenced to toil by forces from without, and relied upon his master for food and raiment. He has since been thrown upon his own resources, and, "stimulated and impelled by the all-pervading, ever-present, never-ceasing power of hunger," at first; then, by a growing sense of domestic responsibility, together with a desire for something more than "a mule and forty acres of land," he has developed industrial forces within, which are becoming somewhat organic in his nature. This industrial ability, as he continues to improve it, will give to the Negro material wealth; material wealth will give him influence and the means of moral and intellectual culture; and moral and intellectual culture will insure the practice of virtue and the proper exercise of the civil and political franchise without detriment to the whites, and with honor and credit to himself. Of course this important transformation cannot take place at once. The Negro is not so far advanced in civilization as the whites, and hence the

modern process of human development is not altogether so well adapted to his being and inherent nature as to the whites who have grown up in, with, and by it, and, at the same time, have developed and given force and character to it. It will take generations for this slow process to work out in him the great and important changes which are necessary to fit him for the social and political relations which modern civilization has created. And this work, to be permanent and structural, must begin at the top and proceed downward as the roots of a plant, and bear fruit upward, as its branches. Again, it must commence its work within and flow outward.

A well adjusted system of education based on national aid will, it is believed, accomplish this end. And it is high time our legislators of all sections, irrespective of party or section, gave this portentous problem their earnest thought, and the question of National Education their most favorable consideration. "Education," says Tourgee, "will not, it is probable, affect the result so far as the numerical relations of the race are concerned. That is simply the fiat of destiny. The race that is enslaved is sure to overcome the enslaver at some period of time, if they remain together on the same soil. The only question is in what manner it shall be done—whether the inferior race shall continue to be suppressed, held down and kept under by the force of superior intelligence alone, until it breaks through the restraint with a power that will destroy, or whether the higher civilization will reach out a helping hand to the lower, and not only assist it to rise, but by so doing remove its animus to destroy."

If we possess sympathy and philanthropy; if we are patriotic and generous; if we love American institutions and desire to have them perpetuated unsullied; and, above all, if we have any consideration for self-preservation and hope to see the relations of white and black so adjusted as to prove least hurtful to ourselves, and most conducive to the best interests of all; then, let us elevate the six millions and a half of Negroes by a thorough and wholesome education. Education is the only remedy, and education it must be. Let us have national education for whites as well as for blacks.

G. C. BRIGGS.

THE FIRST OF THE FINE ARTS.

(*Concluded from May No.*)

But the art of arts, that which surpasses all others, because it is incomparably the most expressive, is poetry.

Language is the instrument of poetry; poetry fashions it to its use, and idealizes it, to make it express ideal beauty; it gives to it the charm and power of metre; it makes of it something intermediate between the ordinary voice and music; something at once material and immaterial, as distinct, clear, and precise as the most

definite contours and forms,—something lively and animated like color, pathetic and infinite like sound. The natural word in itself, especially the word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most powerful and universal symbol. Armed with this talisman which it has made for itself, poetry reflects all the images of the sensible world like sculpture and painting; it reflects sentiment, like painting and music, with all its varieties, which music does not attain, and in their rapid succession, which painting cannot follow, being always determined and immovable like sculpture; it does not only express all that, it expresses what is almost inaccessible to every other art—I mean thought entirely separated from the sense—thought which has no form, thought which has no color, thought which permits no sound to escape, thought which is not manifested in any look, thought in its flight the most sublime, in its abstraction the most refined.

Think of it! What a world of images, of sentiments, of thoughts, at once distinct and confused, is stirred in you by the single word *country!* and by this other word, short and immense, *God!* What is more luminous, and altogether more profound and vast!

Bid the architect, the sculptor, the musician even, to evoke thus with a single stroke the powers of nature and of the soul. They cannot, and thereby they recognize the superiority of language and of poetry. They themselves proclaim it, for they choose poetry for their own standard of measure; they estimate and demand that you estimate their works in proportion as they approach nearer the poetical ideal. And mankind act as the artists.

What poetry! they cry out at the sight of a beautiful picture, a sweet tune, a life-like and expressive statue. This is not an arbitrary comparison; it is a natural judgment which makes poetry the type of perfection of all arts, the art which comprehends all others, to which all aspire, to which none is able to attain.

When the other arts wish to imitate the works of poetry, they generally fail, they lose their peculiar genius without securing that of poetry. But poetry builds, at its will, palaces and temples, like the architect; it makes them simple or magnificent; all orders obey it, as well as all systems; the different ages of art are all one to it; it reproduces, if it chooses, the Classic or the Gothic, the beautiful or the sublime, the measured or the indefinite. Lessing was able to compare, with the most exquisite justness, Homer to the most perfect sculptor, the forms which this wonderful chisel gives to all beings, are determined with so much precision. And what a painter, too, is Homer! And, in a different kind, Dante. Music alone has something more penetrating than poetry; but it is vague, it is limited, it is fugitive. Besides its precision, its variety, its durability, poetry has also the most pathetic accents. Remember the words which Priam let fall at the feet of Achilles when asking of him a second time the body of his son, then certain verses of Virgil, some entire scenes in the Cid and Polyencte, the prayer of Esther kneeling before God, the choruses of Es

ther and Athalie. In the song of Pergolese, "Stabat mater dolorosa," one may ask which is the more affecting, the music or the words. The "Dies irae, dies illa," merely recited, has a most terrible effect. In these dreadful words every stroke tells, as it were; each word contains a distinct sentiment, an idea at once profound and determinate. The intellect advances at each step, and the heart rushes on in its wake.

Human language, idealized by poetry, has the depth and brilliance of the musical note; but it is as luminous as pathetic; it speaks to the mind as much as to the heart; it is in this inimitable and unapproachable, that in itself it unites all extremes and all contraries into a harmony which doubles their mutual effect, and in turn there appear and are developed all the images, all the sentiments, all the ideas, all the human faculties, all the recesses of the soul, all the phases of things, all the worlds, real and conceivable.

J. C. C. D.

EDITORIAL.

VALEDICTORY.

"If you have tears," brother Editors, "prepare to shed them now;" for with this issue we retire from the editorial staff, and from the field of journalism, perhaps forever. As we lay down our quills, with which we have endeavored to serve our readers as best we could; as we glance around at the many old and familiar objects in our sanctum, reminding us of our labors past; and, as we cross over to the threshold where we linger long, a rush of memories and associations crowd our minds, and force upon us the fact that we are not only severing our connection with THE STUDENT, but some of us, with our cherished Alma Mater, also. While our labors on THE STUDENT have been arduous and sometimes trying, they have not been without their pleasures and profits. The bit of experience in journalism we have thus gained has given us an insight into the workings and operations of other colleges, a more definite idea of the vast proportions, power, and influence of the engine of modern civilization; and, what will be helpful if we should ever be reduced to the necessity of resorting to this popular profession for a livelihood, it has taught us something of how to conduct a paper. So, with the experience and knowledge we have gained, the mutual pleasures we have enjoyed, and, above all, the good we hope we have done by our connection with THE STUDENT, we feel more than compensated for any "trials, troubles, and tribulations" we may have undergone. If we have deserved a look or smile of approbation from our patrons, it is because of our earnest endeavors not only to make THE STUDENT, a leading college magazine, but to place it among the leading literary magazines of the day. The college press North, and the Southern press in general, have given our magazine some flattering commendations, very gratifying to us of course, and for which we return our thanks.

The permanency of THE STUDENT may be regarded as fixed; at all events, it is likely to live on as long as the College lives. It has become an important factor in the Institution, and is recognized as such more and more as it continues to improve and to grow in popular favor. Indeed, there is hardly anything connected with the College, the separation of which would be missed more, and, probably attended with greater loss to the College than the separation of THE STUDENT from her and her interests. If this be true, does it not follow that all friends of the College and the Baptists of the State, whose progress and welfare as a denomination depend largely on the progress and welfare of their College, ought to give THE STUDENT their most hearty support? Many of them do; many more of them do not.

Another important consideration grows out of the above remarks. If THE STUDENT is such a potent instrument in the hands of the College to advance her interests, does not the following suggestion commend itself to the favorable consideration of the Trustees and Faculty? That the Alumni Editor, whose services have been so faithful and indispensable to THE STUDENT, be remunerated for his time and labor, just as he is for his other College work; for this may be justly considered a College duty. We think this would have a threefold effect: 1. It would encourage the Alumni Editor, whose labors are arduous, and whose time could be otherwise spent in needed recreation, and in a manner equally as profitable to himself. 2. It would add strength to THE STUDENT by thus being placed in more intimate relations with the Trustees, and claiming more strongly their aid and support. 3. It would bring more closely together the relations of Faculty and Societies, and would bind with a stronger tie the interests of College and STUDENT.

For some time we have had in mind to say about what we have said; and, perhaps, a better time and place could not have been selected, though it be in our *valedictory*. And we trust that it will be pondered, and, if received with favor, immediate action will be taken. We desire, in conclusion, to thank our fellow-editors for the courtesy, forbearance, and sympathy they have ever shown us; and to extend to our successors our best wishes in their new and untried field. We feel that THE STUDENT is left in good and capable hands, and that it will meet with continued prosperity. We bid you God speed! A general remark, and we are done. Fathers of North Carolina, we know you love the colleges of North Carolina, because many of you were nourished in them, and many of you have sons there. You desire to see them prosper and grow. Then, if you do, subscribe for the college journals of North Carolina, and begin at the head by sending $1.50 for THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT. *Vale*.

THE COMING BOYS.

History presents few more pathetic spectacles than that of the Crusade of Children originated by the fanaticism of the thirteenth century. Ninety thousand boys of ten or twelve years of age, singing hymns and anthems, set out for the Holy City, expecting to conquor the infidels with the spiritual weapons of innocence and prayer. Before that army of brave little men had melted away by the hardships of the march or the cruelty which seized them as legitimate prey and sold them as slaves, what strange fire must have burned in those young bosoms! what wild dreams of the near future, checked now and then by inevitable longings for home, as fatigue and hunger and the darkness came on!

It requires little effort of the imagination to bring clearly before the mind another army of boys—an army far more numerous and, when its possibilities and destiny are considered, hardly less pathetic. They come pouring out of thousands of North Carolina homes in country, in village, in city. With gleeful shout and laughter, with merry song and bright eyes, bubbling mis-

chief and fun—just to see them is to be caught by their contagious joy. There is the click of marbles, the humming top, the breezy kite, the whirling hoop, the never-tiring tramp, tramp after butterfly or snared bird, playing at horse, or farmer, or mechanic—restless feet, prying eyes, opening minds, strong life-currents, unreckoned energy. This wealth of life, physical and intellectual, what realms may it not conquer, what tidal evils may it not check, if only in the home, the school, the church, it be rightly directed and trained. From their number we shall choose our Governor by and by. Who will be our judges, our teachers, our preachers, our editors, authors, orators, lawyers, and law-makers? This merry on-coming army of boys shall furnish them all. And we need not suppose that leaders can get on without somebody to lead. The men who are to be led to victory or disaster, this same frolicsome army must supply. In short, a few years more and North Carolina will be these coming boys—and their wives.

Shall any preparation be made for these high duties and destiny? or shall the young be left, under the tuition of the schoolmistress Experience, to be moulded by their circumstances and the spirit of the time? It is Coleridge, perhaps, who compares the vigorous mind that is left to itself, to a fertile garden without a gardener; the growth will be abundant, but mostly weeds. Besides, the influence of the spirit of the time in fashioning character may be guessed when we observe what that spirit is. We cannot better describe it than in these words of Ruskin's: "'Time is money'—so say your practical merchants and economists. None of them, however, I fancy, as they draw towards death, find that the reverse is true and that 'money is time'? Perhaps it might be better for them in the end if they did not turn so much of their time into money, as no re-transformation is possible! There are other things, however, which in the same sense are money, or can be changed into it, as well as time. Health is money, wit is money, knowledge is money; and all your health, and wit, and knowledge may be changed for gold; and the happy goal is reached of a sick, insane, and blind, auriferous old age." Boys that are of account left to themselves in these times will discard every valuable acquisition for gold, will sell all they have for it.

And who has not seen examples of the influence of the times operating in a different direction, developing in the youthful character the "young America" element? Boys of the "young America" stamp become more and more opposed to restraint, have little respect for authority, age, and what is hallowed in religion and life, live in the present and for it only, substitute dash for reserve, a defiant independence for wholesome reliance, seek to appear what they are not, in the relations of the sexes are strangers to the delicacy of sensitive and refined natures, and, light-minded and superficial, are incapable of earnest, profitable endeavor. It need not be said that on such a basis can be built nothing stable or beautiful. The life reared on it is flippant and useless, when not positively hurtful and dangerous. A community, a state of such units—who can picture it!

To contemplate such a development of any boy in our grand, joyous army of North Carolina boys is sad; the possibility that a large number of them may come to this ought to stir the zeal of every citizen, and awaken every unfaithful parent to his forgotten responsibility. Charles Kingsley, that great warm-hearted friend of the young, once said to a company of them in the lecture-room at Cambridge: "There are more pitiless tragedies than any battlefield can show; and first among them, surely, is the disappointment of young hopes, and the degradation of young souls." On the other hand, there is nothing so beautiful and hope-inspiring as a strong, bright boy growing into an earnest, useful man. If North Carolina's army of strong, bright boys could, by conscientious, competent teachers in the home, the school, the college, be trained into earnest, useful men, how the night of illiteracy would mount and float away, and our State go forth bright and beautiful as the morning.

CLASSICS versus SCIENCE.

A writer in the April number of *The Critic* raises his voice against the classics as a basis for a college course, and adduces arguments why the sciences should be substituted, and the classics be made optional.

Every right-minded and intelligent man will acknowledge the great debt the world owes to science, and support educators who give scientific studies a large share in the college course. But when it is proposed that the college course should consist mainly of scientific studies; that the majority of college graduates should be scientific men, i. e., specialists, whether they be so fitted by nature or not, the advocates of science and of its superior educating power, must consult other authorities than Spencer and Huxley, the proudest misleading lights of our age, or Darwin, who "never experienced the necessity for the two things which most men find so necessary to them, viz., poetry and religion; to whom science and the domestic affections were enough."

The ancient languages are not only, indeed, invested with a traditional dignity which serves to make us cling to them all the more, but their intrinsic value in drilling the mind, in giving a clear insight into the life and genius of the ancients, and above all, that culture, refinement, and fluency which they instill into the student, wins and preserves for them the prominence in which the wisest and greatest men have always seen fit to keep them.

In order that science may conquer, the nature of the average man must undergo a radical change. This changed nature would have no room for the "instinct for conduct and the instinct for beauty;" or, in other words, no room for religion or poetry, but rather tends towards materialism.

HOW WE HAVE GOT ON.

When Dr. Pritchard resigned the Presidency of this institution, and accepted a charge among the Louisville Baptists, there were many North Carolinians whose hearts were solicitious about the old *Alma Mater*. The collegiate year was entered upon without a President, but not without a di-

rector. The work was entered upon by earnest workers, both the Faculty and the students. The work has been excessively hard on the Faculty through the entire year. Their number was one less than for the previous year; and, besides, when the Convention met in November, and the subject of the endowment was brought up, it was thought wise for Prof. Taylor temporarily to quit his chair, and canvass the State in that interest. So we were then left with only six members in the Faculty. The work seemed to be too much for the number who were to perform it, but they soon showed us otherwise. The classes were divided out, the exercise work distributed, and so we have gone on. We are led to the conclusion that no period in the history of the College has been more noted for the coöperation of Faculty and students, and this has been a useful factor in the efficiency of the year's work. During the session Prof. Poteat has rendered much efficient service in support of THE STUDENT, in connection with his other work. The students as a class have shown themselves true to their duties. The Society work has been exceptionally good. The number of medal contestants has been larger than usual. No doubt but that some of the young men have formed lofty ideals of duty and manliness in this department. The Faculty say that the examinations in the main have shown thorough work. The system of accounts for daily recitations has been conducted differently from the former method, and it has proved well both to Faculty and students.

Religiously great advances have been made on the part of quite a number of students. Education graced by true consecration has been the motto of him by whom we have been guided. No doubt this part of the work will show itself to the gratification of many of the friends of education during the summer. We know none to whom this feature in the session's work would be more appreciated than those who have labored so earnestly to instil it. Suffice it to say the year has been a successful one. We separate with the feeling that earnestness and faithfulness have been exercised both by the students and the Faculty.

EDUCATIONAL.

—KINSTON College enrols 150 students.

—OF the 407 students at Cornell, 50 are young ladies.

—THE New-Berne graded school is a success. It has 516 attendants.

—PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard, favors college athletics.

—HALF of the 1,169,943 school children in Scotland are attendants of the day schools.

—FORTY influential New-Yorkers have united to make Columbia College a university.

—THE Harvard Annex is no longer an experiment. It now has an endowment of $55,000.

—AMNAH HUNTINGTON recently left $200,000 to the public schools of Vermont. This will give each district only $10.

—ONE hundred and twenty students are attending the Atlanta Baptist Seminary this session. They are greatly in need of pecuniary aid.

—SOME of the vacancies in the School Board of Philadelphia are to be supplied by ladies, and some of those in Richmond, Va., by negroes. What a contrast!

—FOR twenty years the Buffalo (New York) schools have never changed text-books. They are expected, however, to do so soon. What a rash move! Why so hasty?

—EDUCATION should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place there.—*John Ruskin.*

—THE Catalogue of Wake Forest College shows attendance of 165 students the past session. Several others applied, but were found not well enough prepared to enter the classes.

—GREAT good ought to follow the annual meeting of the county superintendents of public instruction at Chapel Hill on the first Wednesday in July. An attractive programme is said to be presented. Duty to the State requires the attendance of all ninety-six of them.

—OUT of a population of 25,000,000 England sends only 5,000 students to her two great universities. Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, has 6,500 university students, and Germany, with a population of 43,000,000, has 22,500 students in her various universities. The New England States, with a population of 4,110,000, send nearly 4,000 students to their eighteen colleges and universities.—*Ex.*

—ONE of the best signs of the progress of educational interests in North Carolina, is the present agitation about graded schools. Many towns have them already in successful operation, while others are seriously meditating such a movement. The need of our State is an abundance of well-conducted schools of high grade to excite an interest among the boys and girls for higher education, and to prepare them to enter the colleges.

—THE stranger loitering through the midnight streets is amazed to see that the windows of offices and of warerooms piled with costly goods are left without shutters, and with a small jet of burning gas within. That little light baffles the robber. He cannot break in to steal without being seen. Light is the police. It is as true of mental light. It is conservative. It keeps the peace. It is the common final security. To promote education of every kind is to feed the lamps which supply that flame.—*G. W. Curtis.*

—HOW does the Old North State stand in the matter of education? Number of white children between six and twenty-one years of age, 286,324; colored, 176,836. Total, 463,160. Number of white children attending public schools at any time from Dec. 1st, '81, to Dec. 1st, '82, 144,835; colored, 88,236. The average attendance was only 132,546. (From Superintendent Scarborough's Report.) Of her population ten years old and upward enumerated in the census of 1880, 48.3 per cent. can't write their names. Nearly half!

—NOW that the college recitation room is closed and the boys are scattered far and wide, is there a break in their education? There ought not to be. Home influence, the pulpit, and the printed page are educators as certainly as the professor.

—WINSTON and Washington have decided to have graded schools. Why should not every town in the State have one? The tax for its support should be cheerfully paid, for, as Ruskin has said, "no money-seed can be sown with so sure and large return at harvest-time." Thirteen have been organized up to this date.

—NORMAL schools will be held during the summer at the following places: Chapel Hill, Franklin, Newton, Wilson, Elizabeth City, Fayetteville, Salisbury, Franklinton, and New-Berne. The University Normal opens on the 21st of June, and continues five weeks.

—*The North Carolina Teacher* is likely to become a great help to the cause of education in the State. The first issue (June) gives promise of much that will be of practical aid to teachers. We should be glad to know that every teacher in the State read it. Mr. Eugene G. Harrell is managing editor. It is published monthly in neat magazine form by A. Williams & Co., Raleigh. Price $1.

—THE first scholars of the colonial days were ministers, and ministers were also the pioneers of education in America. The first foundations were ecclesiastical. The ministry of to-day is no whit behind any other calling in scholarship. Certainly one of the preacher's most pleasing duties ought to be that of looking out for the bright boys and girls in his congregation, keeping his eye on them, and at the proper time having them sent off to college. Do the pastors in North Carolina attend to this important matter? Judicious planning and earnest talking will generally succeed. You can count on the mother. She will listen to such a proposition; and with the mother, and the boy or girl, and the right on your side, you cannot fail. Try it.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

—PETER COOPER published a book in his ninety-third year.

—HARPER & BROTHERS have issued a new edition of *Why we Laugh*, by S. S. Cox, the celebrated humorist and statesman.

—THE sale of the Revised New Testament is said to have fallen off tremendously, and the publishers have lost money on it.

—A HUNGARIAN Jew sent to a Vienna paper a grain of wheat on which he had written 309 words taken from Tissot's book on Vienna.

—DESPITE the adverse criticism at one time expressed concerning the durability of Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit power, the reception which the fresh volumes of his sermons have met indicates no declension as yet.

—CARLYLE'S admirers will be especially pleased with two recent publications, *Mrs. Carlyle's Letters*, and *Correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson.*

—THE paragraph was first used in journalism by Geo. D. Prentiss. Before his day nothing of the kind had ever been known in the American newspaper.

—MR. CONWAY has supplied the interim before the larger and fuller work comes out, by an interesting account of the great poet's life and opinions in *Emerson at Home and Abroad.*

—HUXLEY says there is nothing so difficult as to write a good elementary book, and there is nobody so hard to teach properly and well as people who know nothing about a subject.

—THE character known as Mrs. Partington has become so general that it seems to have outgrown all recollections of its author. Mr. Benjamin P. Shillaber first wrote over that signature for the Boston *Post* in 1847. He now lives near Boston, and is in his seventieth year.

—THE French authoress "Quida," whose real name is Louisa de la Ramee, spends most of her time in her villa near Florence. Before her novel *Granville de Vigne*, she was an unknown magazine writer; that novel brought her fame and popularity, and she now receives $6,000 and $7,000 for a single work.

—HENRY WHITNEY CLEVELAND, a Colonel in the late Confederate army, and now a clergyman, has written for *The Continent* a beautiful sketch of the life of A. H. Stephens, or as the Georgians were proud to call him in the latter part of his life, "the brain on wheels." Mr. Cleveland was selected by Alexander Stephens as his biographer, and will shortly present to the public his life in book form. We anticipate a treat in its perusal, judging from the sample in *The Continent.*

—RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY, by Bishop Warren, is meeting with great success, nearly ten thousand copies having been sold in the last three months. The subject is said to be treated in such a manner as to make its scientific truths clear and interesting, even to the unscientific reader.

—TO those of us who have enjoyed that charming *History of Our Own Times*, by Justin McCarthy, it is gratifying to know he is now writing a child's history of the same. His son has written an *Outline History of Ireland*, which the Messrs. Harper have added to their Franklin Square Library.

—A SCHOOL-TEACHER asserts that scholars who have access to periodicals at home outstrip in their studies those who do not see the papers, becoming better readers and spellers, better grammarians, and writing the best compositions, besides learning geography and history quicker. Now is the time to subscribe.

—FOR those fond of thrilling descriptions of travel in the arctic regions, we notice an advertisement of *Ice Pack and Tundra*, by Col. Gilder. The book is a reprint of the letters slightly revised which came out in the New York *Herald*, and records the adventures of the Rodgers steamship in search of the survivors of the ill-fated Jeannette.

—PROF. HUXLEY in a recent lecture: "If a man cannot get literary culture of the highest kind out of his Bible, and Chaucer, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Hobbes, and Bishop Berkeley, to mention only a few of our illustrious writers—I say if he cannot get it out of those writers, he cannot get it out of anything."

—THIS anecdote may forewarn some of our students who are a little florid in style: Dr. McClintock of Dickenson College had been reviewing an oration of one of the boys for an approaching exhibition. As he returned it to the blushing young orator he said: "It's a good speech—a good speech, B——; but there is a little too much (he very *gently* hinted) of a certain sort of rhetoric: I find here two 'mid-night owls,' two 'mid-night wolves,' three 'American eagles,' and 'four unfurled banners.'"

MISS GEIKIE, sister of the author of the *Life of Christ*, in writing a description of her travels in Germany spoke of the red-tiled cottages there. She was horrified to find, on reading the same in print, that the printer had it, "In passing through Germany, in the cars, I noticed numerous *red biled cabbages!*"—*C. D. Warner, in Harper's Magazine.*

SCIENCE NOTES.

By Alumni Editor.

—AN ANCIENT OPINION.—The Roman philosopher Seneca, born 7 B. C., the teacher of Nero, in speaking of the influence of the lectures of the Stoic Attalus upon his habits of life, says: "In consequence of them, I have all my life long renounced eating oysters and mushrooms, which do not satisfy hunger, but only sharpen appetite." The great philosopher would think otherwise, were he now alive.

—"SCIENCE."—No small event in the world of science was the establishment this spring of a weekly journal bearing the name which heads this paragraph. A company of eminent scientific gentlemen have it in hand, some of the officers of which we may mention: D. C. Gilman, Alex. Graham Bell, O. C. Marsh, and Samuel H. Scudder. It is well printed by Moses King at Cambridge, Mass. A prominent feature is the weekly record of scientific progress in all the fields of research. It is illustrated. During the year it will contain 1,500 pages of text. The subscription price is $5.

—A FLY-TRAP.—Now that summer is come, every good housekeeper is interested in anything that promises to lessen the number of the troublesome flies. The trap of which we speak is an effective one, rarely allowing a fly to escape who is silly enough to enter it. It is not made of steel or wire gauze; requires no bait of sugar or honey; does not need to be emptied, and sets itself. The strangest thing of all is, that it eats every one it captures. They are very numerous in a certain part of North Carolina, though no mortal man can make one. Indeed, they are not manufactured; they grow. If the truth must be told,

they are plants. The common name of this wonderful plant is Venus' Fly-trap, the scientific, *Dionœa muscipula*. It grows within a radius of fifty miles around Wilmington, and is believed to be native nowhere else in the world. It is one of the most remarkable of all vegetables, on account of the rapidity and force of the movement of its leaves, as well as their peculiar form and office. Dr. Moses A. Curtis nearly fifty years ago thus described it: "Each half of the leaf is a little concave on the inner side, where there are placed three delicate hair-like organs, in such order that an insect can hardly traverse it without interfering with one of them, when the two sides suddenly collapse and enclose the prey with a force surpassing an insect's efforts to escape. The fringes of hair on the opposite sides of a leaf interlace like the fingers of two hands clasped together." When the insect is thus caught an acid fluid is poured out over him which in some days digests him. The leaf then opens slowly for another capture.

—Odd Playfellows.—Among the most interesting features of the Zoological Gardens, says the Philadelphia *Press*, are the peculiar relations existing between the capybara and two pretty kittens. The capybara (*Hydrochœrus capybara*) is curious creature. It is the largest of rodents, and in its habits and characteristics very much resembles our muskrat. It lives in the water and burrows in the banks of the South American rivers. It is about as large as a big dog, and is covered with coarse hair. As it lies in the pen in the deer house it is continually accompanied by the two kittens. In cold weather they snuggle close up to him, and keep as warm as toast by lying almost under their strange protector. Sometimes he will play with them and poke them about with his nose: thereupon they will mount his back and sit serenely, while he is unable to get them off. Then he will plunge into his water tank, and water-hating tabby will spring off to escape the undesired bath. If the cats leave the pen, "Porgy" (he is so called after "Porgy" O'Brien, the circus man) will follow them to the bars and make a funny squeaking noise, beseeching his companions to come back to keep him company. Sometimes the keepers will bother the kittens. They fly at once to the protecting sides of "Porgy," while he will bare his long teeth and chatter fiercely. In the next cage is a wallaby, and while the cats go in and out, they do not attempt to be at all friendly. They confine their allegiance wholly to the more ugly capybara.

—The Impassive Sloth.—This odd mammalian dweller in the trees of South America was so named on account of the slowness of his motion on the ground. The name is further justified by the consideration of his stupid nature, which will appear in the following description by Mr. Felix L. Oswald: "Though fed daily by the same hands, the old pensioner still fails to identify his benefactor, or to recognize his obligations in any way. To his ear the human voice in its most endearing tones is a grunt *et praeterea nihil*—you might as well appeal to the affections of a cockroach. You may frighten a pig, a goose, a frog, and even a fly; but you cannot frighten or

surprise a sloth. On my last trip to Vera Cruz I procured a pair of black sloths, full grown and in a normal state of health, so far as I could judge; but after a careful series of experiments I have to conclude that their instinct of self-preservation cannot be acted upon through their optic or acoustic nerves. They can distinguish their favorite food at a distance of ten or twelve yards; and the female is not deaf, for she answers her mate from an adjoining room. But the approach of a ferocious-looking dog leaves her as calm as does the sudden descent of the meat-aze an inch from her nose. The male witnessed the accidental conflagration of his straw couch with the coolness of a veteran fireman. War-whoops do not affect his composure. I tried him with French-horn blasts and detonating power, but he would not budge. One of my visitors exploded some pyrotechnic mixtures of wondrous colors and odors, but the sloth declined to marvel."

ALLIGATOR HABITS.—He lives on the banks of some stream, for he has decided objections to stagnant water, and to make his home he digs a hole at least twelve inches below the lowest level of the water. This hole is perfectly straight, although on an incline, and from twenty to thirty feet in length, terminating in a chamber sufficiently large to admit of his turning in it. There he or she dwells alone, save when the female is caring for a very young brood, in which case the one room is converted into a nursery. Full-grown alligators not only do not occupy the same hole, but they will not live near each other. The alligator usually lays her eggs about the first of July, and during the month of June she is busily engaged in preparing the cradle for her young. Selecting a place on the bank of some stream or creek, she begins work by beating hard and level with her tail an earth platform about six feet square. She scrapes together with her forefeet, oftentimes from a distance of fifty yards from the proposed nest, dried grass, sticks, and mud until fifteen or twenty cubic feet of the material is in a convenient place for her purpose. On the day following the completion of these preparations she lays from thirty to fifty eggs on the prepared ground, and piles over them dried grass and mud deftly worked in with sticks until a mound six feet in diameter and three feet high has been raised. The surface of this is quickly hardened by the sun, and, in order that it may be as nearly air-tight as possible, the female visits it each day, covering with mud any crevices that may have appeared, as well as remodelling such portions as do not satisfy her sense of beauty. The ordinary time of incubation is two months, and then the newly-hatched brood may be heard yelping and snarling for their mother to continue her work by releasing them from their prison-nest. On the second or third day after the first noise has been heard, the female bites a hole in the side of the mound, out of which the young ones, barely eleven inches long, come tumbling in the most vigorous manner, crawling directly toward the water. Until the young are three years old the mother exercises a parental care over them, always remaining within sound of their voices, not so much to protect them from their natural enemy, man, as from their unnatural enemy, their father, who has an especial fondness for his own children in the way of food.—*James Otis, in The Continent.*

IN AND ABOUT THE COLLEGE.

—CROQUET.

—EXAMINATIONS.

—COMMENCEMENT.

—" FELL through !"

—WE were glad to see so many of the alumni present at our commencement. Want of space forbids our mentioning names.

—WE acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the commencement party of Trinity College, N. C., Thursday evening, June 14th.

—DR. EDWARDS informs us that he is well pleased with Wake Forest, and that he is meeting with fine success in his dental practice. Those who have tried him say he is a good dentist.

—THE handsome monument, for some time in contemplation, has recently been erected over the grave of our honored and beloved late President, W. M. Wingate.

—WE are indebted to the Senior Class of Chowan B. F. Institute, Murfreesboro, N. C., for an invitation to be present at the Commencement Exercises June 26th and 27th.

—MR. W. L. GODDIN, formerly a student of Wake Forest College, died of consumption, June 9th, at his home in Forestville. His bereaved family have our sympathy.

—MAY 30th witnessed the closing exercises of Caddell's Academy. The medal offered by Mr. Caddell for the best declamation was won by Mr. Trantham, of South Carolina; committee consisting of Prof. Royall, Dr. Powers, and Mr. T. Dixon.

AT a meeting of the Class of '84 the following gentlemen were elected to represent them on their class-day in May next: L. G. Broughton, Class Orator; W. S. Royall, Historian; W. B. Pope, Ivy Orator; C. L. Smith, Prophet, and W. V. Savage, Introductory Speaker. Invitations will be issued.

—IMPROVEMENTS are constantly going on in our town. Mrs. Brooks' dwelling and boarding house has recently been completed; Mr. Reid has one in progress; Mrs. T. M. Allen has let out a contract for one to be completed by Aug. 1st, and Mr. Powell is having brick burnt for one of the largest business houses in the place.

—OUR community on June 6th was startled by the report of the drowning of Mr. Calvin Holding, a well known farmer living near the college. In a fit of insanity he left his home secretly, and reaching Holding's pond, pulled off his slippers and jumped in. The next day he was found by several students, who pulled him out by means of a line and hook.

—AT a recent meeting of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies the following gentlemen were elected to the editorial staff for the ensuing session: *Eu.*—W. S. Royall, Sen. Editor; A. M. Redfearn, Assoc. Editor; I. G. Riddick, Business Manager. *Phi.*—C. L. Smith, Sen. Editor; J. C. C. Dunford, Assoc. Editor; R. S. Green, Business Manager.

—IT gives us pleasure to announce that Messrs. E. G. Beckwith and W. F. Marshall, who filled so efficiently the office of tutors during the past term, will continue with us next session.

—THE following are the names of the representatives from the Literary Societies for the Anniversary of 1884:

Eu. Society—Orator, D. M. Austin; 1st Debater, J. L. White; 2nd Debater, W. B. Morton; Sec., A. M. Redfearn.

Phi. Society—Orator, J. C. C. Dunford; 1st Debater, W. B. Pope; 2nd Debater, D. A. Bridges; Pres., C. D. Ray.

—WE clip the following from the *News and Observer*, of the 15th inst.:

"We never enter the precincts of an institution devoted to educational purposes without feelings somewhat akin to reverence, for we regard that what is visible is the least part of its existence. It exists elsewhere—by and through the influences which are exerted by those who have partaken of its benefits and whom it has first elevated and cultivated and then sent out on their mission among their fellow-men. It is grateful to one who appreciates the practical advantages to mankind of such institutions to stand within their portals and realize that they pulsate with life and have a vitality which will energize generation after generation of our citizens. And so we felt on yesterday when we had the pleasure of sharing in the enjoyments of those assembled on graduation day at Wake Forest. * * * * * The institution indeed reflects honor on the State, and that passing years may serve only to increase its prosperity and usefulness is the wish of all having at heart the advancement of education in North Carolina."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

MONDAY.

In the words of our salutatorian, "Hail thou auspicious day!" The weather is propitious; the daily trains roll up with more visitors than is usual for Monday. The pulse of the students beats quicker as evening approaches when the competitive declamation for the medal is the first exercise on the programme. In the following order the twelve contestants elect creditably acquitted themselves and reflected honor upon their respective Society:

W. C. Allen—"Fireman's Prayer."

D. A. Bridges—"The Solid South."

L. G. Broughton—"Roman Sentinel."

W. B. Morton—"How Ruby Played."

Ivy G. Riddick—"Last Days of Herculaneum."

W. V. Savage—"Regulus."

J. B. Newton—"How the South was made Solid."

W. C. Maddrey—"Spartacus."

Frank Dixon—"Karl the Martyr."

J. C. C. Dunford—"Southern Chivalry."

J. F. Schenck—"Our Southern Dead."

R. E. Folk—"Shamus O'Brien."

While the committee, consisting of Messrs. F. P. Hobgood, J. C. Scarborough and Prof. L. W. Bagley were closeted to decide upon the winner, one could almost hear the excited throbbings of the hearts of the twelve sitting there in agonizing suspense. After a lapse of ten minutes the committee re-entered and the chairman, Prof. Hobgood, announced that they had decided in favor of Mr. Frank Dixon.

The attendance was so large that the exercises were held in Memorial Hall.

TUESDAY.

The cry is, and still they come! the depot indeed, and the viciuity, cause one to think of Castle Garden, so great is the discharge of temporary immigrants. At 10 o'clock a regular meeting of the Board of Trustees was held, and much important business was transacted. The principal event of Tuesday was the Alumni Address, by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, which took place at 8:30 p. m. Mr. Dixon chose as his subject, "Heads," dividing it into several heads as follows: Hardhead, Hothead, Sorehead, Lighthead, Blockhead and Longhead. He specially commended the Blockhead and the Longhead, stating that the great need of the State and Nation of to-day was blockheads—men who had to be shaped by hard blows and sharp instruments, but who were willing to be thus shaped, and who would retain the polish when once given. He then called the roll of honor of celebrated blockheads, mentioning the names of Wellington, Newton and others, men who were considered blockheads when boys, but afterwards showed to the world that they were willing to be shaped, and could receive the necessary polish to make them great men. The speaker said one great need of the South to-day was long-heads—not men with prophetic vision, but men who could see our present needs, and do the thing needed. As a people, our great need was consecrated educators—men with intellectual heads and consecrated hearts. He emphasized the importance of the complete endowment of our institution, and showed that the hope of our country against the tide of materialism and infidelity is in the men bred in denominational colleges. The address abounded in happy hits and apt illustrations, was earnest and vigorous, and at times moving and eloquent.

After that the Alumni and quite a number of invited guests repaired to Library Hall, where an inviting banquet was prepared. Dr. J. D. Hufham acted as chairman. Occupying the seats of honor on either side of him were Dr. Henry McDonald and Rev. A. C. Dixon. After a blessing by Dr. McDonald, all who were present bestowed their undivided attention upon the array of oranges, bananas, ice-cream, cake and lemonade (spread out before them). This trying ordeal over, the next order is the transaction of business. The following officers were elected for next year: Mr. John E. Ray, President, Professor W. G. Simmons, Treasurer, and Prof. L. R. Mills, Secretary. The same committee of arrangements was continued for the

next meeting. A committee consisting of Professors W. L. Poteat, F. P. Hobgood and Mr. B. F. Montague was appointed to report at next meeting a constitution and by-laws for the Association. Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., of Lexington, Ky., was elected Alumni Orator for next commencement. After the transaction of business the following responses were made: to "The Alumni Association," by Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston; to "Our Sister Colleges," by Rev. R. T. Vann, of Murfreesboro; to "The Board of Trustees," by Dr. T. E. Skinner; to "The Faculty," by Dr. Wm. Royall; to "Our Organ, *The Wake Forest Student*," by Hon. C. M. Cooke; to "The Complete Endowment," by Rev. C. Durham; to "The Plow," by Rev. G. W. Sanderlin and Mr. B. F. Hester; to "The Pulpit," by Dr. H. McDonald; to "The Bar," by Hon. D. A. Covington; to "The Press," by Mr. E. E. Hilliard. Rev. J. L. Carroll, Hon. Wm. A. Allen, and Rev. R. H. Marsh were called out. The chairman being called upon, made some remarks on the influence of Wake Forest College and the Baptists upon education in North Carolina. The meeting adjourned at 12 o'clock. There were about one hundred seated at the tables; and all pronounced the meeting a grand success.

Wednesday.

The trustees were in session from 9:30 to 11 a. m., transacting the business of the institution. Among other things the election of a President came up, and after much deliberation and discussion, they decided to continue the present management, Prof. W. B. Royall, Chairman of the Faculty.

At 11 o'clock the large chapel was filled by a large and intelligent audience to hear the address before the Literary Societies by Dr. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, Ga.

Prof. Royall introduced the speaker in a few well chosen sentences. Dr. McDonald began his address by referring to a former visit five years ago, stating that its pleasant memories largely influenced him to accept the generous invitation to come again, and he was here to talk to the young gentlemen about some things that should be for their good.

He then announced as his subject "Have Faith in Yourselves," and under the first division urged the young men to have faith in the consciousness of their own personal existence. We are not what we see or hear, but have a personal, conscious existence independent of everything around us.

Secondly, he urged the young men to have faith in themselves as to the immaterial world within, and thirdly, to have faith in the testimony of conscience. Legislation and laws everywhere teach that there is something in man that clamors for a moral and spiritual kingdom; students, when their lessons were properly prepared and their deportment correct, felt a consciousness of duty performed and were not afraid to face stern professors. Believe in the law of conscience within you; it will be with you when the world offers its thirty pieces of silsilver to make you a Judas Iscariot. Have faith in the educability of your moral natures, and in your ability to

do something. Under each of these heads the speaker gave his audience a great deal of wise counsel and much food for reflection, and closed with a tender reference to Dr. Wingate, who was alive when he was with us before, and a pathetic appeal to the young men to have faith in themselves that they may have faith in God.

Dr. McDonald's address throughout was filled with wit, humor, pathos, abounded in eloquence of the highest order, and will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to hear him, as one of the finest to which they ever listened.

Then came the awarding of the medals to the students as follows:

The medal of the Phi. Society for the greatest improvement in oratory was awarded to Mr. J. W. Watson, and was presented by Rev. J. L. Carroll, of Virginia.

The declamation medal, awarded upon competitive test, was presented to Mr. Frank Dixon by Rev. G. W. Sanderlin in a witty and pleasing manner.

The Silcox Greek medal was presented to Mr. W. S. Kornegay by Rev. M. D. Jeffries in a capital manner.

The medal of the Phi. Society for the best essay, on competitive contest, was awarded to Mr. H. B. Folk, of Brownsville, Tenn., and was presented by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore.

The Whitfield Latin medal, awarded to Mr. J. L. White, of Cleveland county, was presented by Mr. E. E. Folk.

Mr. W. E. Daniel presented to Mr. Thomas Haynie the medal of the Euzelian Society for the greatest improvement in oratory. And he did it well.

The medal of the Euzelian Society for the best essay, on competitive contest, was awarded to Mr. W. H. Osborne.

Mr. H. P. Markham, of Durham, was presented the French medal by W. J. Peele, Esq., of Raleigh.

The Sermon.

At an early hour in the evening Memorial Hall was filled by an assembly eager to hear the annual sermon by Dr. George C. Lorimer, of Chicago. Before reading his text he expressed his pleasure at being here in the South. His theme was "The Supernatural," suggested by the 17th verse of the 6th chapter of 2 Kings. After a rapid but brilliant rehearsal of the circumstances of the text, he entered upon a masterly and captivating discussion of the subject as opposed to the materialism of mud and clay so popular in some quarters. He showed the universality of belief in the supernatural, its reasonableness, and the effects of its denial, together with its enriching, energizing, and fortifying influence upon the individual life.

In our short space we would not dare attempt to give the line of his argument. The more readily do we refrain since we are informed it is to be published.

Many considered the delivery of that sermon an event in North Carolina worthy of special record. The fame of the preacher as an orator extends beyond the seas, and notwithstanding his high and abstruse theme,

he held the large audience in rapt attention for one hour and twenty minutes. Dr. Lorimer is little of statue (perhaps 5 feet 8 inches) and about forty-five years of age. The grace of his movement, his wonderful voice, and vigorous and beautiful diction left little to be desired. The sermon not only pleased; it helped. After hearing it one felt that one's faith in Christianity and the eternal world rested on firmer ground.

THURSDAY.

The already large crowd on the grounds was greatly augmented on the arrival of the trains from the north and south, and by 10 o'clock the large chapel was filled to overflowing.

Delightful music, furnished by Kessnich's Richmond band and orchestra, made all steps quicken and assume new life. This was commencement day proper, and everybody and everything seemed to be propitious for the occasion. At 10 o'clock the graduating class entered the chapel and took seats on the rostrum. The exercises were opened with prayer, Rev. Dr. Munday leading.

Prof. Royall introduced as the first speaker of the class, Mr. Thomas Dixon, of Shelby, N. C., who delivered the Salutatory Address, filled with wit, humor, pathos and eloquence. The speaker moves with a great deal of ease, and in his address of welcome to the day, the hour, the people, was exceedingly happy.

The next orator announced was Mr. C. G. Jones, Jr., of Leaksville, N. C., who announced as his subject, "Uncrowned Kings," showing that not always are the wearers entitled to the crown alone. Washington's greatness was sung throughout the world, while the soldiers who fell at Valley Forge are forgotten. The speaker gave us many instances of the uncrowned who were more entitled to the crowns than those who wore them.

Mr. W. H. Osborne, who was to address us on the subject of "Ideals," was excused from speaking on account of sickness.

Mr. G. C. Briggs, of Asheville, addressed the audience on the "Race Problem," stating that the race problem presented itself to us to-day with greater force than at any time in our history. The improvement of the negro in intellect, in the mechanic arts, and in other ways, present his claims upon the nation, and will bring to him the adjustment of his claims, but it will come only after generations of hard work and years of educating.

Mr. Ed. S. Alderman, of Wilmington, N. C., was announced to address the audience on the subject of "Savonarola." It is the history of an Italian hero, and is as beautifully and gracefully told as the reading some beautiful story.

"The Empire of Woman" was discussed by Mr. G. P. Bostic, of Shelby, N. C. He stated that he did not intend to champion the rights of women in the practical arena, but to speak of her empire, showing it to be the home circle.

Prof. Royall announced that Mr. L. L. Jenkins, of Charlotte, wished to say a few words on the subject of "Woman Suffrage," and well did he say it.

After Mr. Jenkins' address, the orchestra very appropriately played "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. H. P. Markham, of Durham, N. C., gave us an elegant oration on "National Unity."

Mr. W. F. Marshall, of Louisburg, N. C., spoke to us on "The Oldest of the Arts Still Popular," stating that the art of speaking, writing or dressing are not the oldest of the arts, but the art of lying was the first, and at its introduction into the world, in the Garden of Eden, it converted one-half of its audience, and the other calf followed.

Essays were submitted by Messrs. T. J. Simmons, Wake Forest, and W. R. Walters, of Granville county.

Then came the delivery of the Valedictory Address by Mr. H. B. Folk, Brownsville, Tennessee. It was of beautiful composition, and was delivered in a manner that testified the intense feeling of sadness which the speaker felt as he in turn bade farewell to citizens, students, Trustees, Faculty and class-mates. The audience throughout its delivery was attentive and subdued.

Prof. Royall addressed the class in a few well-timed and tender words of parting and delivered their diplomas to them.

Rev. R. H. Marsh, acting president of the board of trustees, made some statements with referenee to the condition of the College, and asked Prof. Taylor to tell the audience something about the financial condition of the college.

Prof. Taylor said that not one dollar of the funds of the college had been lost since the war. At the end of the war the college had $13,000 on endowment, and the old building; since that time there has been $25,000 spent on the buildings and the endowment raised to $62,000. More than half of the remainder of the $100,000 had already been pledged to be paid by the first of January next, and every prospect that the other half would also be paid by that time.

Rev. J. S. Purefoy said that he wished to say that he had been living at the College for thirty years, and had not seen thirty drunken men in that time, and as for profanity, such a thing was unknown among the students; that if a boy came there with any disposition to profanity, he was soon cured.

THURSDAY EVENING.

The last duties of the class of '83 have been performed, and, with their "sheep-skins" in hand, they have stepped down and out as alumni of Wake Forest College. Now, too, the supreme moment has come, the moment anticipated with so many bright hopes, when, perhaps, so many fates were to be decided for weal or for woe. Our favorite band from Richmond discoursed as sweet music as we could wish to hear. We venture to say, that Wake Forest has never seen a larger gathering of beauties and beautiful dresses in all her history. Soft and tender words, like the hum of bees making honey, filled the air in the Wingate and the two Literary Halls. To say that this Commencement was a success would but too feebly express it. Those who know best say that it is the brighest Commencement this College has ever passed through. Much praise is due the marshals for their laborious and efficient work; under their hands everything passed off like clock-work.

SPRING, 1883.

NEW GOODS.

Our **Spring Goods** have been opened and priced, and we ask you to call and examine them.

YOU WILL FIND

Nobby Straw Hats, a full line of Zeigler's Celebrated Dress Shoes, Collars, Scarfs, &c., in variety.

Prints, Ginghams, Lawns, Percales, Cheviotts, and Fine Dress Goods, prettier than ever.

OUR RIBBONS, LACES AND NECKWEAR ARE "JUST LOVELY."

Shall be pleased to show them to you.

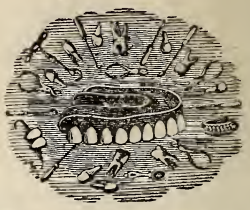
Respectfully,

F. M. PUREFOY & SON,

Wake Forest N. C.

March 28, 1883.

Dr. W. H. Edwards,



DENTIST,

Offers his professional services to the STUDENTS and CITIZENS of Wake Forest and Vicinity.

Office days at his residence: Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week.

Calls in the Country promptly attended to.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

9-3m

FINE STATIONERY.—Note Paper of finest qualities and most fashionable kinds.

PRINTING.—Note and Letter Heads, all kinds and qualities.

GENERAL STATIONERY.—All the finest and best.

BLOTTER WRITING PADS.—Writing Paper put up in Pads, with Blotter for cover, cheap, convenient, Labor Saving.

PRICES.—As low as those of any first-class house.

WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL.

Stationers, Printers and Binders,

CHARLESTON, S. C.

9-3t.